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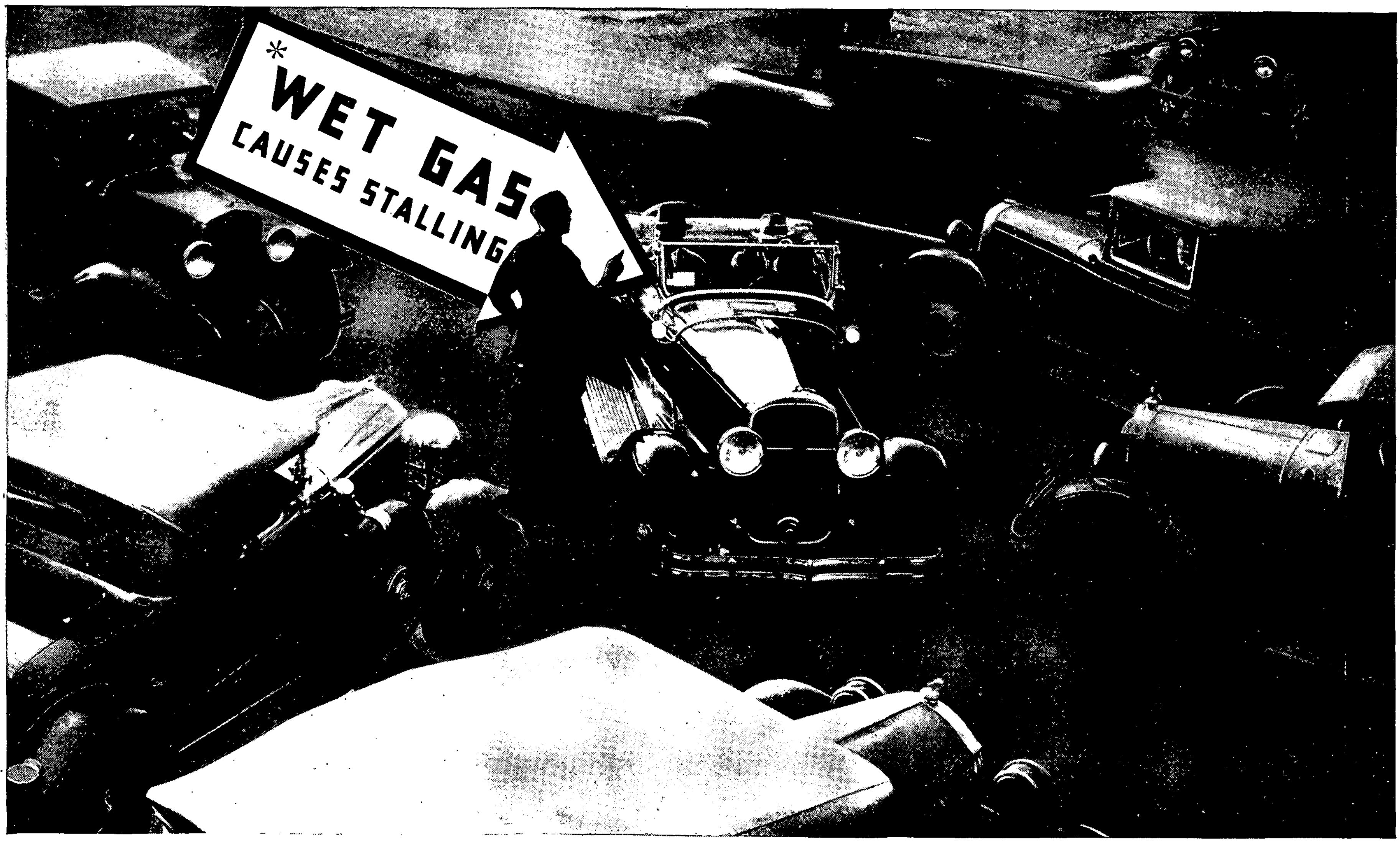
October 3, 1931

Colli er's

THE NATIO KLY

What Gene Tunney saw in Russia

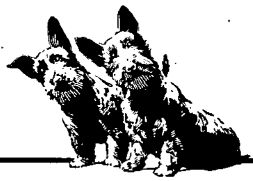


use dry* TEXACO-ETHYL

IT'S STALL-FREE

*

Dry gas vaporizes completely because it is properly refined. *Wet* gas vaporizes only in part. *Wet* gas carries an uneven spray of raw wet gasoline which chokes some cylinders at the expense of others, causes crankcase dilution and wasted power. *Dry* gas goes through the manifold evenly. It burns completely, delivering all its power into every cylinder.



LISTEN

—*and for perfect lubrication, use*

"CRACK-PROOF"

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

© 1931, The Texas Company

STALLED in traffic! Very often it is not the fault of the engine or the ignition. Nine times out of ten wet gas is to blame.

Wet gas is always unreliable because it fails to vaporize completely. It distributes unevenly so that some cylinders get too rich a mixture while others are fuel-starved. The result is uneven, erratic power, not enough to keep the engine turning over when idling.

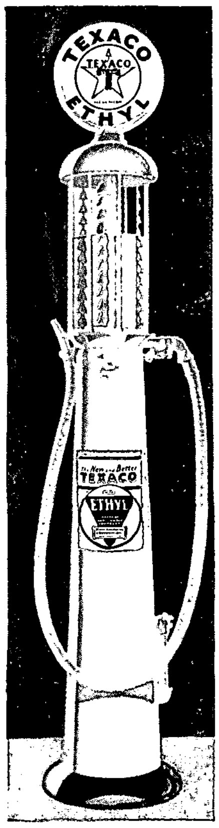
Texaco-Ethyl is dry*—stall-free. Every cylinder is served with a perfectly uniform charge of dry* gas that responds to the first flash of the spark. Extra power, smooth pick-up, even idling and a knockless engine are yours with every drop of dry* Texaco-Ethyl Gasoline.

Drive to the silver Texaco pump for this dry* anti-knock gasoline. Texaco-Ethyl is the only Ethyl gasoline sold in all our 48 States.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

DRY TEXACO + ETHYL **COMPOUND** = **DRY** TEXACO-ETHYL

THERE IS NO BETTER GASOLINE



An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request—Oakland Motor Car Co., 186 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Mich.

MAKING NEW FRIENDS AND KEEPING THE OLD

FRIENDS YOU CAN DEPEND ON

There's something really fine in the quality of friendship you receive from a faithful dog—in his mute efforts to serve you and to let you know that he is the sort of friend you can depend on. And you, of course, take good care of him.

Often we wonder whether the fine care so many of our owners give their cars isn't also a response to dependable service—very much like the master's response to the loyalty of his dog. We like to think it is. And we do everything we possibly can to make sure our cars are dependable.

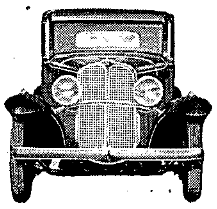
For one thing, we have four hydraulic shock absorbers and use live rubber cushions at more than 40 points throughout the chassis. Naturally this insulation against road shocks and noises makes Oakland and Pontiac more pleasant for you to ride in, but we also find it definitely increases the life and dependability of the cars.

Our pistons are electro-plated and are fitted by hand, a method that takes us nearly twice the usual time, but which makes the pistons last nearly twice as long. Full pressure lubrication to all moving parts of the engine protects them from wear and so makes them more dependable. The positive fuel pump geared to the engine also increases dependability. So do the heavier Oakland and Pontiac frames and the rugged new axles with "big tooth" gears.

If you'll take the wheel and drive the new cars, we think you'll see that we've made them the sort of cars you can depend on.

OAKLAND 8 **PONTIAC 6**

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS



Bodies by Fisher

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE lesson taught by Lucian Cary's "One to the Button" is the foolhardiness of leading with your right. Percy Cabot Lawrence, eyeglasses on a ribbon, carefully cultivated accent and all, knew that cardinal fact very well. Benny Benito, the Minnewaska football star, was ignorant of it. But what P. C. Lawrence did not know is of at least equal importance in this complicated world. As stated by the Congo Kid, who runs a lunch wagon in the college town, it is, "knocking out her boy friend ain't no way to please a woman." What women want, according to the Kid, is love. "You gotta make 'em think you're crazy about 'em—thass all. They don't care nothin' about anything else."

And that, although roughly phrased, is still another lesson to be learned from this story of a teacher who knew much about many things, but little about women.

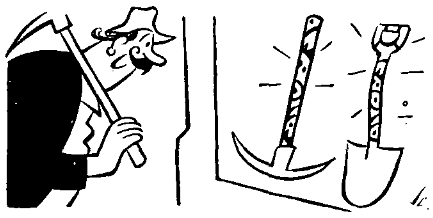
—

WHEN Alphonse Capone appeared before Federal Judge Wilkerson in Chicago, those of us who are a little bit tired of gangland's complacency were heartened by the Judge's words: "It is high time that somebody bring to this defendant's attention forcibly the fact that it is utterly impossible to bargain with the Federal court."

But Capone had bargained with someone in power in Washington—a bargain which his lawyers thought would be approved by a Federal judge. Who made the bargain? Why was it made? The story of our government's difficulties in dealing with this Public Enemy is told in William G. Shepherd's article "Can Capone Beat Washington, Too?"

—

JOHN T. FLYNN shows you more successful retail stores in various parts of the country and points out the devices by which the successful merchant draws you *to his store and induces you to buy.* One of his chief aids is style (you can buy a hammer with a blue or pink handle and a monkey wrench in almost any shade) and our love of style is bringing better business everywhere. Mr. Flynn's article is the second in his series reporting on a countrywide investigation.



WE SCORE another victory for one of our own favorite commodities—True Love. "Something For Nothing," by Emma-Lindsay Squier, is a story of Chinatown which shows that true love triumphs over the most rigid Oriental inhibitions, even with an Irish policeman to help make matters worse.

—

WILLIAM MACHARG gives us another adventure of his pessimistic detective, O'Malley; T. R. Ybarra tells you about the bewilderment of Germany's Man in the Street. The article is called "Shadows on the Rhine." E. Phillips Oppenheim and Kathleen Norris continue to hold thousands breathless with their serials; Grantland Rice, Prof. Work *(nothing up my sleeve)* and others are present in a big way.

THIS WEEK

October 3, 1931

Cover—S. N. Abbott

Page 7—Gene Tunney and Walter Davenport
So This is Russia! The gist of the matter.

Page 10—The Short Short Story
Omit Flowers: By Dana Burnet.

Page 11—Grantland Rice
Under Two Flags: The Athletics in full career.

Page 12—Marion Thornton
The Blind Commander: Icebound in a submarine.

Page 14—Elmer Davis
Caged Songbird: First husbands know best.

Page 16—Paul Deresco Augsburg
Gentleman Mike: The Politeness Reporter gets a jolt.

Page 18—Rube Goldberg
The Inventions of Prof. Lucifer G. Butts, A. K.

Page 19—Frank J. Taylor
The Wine Ghost Walks: Workers in the vineyard.

Page 21—Linsly R. Williams, M. D.
Your Doctor's Bill: What you pay a doctor for.

Page 22—Kathleen Norris
Irish Eyes, Part X: Sheila makes the front page—again.

Page 25—Uncle Henry
The Lapse of Ears: The lost art of listening.

Page 26—E. Phillips Oppenheim
The Man from Sing Sing, Part VI: Argels—on the path of glory.

Page 28—Milton C. Work
How Would You Play It? No need to be psychic.

Page 52—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
Blind Alley: Will Mr. Morrow take it?

Page 57—Freling Foster
Keep Up with the World: The easiest way.

Page 58—Editorial
Here Today and Gone Tomorrow.

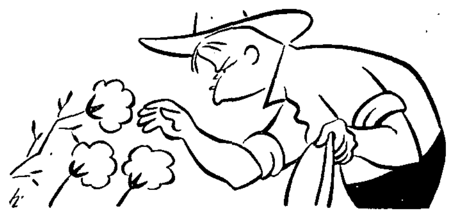
Any Week

"NOW," writes Mr. Charles F. Taylor, Jr., of Bowling Green, Kentucky, one of our hardest riding correspondents, "Mr. Stone of the Farm Board recommends that the cotton planters plow up every third row. In India, I've heard, the women throw their surplus babies into the Ganges. Who picks these 'best minds' of ours, anyway?"

—

MR. WALKER JONES, banker in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, told this to Mr. Ed L. Campbell of the Pine Bluff Daily Graphic, who passes it on to us. An elderly Negro strolled into Mr. Jones' bank a few days ago and, after listening closely to the general discussion, said:

"Well suh, ef the price keeps on a-fallin', this Mista Hoover is gwine hafta come down hyah and pick his own cotton."



AMONG others, Captain Z. E. Sanderson of Indianapolis asks our comment on the plan to open the Chicago world's fair by the light of the great star Arcturus instead of the conventional telegraph key under the fingers of the President. We don't know what inspired the idea but several readers believe that a number of Chicago politicians are hoping thus to be welcomed to Arcturus (which is only 120,000,000,000,000 miles away) when they arrive there soon—on the dead run.

—

MRS. ELLA M. NICHOLSON of Canton, Ohio, wants to know whether we enjoy comments and criticisms by our readers. We do—and a very good thing for us, too. We say what we think and so do our readers and an elegant time is had by all.

—

AS, FOR example, a few plain words from Mr. Joe J. Cummins of Salt Lake City and our clear reply. "After having read your latest," writes Mr. Cummins, "will you come out here and take a punch in the nose that I am saving for you?"

No.

—

GEORGE CREEL'S interview with Thomas L. Chadbourne—"We're Grown-ups Now"—pleased a large number of people who wisely read this superior magazine. And Mr. Chadbourne will be gratified to know that at least a dozen of them nominate him for President.

But, for the benefit of Mr. A. W. Rees, Oakland, California, who wants to know whether the Creel-Chadbourne article "has your endorsement as a statement of policy" we repeat what we have often said: our editorials embody such political, social and economic policies as we may have. And you needn't expect us to be smugly consistent there, either.

Not the least of our current difficulties are due to the amazing attempts of our rulers to apply ante-bellum theory and formula to 1931 conditions.

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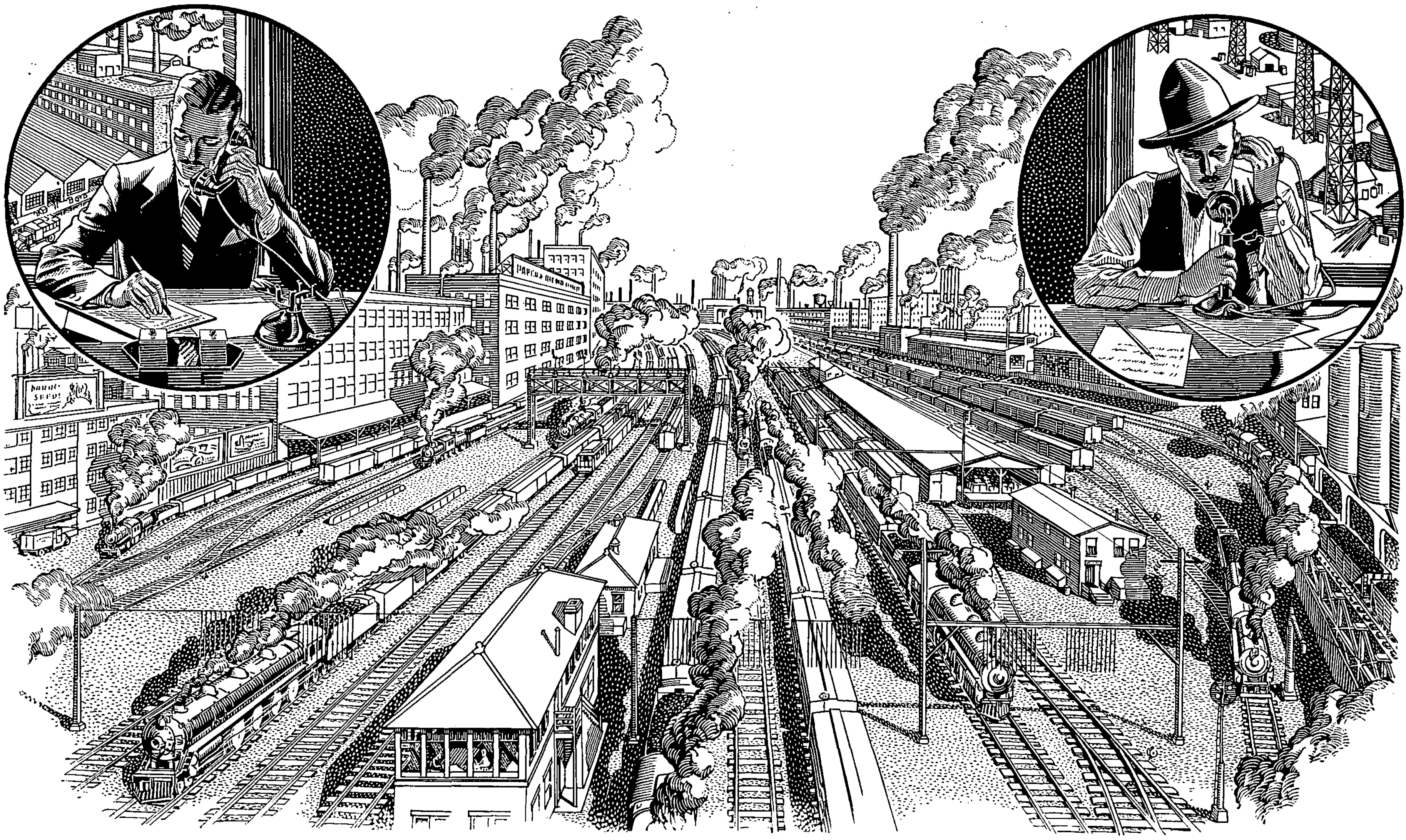
THE TELEPHONE PLAN

of Market Coverage

aids in the distribution of Westcott valves



The Westcott Valve Company uses features of the Telephone Plan of Market Coverage to meet a specific distribution problem. The company's business is concerned largely with the oil and natural gas industry of the west and south. Speedy shipments are essential, as the operations are usually ready for the valves when orders are placed.

The telephone plan developed for the company enables it to give truly exceptional service. Telephone contact with both customers and field representatives is frequent. In many cases, delivery is started a few minutes after the customer gives his order by telephone.

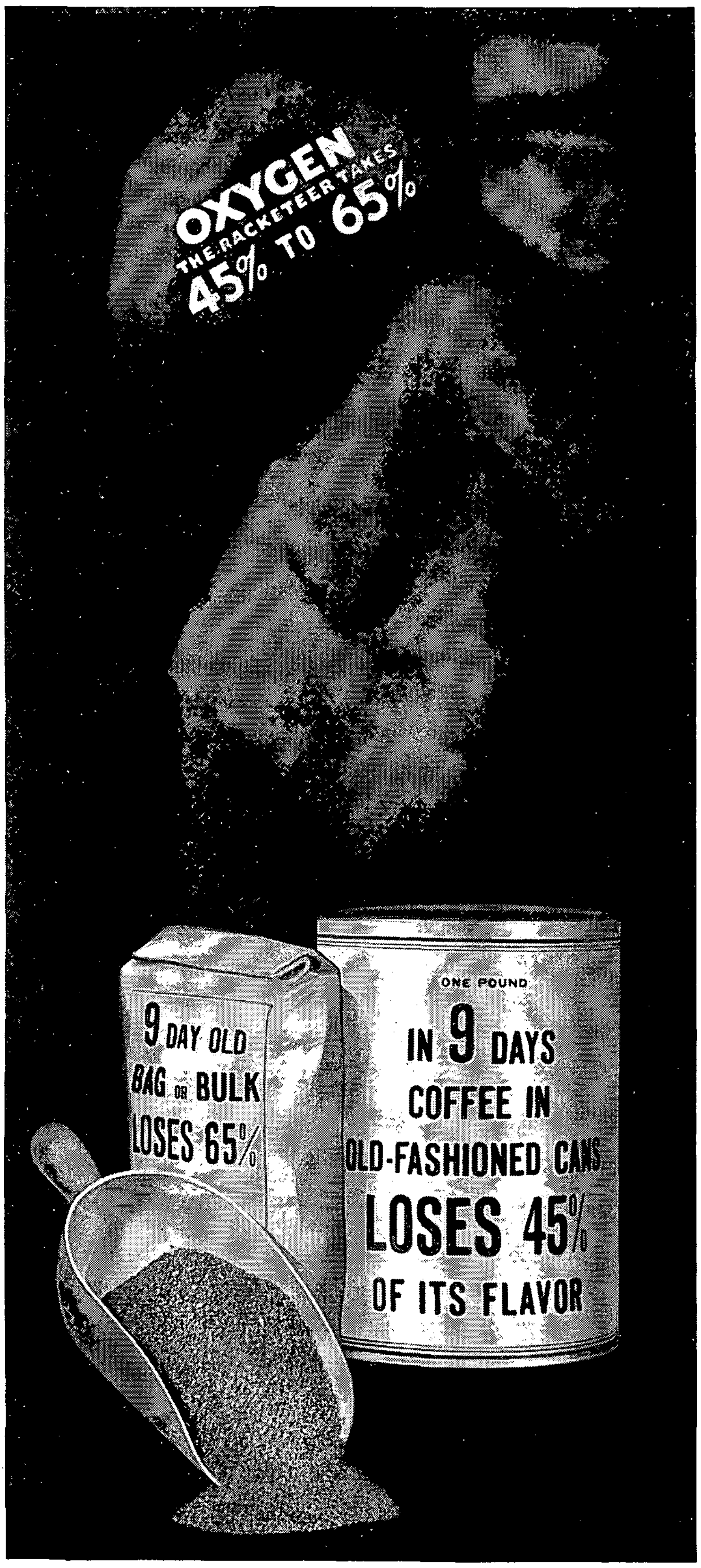
The telephone plan also brings this company much new business. In one territory, 103 per cent increase in the use of the telephone was accompanied by a business increase of 130 per cent. Another division increased its gross business from $8700 to $47,000 in five months, largely through use of the telephone.

Telephone costs are low. Typical station-to-station day rates: Buffalo to Syracuse, 75c; Chicago to Minneapolis, $1.60; Los Angeles to San Francisco, $2.35; Jacksonville to Cincinnati, $2.55.

The Telephone Plan of Market Coverage helps business men accomplish more in less time and at less expense. Its features can be adapted to the specific needs of any business concern. An experienced telephone representative will gladly show you how they can be applied to your business.

JUST CALL YOUR BELL TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE

Why pay TOLL to OXYGEN the Coffee Racketeer?


OXYGEN
THE RACKETEER TAKES
45% TO 65%
9 DAY OLD
BAG OR BULK
LOSES 65%
ONE POUND
IN 9 DAYS
COFFEE IN
OLD-FASHIONED CANS
LOSES 45%
OF ITS FLAVOR

New VITA-FRESH *Process delivers full-flavor coffee every time!*

OXYGEN is a racketeer that costs the housewives of America millions of dollars every year.

It is a hijacker that attacks coffee as soon as it comes from the roaster, stealing its strength, robbing it of flavor.

Just read these amazing facts established in the laboratories of a leading Eastern University:

(1) *Loose or bag coffee loses 65% of its flavor in nine days after roasting.*

(2) *Coffee in old-fashioned cans loses 45% of its flavor in nine days after roasting.*

All due to the attack of Oxygen!

Think of it! Forty-five to sixty-five per cent of the flavor gone from nine-day-old coffee. Even vacuum packing, a definite improvement over old-fashioned methods, removes only part of the air from the can, leaving sealed in enough Oxygen to cause flavor loss and deterioration.

The new Vita-Fresh Process removes the air so *completely* that the most rigid chemical analysis reveals *no trace of Oxygen in the Vita-Fresh can after packing.*

Remember—Oxygen is the destroyer of coffee freshness and flavor. The Vita-Fresh Process *alone* gives full protection to coffee goodness. Maxwell House and Maxwell House *only* gives you this guarantee of full flavor, full value in every pound.

You be the sole judge

Please don't take our word for this statement. All we ask is that you make the test yourself and be the exclusive judge.

Try it at our risk. Order a pound of Maxwell House at your grocer's. Prepare it in your usual way. Then if you and your family don't agree that it is the finest coffee you ever drank, if you don't find extra flavor for your money in every pound, simply return the can with unused portion and the grocer will return your money.

FULL FLAVOR
VITA-FRESH
VACUUM PACKED
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE
HIGH GRADE
ONE POUND
GROUND STEEL CUT PERCOLATOR
FULL VALUE

MAXWELL HOUSE *Coffee*

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

© 1931, G. F. Corp.

Good to the Last Drop

Collier's The National Weekly for October 3, 1931

Margaret Bourke-White

So this is Russia!

Thirty million men and women who know nothing of politics except Communism, who know no religion except atheism. The engineer of a wrecked train on trial for his life for delaying delivery of Five-Year-Plan machinery. The man who embalmed Lenin strutting more proudly than Stalin. These are some of the impressions imported from Russia by that observant young man, Gene Tunney, who went there hoping to find a solution of the problems which beset his own United States

By Gene Tunney *and* Walter Davenport

A NUMBER of things contributed to the enthusiasm with which Henry Sell's cablegram filled me. I received it in Cairo. It asked me whether Mrs. Tunney and I would care to join Mr. Sell in Berlin and proceed to Russia with him. Mr. Sell is an advertising man to whom the official tourist agency of the Soviet Republic had made the proposition that he explain to the world just how much it would miss were it to ignore Russia in its sight-seeing.

Having read Soviet Russia more or less extensively and from a number of viewpoints, I, like the majority of these writers, had gone in for comparisons. And my own country hadn't fared so well in my own conclusions. The idealism of Communism, the political ideology of the Soviets, had captured me. And, matching these pure theories with the stark facts furnished by the United States, I was rather convinced that world Communism was the next step forward. Since the war, I thought, the world had been sidestepping rather than advancing.

At any rate the American political and economic scene was not a picture of which we had any right to be proud. In national and local politics the corruptionist had achieved command. We had had even a President's name associated with graft, fraud, faithlessness. A President's cabinet had fallen to pieces, charged with venality. Knavery had blackened that proud body, the United States Senate. Governors and mayors were slinking out of office thankful that they weren't being led to prison.

Something had ripped our national moral fabric to rags; or had it been the slow, methodical work of moths?

In business I had seen the astonishing juggling to which a once great motor-car corporation had been subjected. It had passed from one banking house to another, each "refinancing" it by the simple process of watering and re-watering the stock and selling it to a public blinded to all discretion by a succession of bull markets which, in themselves, were the results of pools, combinations, cartels and collusions of professional stock manipulators who had abandoned all pretense to common honesty. Just so long as they could induce the wage-earner, the pensioner and the trusting to buy stock which had been cut and cut again, they were content.

And I had known erstwhile honorable banks to catch the gold fever that was epidemic. Men who had no right to be adopted into a bank as vice presidents other than that they represented a group of stock-jugglers were being fetched in from nowhere and anywhere. Such quack vice presidents were admitted into the bank's controlling body merely as representatives of a stock scheme or of a group (which frequently included the bank's own directors) that purposed by this and that skullduggery to use the public's deposits to finance stock raids, also the investment departments of so-called trust companies were manned by syndicate underwriters who quickly invested the moneys given them by clients for investment in issues that they were underwriting and which they had to get off their hands somehow.

But you get the idea. These things had not come to me through reading; I had seen them operating. Any system that permitted bank officials to retire after twenty-five years of relatively modest salaries with ten or twenty million dollars in their pockets ailed somewhere. And while I am no expert in finance or political science, still it did not seem to me that the United States or any other capitalistic government which permitted such excesses was destined for permanency.

So you may gather my state of mind in such matters when the opportunity to see Russia came. Having read much of Russia, old and new, and having had my imagination kindled by the idealism of Lenin's new Marxism, here, in all probability, I was going to see the solution of the evil problems with which my own country was beset.

No Help from Russia

If it is possible that a person may be sympathetic and yet open-minded, I was both. In that attitude I went to Russia. I came out of Russia with opinions overthrown. After the weeks that have gone since I came home, I find my mind changed. The idealism I had looked for was not there. Or is this usually the fate of one who seeks physical demonstration and practical proof of an ideal? At any rate I found nothing in the Soviet Republic that appealed to me as the cure for what sickened my own country.

It was not an immediate disillusionment. Until we entered Russia we had been in countries where news of the world was avidly sought for and hungrily devoured. The newspapers of these countries were world-conscious, as ours are. What happened across oceans was received by cable and wire and duly published. In Jerusalem, Athens and Cairo, in Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, people and events that had achieved international news value were known and remembered. They even remembered that I had once been heavyweight champion. They were not only kind but curious. I was interviewed, photographed, dined and, as in Cairo, invited three times to address clubs and athletic bodies. At Helsingfors, Finland, three thousand people greeted us at the railway station and an even greater number saw us off on the boat for Esthonia.

But Russia! One seemed to lose one's identity the moment the Russian border was crossed. You began to feel the meaning of:

Oh, to be lord of
one's self, unen-
cumbered with a
name!

It was one of those curious sensations that come infrequently, but which should be welcomed because they reduce you to your proper proportions. If you were to look into a mirror that returned no reflection you might get a hint of it. It was as if we had stepped out of the world, out of a brilliantly lighted place, and into a vast space into which no light from the outside might penetrate. What we know as news is not recognized in Russia; personalities of lesser wattage than Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin and the Soviet high executives are promptly extinguished, not necessarily by law but, rather, by common consent. It may be a novel experience but it can also be a pleasant one. In Russia your privacy will not be invaded because of any fame or notoriety you may have acquired outside.

We entered Russia through the most popular port of entry—Negoreloye—after having been inspected minutely for contraband. Almost everything may be condemned for contraband, particularly printed matter, which is scanned with deep suspicion. If by any chance the inspector has so much as a remote suspicion that what books, letters or documents you may have might directly or indirectly be subversive of the current Russian program, he takes no chances. You lose them. Make no mistake about it; you carry no anti-Soviet propaganda into Russia—none. If the inspector isn't sure he condemns it anyway, lest he err on your side. A volume on the social predilections of the young of the Javanese rice beetle may be in no way related to the prosecution of the Five-Year Plan nor contain a word in defense of the badgered kulak; but if the customs inspector is at all skeptical you lose your book.

Neither may you carry into the Soviet Republic rubles which you may have purchased in Germany or France for five cents apiece. Such forehandedness would be good business on your part, but not for Russia. You take your American money in hand, get into line (where, to your surprise, you find that everybody has come provided with ever-popular American dollars—Frenchmen, Englishmen, Japanese, Chinese, Hindus, Turks and Italians) and presently, at a window, exchange it for rubles at the rate of 1.93 for a dollar. You will discover soon enough that the victory was all Russia's, but you do better with American money than with that of any other country. Which, of course, is why everybody in the queue at the exchange window has converted his money into American dollars before leaving home. American paper money is accepted without hesitation and even American

P. & A.

A recent photograph of Gene Tunney

Press Cliche, Moscow

Detachments of the Red Army marching in Red Square in Moscow during the great May Day demonstration. Below: Members of a collective farm near Moscow going to work

travelers' checks. It is most complimentary, at any rate, until you get into Russia and discover that the ruble you bought from Russia for a little more than fifty cents will buy only six cents' worth of merchandise or service from the Russian. After that your emotions become a bit mingled.

However, the Russian government is glad to explain. In their desire to stabilize the ruble they do what other governments have tried with a success that depends upon your point of view. The system has bred disaster. But Russia says that the ruble must be bought at its old gold-standard value. They will admit that the value thus appraised may be fictitious according to capitalistic standards, but, says the Sovietist suavely:

"We have the reserves in our natural resources which, my friend, amounts to the same thing."

Almost at once, on the train for Moscow, we were reminded that we were in a new world with new ideas, ideals, standards and prejudices.

Mrs. Tunney and I were assigned to a compartment in the train, but Mr. Sell was informed that he might not have one to himself. They tried at first to put him in with a gentleman who turned out to be one of Russia's diplomatic representatives. But this lover of all mankind refused Mr. Sell. He was, he said, a diplomat, and, as such, entitled to a room by himself. We argued mildly that this was not truly democratic, but the representative of the Soviets was as firm as he was haughty. He would share his compartment with nobody, Communist or capitalist. And that was that.

Whereat the woman who was doing her utmost to find quarters for Mr. Sell returned in triumph. Would Mr. Sell share the compartment of a young Russian woman who was not as selfish as the politician? The young lady had, she reported, been coy at first, demanding to see the gentleman before committing herself. But now that she had seen Mr. Sell—

How to Insult Russian Ladies

But Sell declined. He was tremendously grateful to the young woman and hoped that she understood, but he would not think of subjecting her to such embarrassment. This, we took it, would close the incident and we would have to seek further for room for him. But no. The young woman insisted, indignantly, that Mr. Sell accept her hospitality. She was not going to be humiliated by the silly prudery of a capitalist. What did he think? Did he, or anybody else, think that because she was willing to share her shelter with a fellow being a matter of sex entered into it? And he from America, which prates of freedom! Bah.

But, she was reminded, did not the gentleman, too, have the right to reject or accept? Had not he, too, the right of self-determination? To be sure, he had, she stormed, but this refusal was based on the rotten bourgeois sex-consciousness and she was not going to be insulted. Who had insulted her? We, the American bourgeois, had by our thoughts. Oh, she knew our thoughts.

This might have gone on indefinitely had not the train crew found Mr. Sell quarters with a man. As it was, when the irate young woman was informed that the Soviet officials had bowed to Mr. Sell's modesty, she jammed both fists onto her hips and told us and all within hearing what she thought of us and the likes of us. We did not understand her words but her intent was clear. Curiosity overwhelmed us and I asked an interpreter what she had called us.

"I would not care to say," he sighed. "It is unjust—even to Americans."

Whereat we retired to our compartments to speculate upon what we were about to see, hear and feel. I was not yet mentally geared to the country; I was still expecting the logical and conventional. I had looked, for example, for the public forum where all men, manners and methods might be discussed, including the United States, where the political radical has a relatively amazing amount of freedom of speech and action. Much more than he has anywhere else except, perhaps, in England.

Well, we heard plenty of speeches in Moscow, but not just as I had expected.

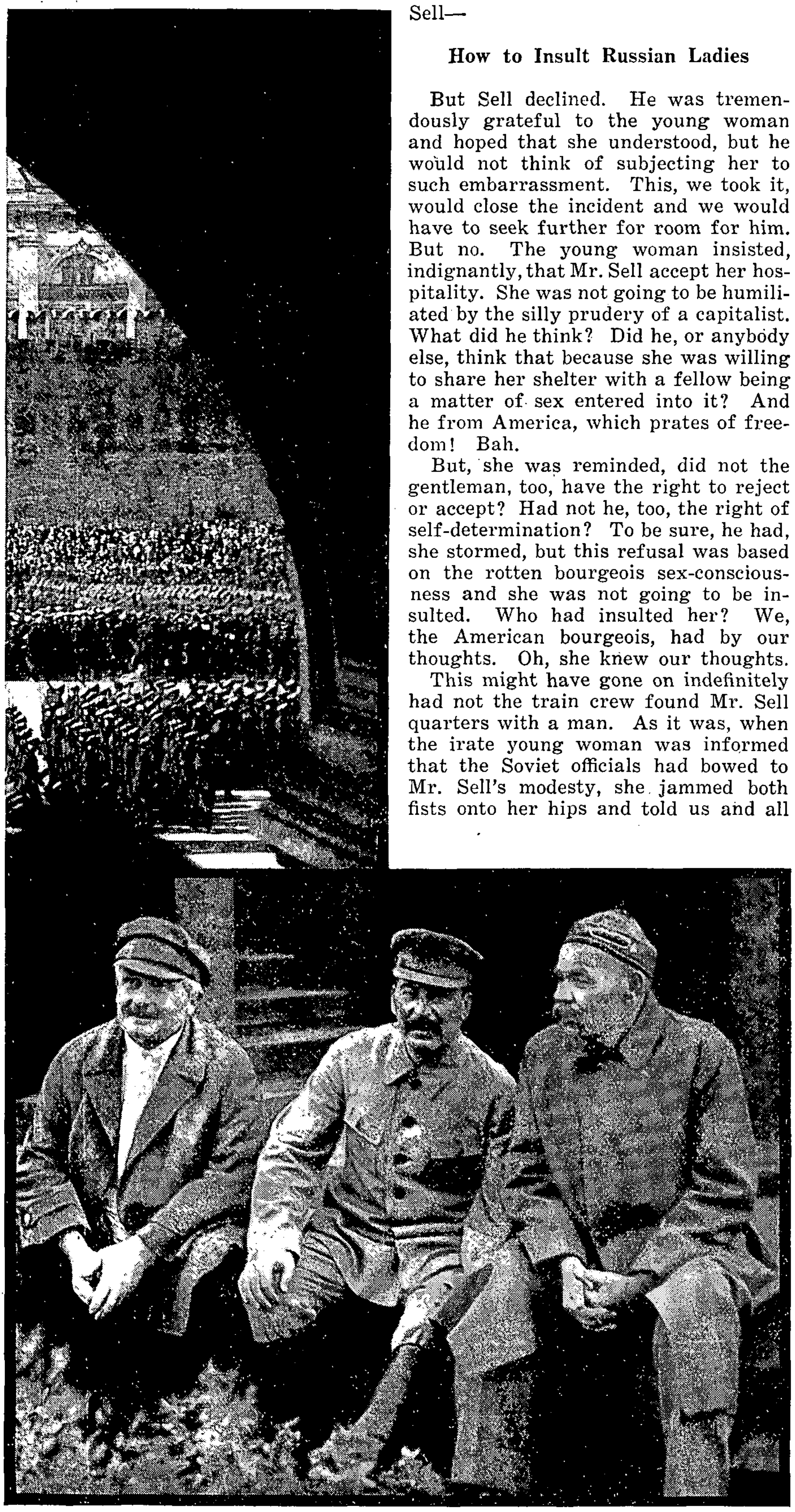
They take no chances there. Invariably where it is anyone's privilege to mount a box, a curb or a fountain and give forth his theories of government, there are no differences of opinion. Let opposing schools of political philosophy flourish and presently you have two or three parties to complicate government. But not in Moscow.

In Moscow you hear one theory—Communism. You listen to one moral code—atheism. You hear them in arbitrary places—the community houses or through radio. When speeches are made they're made by ladies and gentlemen designated by the Moscow soviet. And lest they fall into human error and depart from the rigid pattern, every word they utter is submitted first to the proper authorities who long ago let it be understood that it would be well for the professional orators not to depart so much as a syllable from the authorized version. Offenders have gone to jail for it and when one is sentenced to jail for breaking the Soviet law there's no American nonsense about it. One goes to jail. And stays there. Among the conspicuously absent human qualities current in Russia is sentimentalism.

Fool-Proof Propaganda

The government takes no chances at all. At the important public squares are a number of loud speakers. No nonsense there, either. They are loud. Furthermore, they are well built, enduring, dependable. At six in the morning they open up. Through their huge mouths, until one o'clock in the morning, pours propaganda that even Mr. Stalin in a fretful mood could not find fault with. Absolutely fool-proof stuff. Over and over, day in and day out, the same theme. The worker must beware, the worker must resist. Without ceasing they tell you of the incessant plottings of the capitalists to overwhelm the Russian worker and drag him off in his old chains to his old serfdom.

Over and over until the words beat upon the ears like fists and the theme drives you into a sort of resentful fatigue, they blare the importance of the success of the Five-Year Plan, what its complete success means to the worker, what the worker's rewards will be. And, fascinated, the muzhik listens, his somber eyes afire, his broad face crimson with emotions that are still fresh: He the worker will lead himself, govern himself; the hated bourgeoisie will be forever destroyed and death shall be the portion of the blundering intelligentsia and the subsidized priests.



Press Cliche, Moscow

Stalin (center), with Gorky and Yenekidsky, reviewing a parade from the steps of Lenin's mausoleum in Red Square

Until late into the night the worker is informed of the terrors, the evils, the menace and the mission of Christianity—of any and all organized religions. Religion is the drug manufactured by the capitalist to stupefy the worker (particularly the Communist worker) that he might be returned to his old slavery while he sleeps.

There are very few places for the worker on his day off to go. He may go to the theater; but there he sees plays that are propaganda of such naïve frankness that you begin to understand that the audiences are only children after all. He may go to the movies—with the same result. There is one great dramatic theme for the stage and the screen; the triumph of the worker over the boss and the priest. As virtue was always triumphant on the vanilla-flavored stage of the Victorian era, so is the Communist worker in the Russian play.

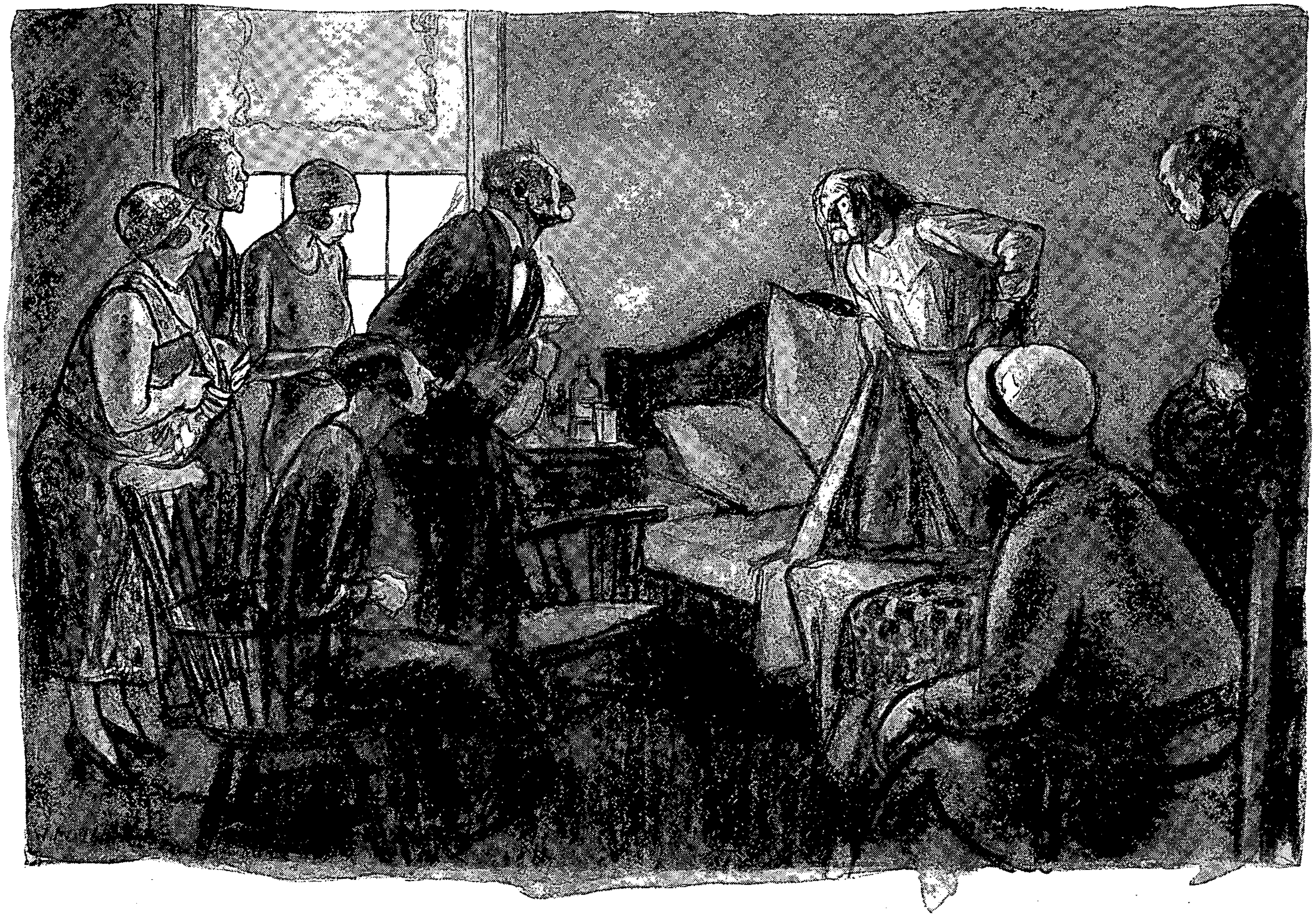
News Bulletins—Made to Order

But aside from these innocent indoor pleasures there is very little that the worker may do in the pursuit of diversion. Therefore he is likely to be found in the public squares, the community houses and the street in his free hours. There he may hear and discuss speeches which he must already know by heart. There he may hear "news bulletins" from America, England, France and other capitalistic countries. The visitor is almost certain to be much more amazed by them than the native. Nothing surprises the Russian. In this manner the Russian is informed of wholesale slaughter of working men in New York, Chicago, London, Paris and other capitalistic hells. He hears that thousands of workers are now marching on Washington, prepared to take over the American government in the name of the International.

He is informed that the world depression was engineered by Wall Street in order that the workers of America might be decimated by starvation and disease. He learns of mutinies, assassinations, revolutions and similar signs of the growth of world revolt. As a matter of fact, an evening in a community house affords more thrills per minute than all your movies and all your gangster plays. The bulletins are clever, setting the dullest imagination ablaze. And nobody contests their truth. It wouldn't be healthy anyway.

What is truth, what is necessary knowledge, what is news—all these are defined by the government. Hence the newspapers carried but a few lines of Colonel Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic. Admiral Byrd's exploration of Little America was dismissed with a few cold words. Look through the newspapers until your eyes rebel and you find nothing about athletics and sport. And with the same narrow eyes the censor views what the foreign correspondent writes for the papers of foreign countries. The foreign correspondent occupies a position so delicate that only experience and the patience that comes with it make his work possible. But, after years of Soviet censorship—what to write, how to write it and what not to write—the correspondent gradually loses whatever affection he may have for the revolution. He must take the responsibility for whatever appears under his name. If an article is forwarded by telegraph, the censor sees to it that it is not unfavorable; but if he has used the mails he must be prepared to explain if, when the foreign papers arrive in Moscow, his article offends. If his explanation is not satisfactory or if his attitude has been obviously so hostile that explanation is superfluous, he is deported or, in lesser instance, permitted

(Continued on page 48)



When he said that the Widdy riz right up in bed same's a cow-moose comin' out of a snowdrift

Omit Flowers

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Dana Burnet

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

"YOU busy?" inquired a voice from my study doorway.

I turned from my typewriter and saw Willie Lord standing just outside the door. He was dressed, I noticed immediately, in his store clothes, and wore a wilted white linen collar, which was remarkable. "Come in, Willie," I said.

"I been," he said, fixing me with his pale blue eyes, "to a funeral. 'Twas over to Cape Worship, where I was born. Ye bein' interested in stories o' Maine folks, I thought ye might like to hear 'bout it. 'Twas quite a funeral."

"So I should judge."

He hesitated, then chuckled, and launched into his story.

"There!" he said. "I'll have to go back to the beginnin' of it and tell ye 'bout the Widdy Buxton, which I knowed as a young 'un. The Widdy was some prom'nent in Cape Worship. She was head of everythin' a female could be head of, includin' her own fam'ly. She had three young 'uns. Daughters. Folks said she'd married this feller Buxton after she'd been jilted by N'miah Westfield, jest to spite N'miah, but 't any rate, he didn't last a great while.

"She was a corker. The willfullest woman that ever lived, and the closest, when it come to squeezin' a penny.

"To save money, she had her three girls all married at the same time, by the same min'ster. N'miah Westfield was there. He was sextant o' the church as well as the local undertaker, and had charge o' the fixin's at weddin's and funerals. He was a well-to-do man at the time, and a widower twice over. But the Widdy, she put him in his place.

"'Go int' the parlor and set down, N'miah,' s'she. 'Ye're welcome as a guest,' s'she, 'but I ain't a-goin' to have ye send me no bill fer services rented. I'll manage this weddin' myself.'

"N'miah, he tried to tell her 'twa'n't proper, but she give him a shove and he went and set in the parlor.

"Well, the three girls, they set up housekeepin' in their own homes, and begat offspring, same's the Bible says to do. But the Widdy, she went right on livin' in her own house on the Cape, doin' her own housework and scrimpin' and savin'.

"THE three girls, old married women now, passed their days jest a-waitin' fer the Widdy to die. Didn't look as if she ever would. She was as hale and rugged in her seventies as she was the day N'miah Westfield jilted her. Then all to oncet, 'bout two weeks ago, word got 'round that she was dyin'.

"Nobody knowed what she was a-dyin' of. The girls, they sent for old Doc Harmon, but the Doc never got no further than the Widdy's door. 'Git out o' here!' s'she. 'There ain't nothin' ailin' of me. I'm a-dyin', that's all. I made up my mind it's time fer me to go, and I'm a-goin', and nobody's goin' to stop me.'

"Well, sir, just a week ago today the Widdy, she up and told the girls to send fer N'miah Westfield. The girls looked goggle-eyed, knowin' how the Widdy hated N'miah. But they didn't dast to refuse, so they sent fer 'im.

"N'miah come to the house, lookin' like a scarecrow that's learnt to steal corn. 'Well, Jenny,' s'e—the Widdy's name was Jenny—'this here is a sad occasion,' s'e. 'Don't be a fool,' says the Widdy. 'I sent fer ye 'cause I know you're a-goin' to bury me and I want to be sure ye don't skin me. What'll ye charge me fer a good, plain funeral, without fixin's?'

"'Well, now, Jenny,' says N'miah. 'I can give ye the best there is—ebony casket with silk linin' and solid silver handles—steel outer coffin with screw-top, and full service includin' hearse and three carriages—fer six hundred and fifty dollars.'

"'Six hundred and fifty dollars!' says the Widdy. 'I won't pay no such sinful price, ye danged old skinflint!'

"'Now, Jenny—'

"'Don't ye Jenny me! I'll give ye a hundred dollars to nail me up in a plain pine coffin and lug me to my grave. If ye won't do it fer that, I'll send fer Jeb Perkins, the carpenter, and have him *build* me a coffin. And I'll git Perley Brewster to haul me to the cem't'ry in his express truck. He'll do it cheap, jest to git rid o' me.'

"N'miah, he was 'bout ready to bust out cryin'. 'A hundred dollars!' s'e. 'Only a measly hundred dollars when I been waitin' all these years to bury ye nice and comfortable!'

"'Nice and profitable, ye mean!' snaps the Widdy, and she shakes her big bony fist at 'im. 'Take it or leave it,' s'she.

"'All right, Jenny,' groans N'miah. 'All right. But there's one thing certain, Jenny. Ye got to have the fixin's. Ye got to have plenty o' flowers—hothouse flowers!—roses and lilies and the like o' that—to cover the casket. Otherwise, if folks see how cheap 'tis, I'll be ruined.'

"The Widdy,' she snorted at him. 'Hothouse flowers!' s'she. 'I never heard o' sich tarnation foolishness! If ye want flowers,' s'she, 'there's a hydaranga bush a-bloomin' in my back yard. If ye want to cover the coffin, ye can cover it with hydarangas.'

"'I WON'T do it!' wails N'miah.

"'Then git out o' my house,' shouts the Widdy Buxton. 'I'm sick o' the sight o' ye, anyway, N'miah Westfield!'

"'And I'm sick o' your devilish cantankerousness!' yells N'miah, losin' a holt of himself. 'Ye're a penny-squeezin', bad-tempered, willful old woman, and I thank the good Lord in heaven I never married ye!'

"Well, sir, when he said that, the Widdy, she riz right up in bed same's a cow-moose comin' out of a snowdrift. Her hull fam'ly was standin' 'round the bed—about all o' the perspective mourners—but that didn't make no odds to the Widdy. She landed on her feet, let one screech out of her and made a lunge at N'miah Westfield.

"N'miah didn't stop to think that the Widdy was a dyin' woman. He give a squawk and run fer the door. The Widdy, she run after him. Jest as he reached the front door and opened it, she ketched up to him.

"'Ye skinny old gravedigger!' she yells. 'I wouldn't 'a' married ye if ye'd been the last man on earth!' And then the Widdy hauls back and lets fly a kick at his coat-tails.

"N'MIAH, he never touched the front steps 't all. He sailed right out int' the door-yard, come down plumb on his feet and kept a-goin'. The Widdy Buxton stood on the doorstep a-watchin' him and a-laughin' fit to kill. She was still laughin' when all of them mourners got down the stairs and surrounded her. They took her int' the settin'-room and put her in a chair. But she kept right on lettin' them tremenjous laughs outen her, till finally the girls telephoned to Doc Harmon, and he come in and give her a hyperdimmick to quiet her. By Gorry! There never was a woman in Cape Worship to equal the Widdy Buxton."

Here Willie Lord paused.

"Well?" I asked. "What happened? Did the Widow stay quiet for her funeral?"

Willie's eyes shifted to meet mine.

"'Twa'n't the Widdy Buxton's funeral I went to this mornin'," he said. "'Twas N'miah Westfield's. Seems after the Widdy kicked him out he went home and died of a shock. But 'twas quite a funeral, jest the same."

"And the Widow—?"

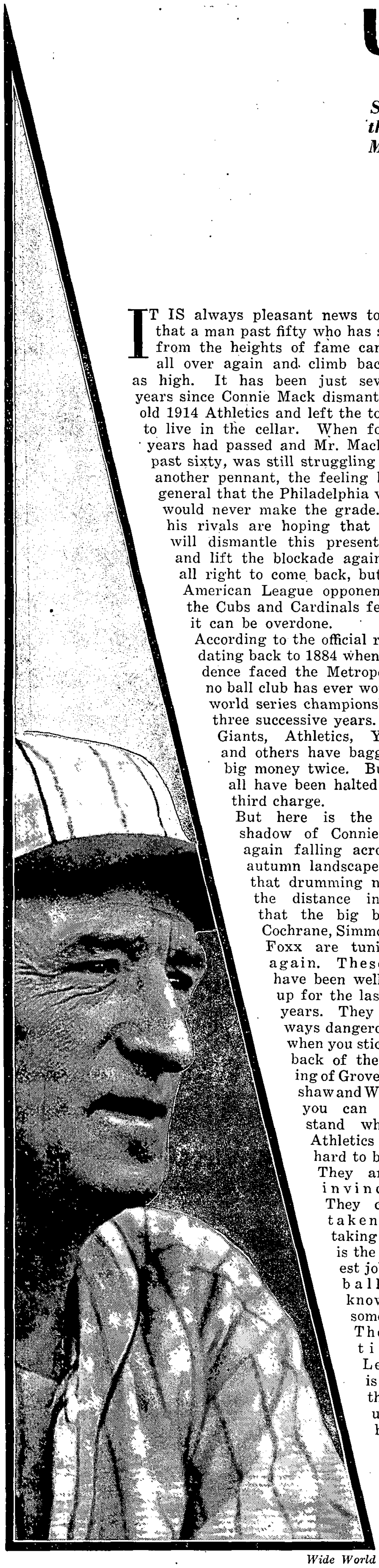
"She was there," said Willie, "settin' in the front pew admirin' the floral pieces and lookin' like she'd live another hundred years." He scratched his head and grinned toothlessly.

"The Widdy," he said, "sent hydarangas."

Under Two Flags

Since 1884 no ball team has ever been able to win the world series three consecutive years. But Connie Mack, with several miracles to his credit, believes his Athletics can change all that this fall

By Grantland Rice



IT IS always pleasant news to learn that a man past fifty who has slipped from the heights of fame can start all over again and climb back just as high. It has been just seventeen years since Connie Mack dismantled his old 1914 Athletics and left the top floor to live in the cellar. When fourteen years had passed and Mr. Mack, then past sixty, was still struggling to win another pennant, the feeling became general that the Philadelphia veteran would never make the grade. Now his rivals are hoping that Connie will dismantle this present outfit and lift the blockade again. It's all right to come back, but seven American League opponents and the Cubs and Cardinals feel that it can be overdone.

According to the official records, dating back to 1884 when Providence faced the Metropolitans, no ball club has ever won three world series championships in three successive years. Cubs, Giants, Athletics, Yankees and others have bagged the big money twice. But they all have been halted at the third charge.

But here is the gaunt shadow of Connie Mack again falling across the autumn landscape. And that drumming noise in the distance indicates that the big bats of Cochrane, Simmons and Foxx are tuning up again. These bats have been well tuned up for the last three years. They are always dangerous and when you stick them back of the pitching of Grove, Earnshaw and Walberg, you can understand why the Athletics are so hard to beat.

They are not invincible. They can be taken. But taking them is the toughest job baseball has known in some time. The National League is keener than usual to have Gabby Street's Cardinals break up the Athletics' stampede on this next occasion. The older circuit hasn't won a world series since 1926. Furthermore, the older circuit has won only three of the last nineteen world series games played against the Yankees and Athletics. This isn't so hot for the partisans of the Heydler order. In fact they are all steamed up about it.

The Yankees threw in a murderous machine against them, headed by Ruth and Gehrig, and then the Athletics came along with a combination even better equipped. So it must be admitted the National League's pennant winners have been forced to tackle opposition well above the ordinary run of world series strength. They have had to face two of the strongest clubs baseball has ever known, and one of them is now mobilizing to march on St. Louis and the Cardinal camp once more.

What chance have the Cardinals to break the spell? They have a better ball club than they had a year ago. They have a star catcher in Wilson, a strong pitching staff in Grimes, Haines, Derringer, Hallahan, Rhem and Johnson. They have a good infield, unusually strong around second with Frisch and Gelbert. They have a fast, good-hitting outfield and they have a team that has had more than its share of world series experience.

It May Be Different Now

Last fall the Athletics caught Jim Bottomley, one of the best of the Cardinal hitters, half sick and in a slump. That made a big difference, for Bottomley had many a chance to drive in a needed run which he couldn't take. The Cardinals can call on the pitching they need, with more than enough reserve power in case of heavy firing. They can play a lot of baseball and they will get all the wild and woolly support any city can give when those excited Mid-Westerners break loose with the call of the wild. There is nothing suppressed about St. Louis fans.

But the Athletics also are stronger than they were a year ago. Then they had to work Grove and Earnshaw day after day and then keep them pitching through most of the series. Now Rube Walberg and his smoke-ball have returned to the scene and a young man named Mahaffey has been a world of help. So neither Grove nor Earnshaw has been crowded as much this season and they both will have more help when the heavy firing starts.

This brings us to Simmons, Cochrane and Foxx. Here are three of the most dangerous players from the offensive angle that ever broke up ball games.

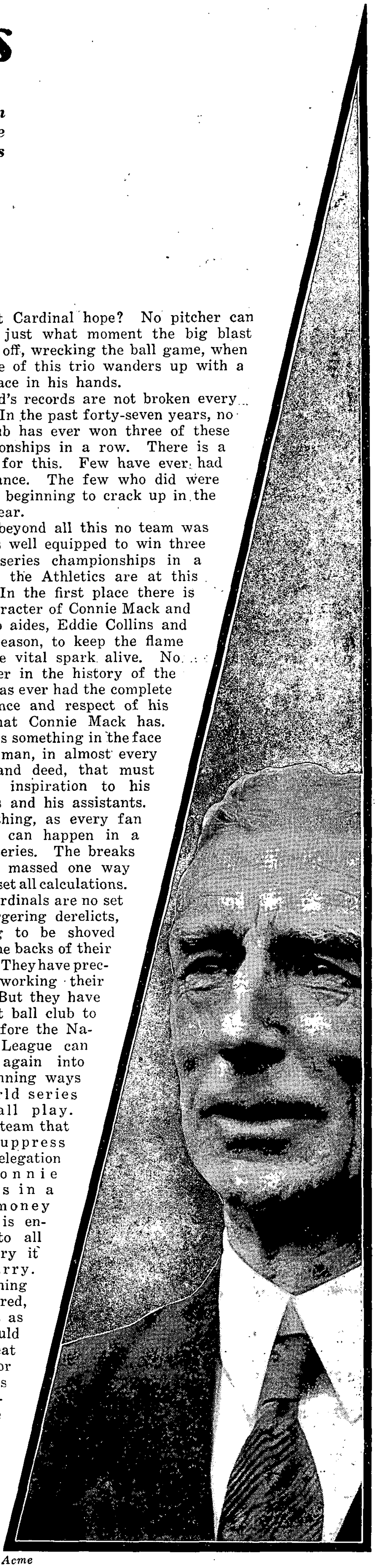
Who can forget Mickey Cochrane's long volley against Grimes last fall? Who can forget the crash of that home run from the bat of Jimmy Foxx at St. Louis that practically ended the series and killed off the last Cardinal hope? No pitcher can tell at just what moment the big blast will go off, wrecking the ball game, when any one of this trio wanders up with a war mace in his hands.

World's records are not broken every week. In the past forty-seven years, no ball club has ever won three of these championships in a row. There is a reason for this. Few have ever had the chance. The few who did were usually beginning to crack up in the third year.

But beyond all this no team was ever as well equipped to win three world series championships in a row as the Athletics are at this date. In the first place there is the character of Connie Mack and his two aides, Eddie Collins and Kid Gleason, to keep the flame and the vital spark alive. No manager in the history of the game has ever had the complete confidence and respect of his men that Connie Mack has. There is something in the face of the man, in almost every word and deed, that must be an inspiration to his players and his assistants.

Anything, as every fan knows, can happen in a short series. The breaks can be massed one way and upset all calculations. The Cardinals are no set of staggering derelicts, waiting to be shoved upon the backs of their necks. They have precedent working their way. But they have a great ball club to stop before the National League can break again into the winning ways of world series baseball play.

Any team that can suppress this delegation of Connie Mack's in a big-money classic is entitled to all the glory it can carry. Everything considered, it looks as if it would be a great year for the mobs that follow the series.



"Gabby" Street (left), manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, and Connie Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics

Wide World

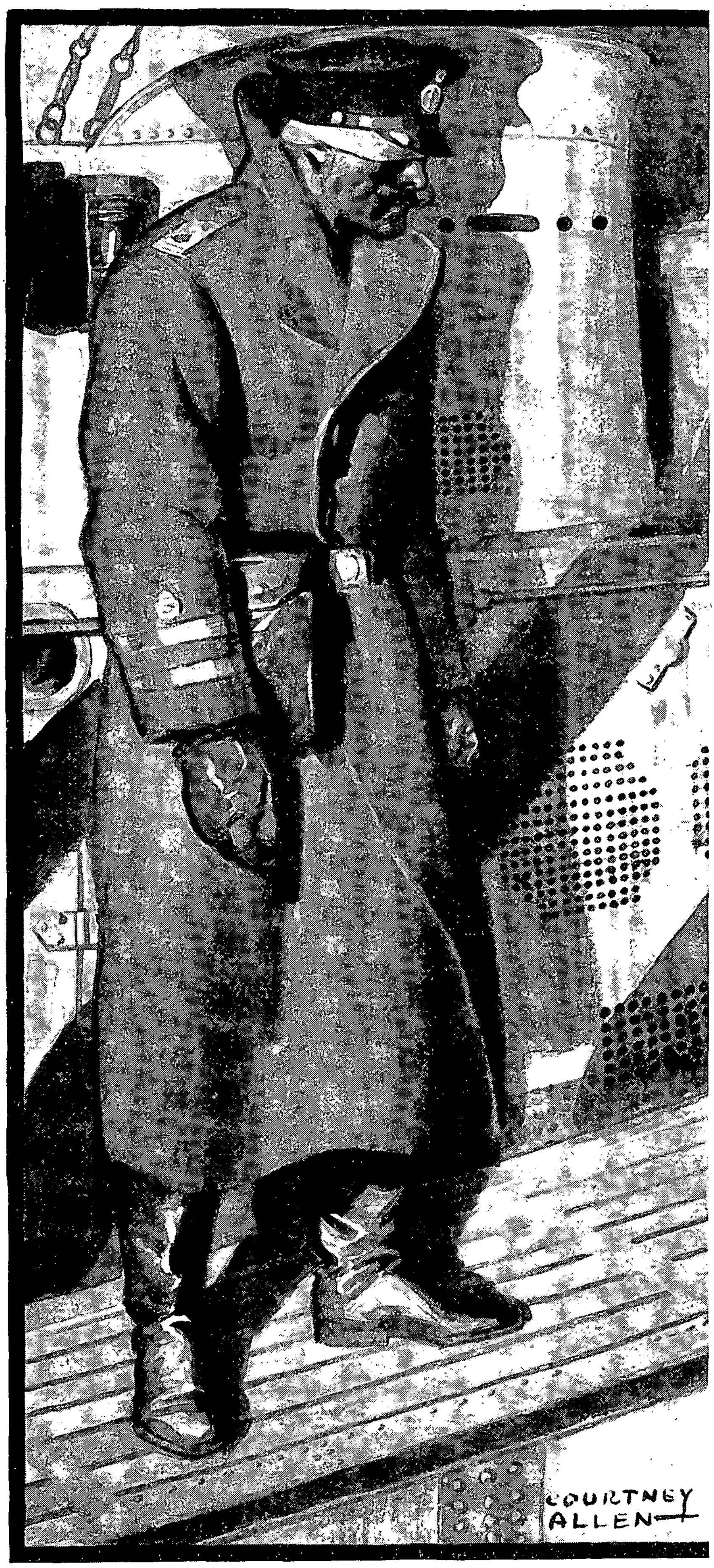
Acme

The Blind Commander

As weird a drama as any war ever produced: the adventures of a U-boat that strayed from the beaten track

By Marion Thornton

Illustrated by Courtney Allen



THE North Atlantic, stretching away in ruffled silver to the Pole, seemed by the half light of April dawn to be a particularly peaceful gray background for the gulls and stormy petrels that arched by on silent wings. Nowhere was there a hint of danger on the whole lustrous prairie or in the tattered ribbons of mist trailing to the dimness of the far horizon.

Yet Jeremy Lane, chief officer of the Borealis, kept his watch with nervous precision, striding the bridge with his sharp glance everywhere. Experience had taught him; and the lesson was recent enough to be carved quite unforgettably in his mind.

Almost a year had passed, he reminded himself, since he had been adrift in a lifeboat on these very waters, watching the freighter which had carried him thrust her torpedoed stern under the surface and take a final, sighing plunge to the depths. The Armistice had removed the hazard of U-boats from the path of ships taking this route, but the ice—which had so harassed the weary survivor—was still to be reckoned with, and a ghostly white berg, sighted just at twilight the night before, had stabbed Jeremy Lane with unreasoning terror.

Shivering a little, he glanced in at the wheelhouse clock. Scarcely half an hour had dragged by since his watch had begun. Three hours and a half to go before relief. Across rolling water the mists were swirling and dissolving against a palely glowing eastern sky. Close in to the Borealis, an odd, streaking white wedge against the gray water caught his eye, and he brought the glasses to bear on the point just off the port bow, adjusting focus with curiosity.

Lane had been on the bridge of the torpedoed wartime freighter, and he had seen the telltale fan of lacy water breaking away from the upright tube of the marauder's periscope just before the torpedo was fired. But for the barest fraction of a second he stared down uncomprehendingly from the bridge of the Borealis, refusing to credit what the binoculars told him—that at a point not four hundred yards away was an exact duplicate of that first melting wake.

A submarine, driving dead for the Borealis! A submarine, submerged, in a trade route? Incredible! Yet he saw the vertical black stick at the tip of the wedge, and the glinting eye of the lens bearing down as though intent on ramming the ship—then, abruptly, they were no longer there to be seen. They had disappeared in a pluming tower of water that rocketed into the sky with a muffled roar like the roll of far-off drums. Aghast, Lane stared at the shattered black bow of a submarine that leaped convulsively into the air and seemed to hang suspended for a long instant before it knifed downward into the foaming waters.

The awful finality of the plunge shook him awake. Wheeling to the engine-room telegraph he caught a glimpse of the quartermaster's stupefied face gaping from behind the window of the wheelhouse. He spun the indicator to "Stop. . . . Full Astern," rang the captain's bell. Carried by her momentum, the Borealis was sweeping past in spite of suddenly reversed engines, but Lane could see the swirling gray vortex that alone remained to mark the point of the tragedy falling astern slowly and more slowly until the ship had settled to a dead stop.

The captain reached the bridge, struggling into his uniform coat and blinking against the slanting early light. A few swift questions and he had the ship cutting a wide, clean arc. "Will we find survivors, Mr. Lane?" he asked finally.

"It's a toss-up, sir. She seemed to split forward, and a few men in the after-end might have been thrown free. But the explosion was terrific. Lord—it was a nightmare to see that black thing leap!"

THE ship's bell chimed two silvery strokes. The waves had quieted now at the point where the iron fish had plunged to oblivion, and as the Borealis cut closer, Lane made out a vast iridescent flower leisurely unfolding petals to show sparse black stamens. The captain had sighted it at the same instant. "Oil—and men! Order the port boats ready, Mr. Lane. Number One boat will go first, and have them look smart."

Lane gave the orders, and watched the lifeboat strike water and run like a many-legged bug over the swells until it reached the oil-stained area where it hovered in eccentric circles, its crew lifting one limp figure and another. But no signal came for a second boat. That meant the single lifeboat had room and to spare for all the men who were left on the surface. The rest of the crew—and forty was no unusual number to man a submarine—must have gone down with the twisted wreckage of their ship. The captain turned to the bridge ladder. "I'm going on the boat deck."

"Right, sir." Lane's eyes wandered again, sickly, to the rescue boat, saw it complete its brief cruise and begin an anxious, bobbing return to the side of the mother ship.

In a dead hush the boat drew alongside, the men catching a rope dropped from the deck of the Borealis. Not a sound reached Lane's ears but the groaning of the winch as the falls grew taut and the lifeboat rose bodily to the level of the passenger deck. There, in the half light, he saw the first body lifted over the rail. The men seemed to be going about their work in a sort of nightmare, working soundlessly, but with feverish haste.

Another body and another followed the first, until Lane had counted nine. Then the lifeboat was hoisted to its cradle and the Borealis, circling forward on her crescent course, pointed her bow again toward Liverpool. . . .

At the end of the long hours of his watch, Lane heard a clipped report of the grim affair between decks.

THE third officer, coming on relief, passed him the word in undertones that the victim ship had been German. Of the nine men brought aboard one retained a spark of life that might flicker out at any instant. Every one of them looked like a skeleton—starved, or he was no judge.

"Another mystery of the sea," said Lane soberly.

"You'd never believe human beings could be so brittle thin! They're like parchment. And the commander—but you'll have to see him for yourself."

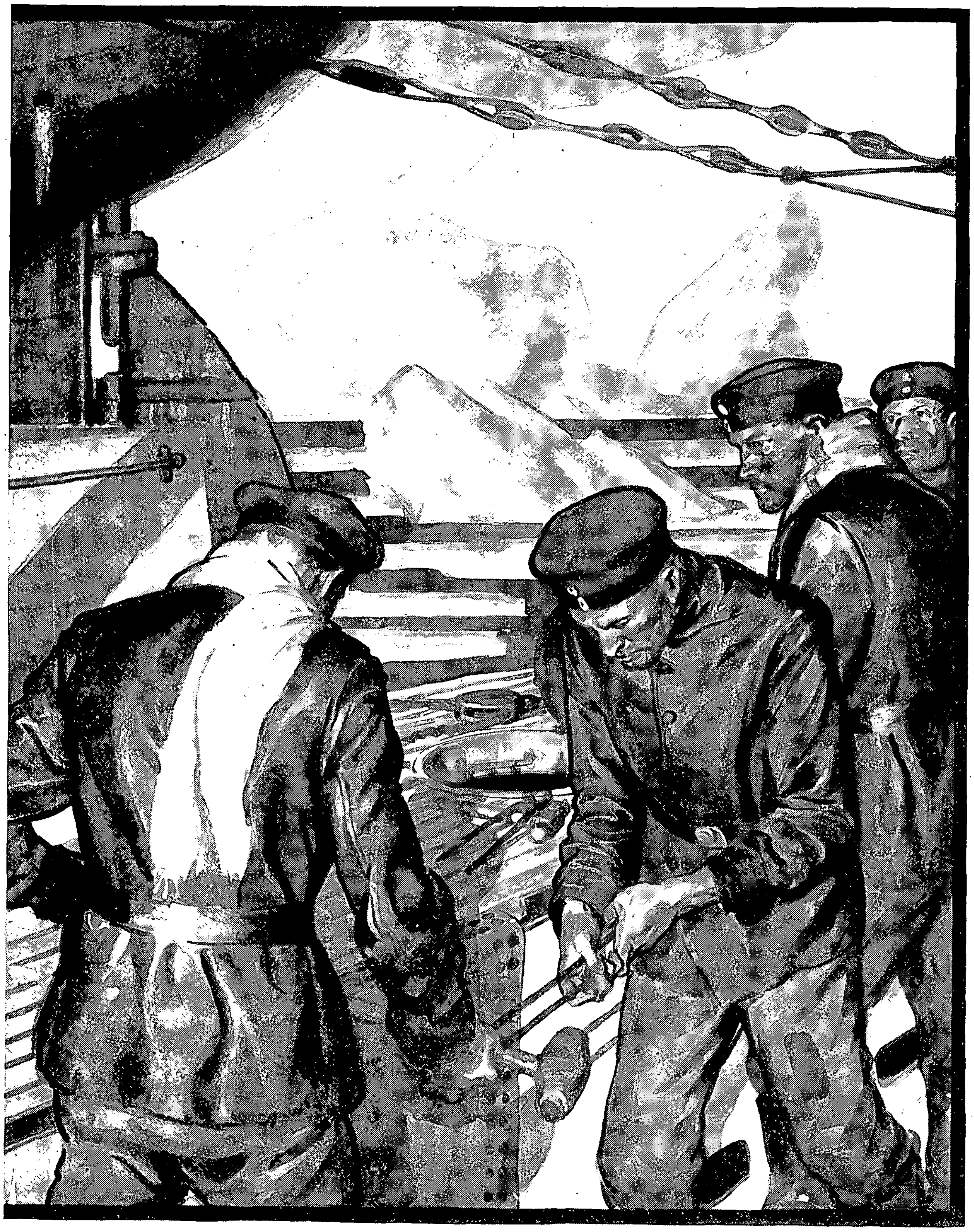
"What about him?"

"Blind, for one thing. For the rest—I don't know. You'll understand when you see him— It must have given you a bad half minute to see that periscope? Like old times, eh?"

Lane nodded. "That's putting it mildly," he said, and went below. The sick-bay door was bolted, and the doctor himself admitted him in answer to his knock. They were alone in the room; just the two of them, and a line of emergency cots, each holding an inert body.

"I put everyone else out," the doctor warned. "You can stay if you don't get underfoot."

Lane made no reply. He stood staring at the cot ahead of him, where a



With the freighter riding there at anchor, ready to take us off, it was a supreme test of the Kommandant's power that he could hold us at all

titanic figure lay. The pallor of death and the hollowness of starvation had left their unmistakable imprint on a granite-gaunt face whose eyes were covered with a sodden rag of bandage, but about the whole body clung an unconquerable, unexplainable sense of power.

Here, then, was the commander.

The man had gone to his death wearing the dress uniform of a submarine officer in the service of His Imperial German Majesty, and the tattered rags of blue, threaded with tarnished braid, contrasted oddly in their dignity with the dirty active-service suits worn by the other victims.

Looking down at the great body, Lane wondered not at all at the third officer's awe. There clung a sense of dominance, intangible but immense, that left the American groping for some explanation of the ironic fate that seemed to have brought this man through a gehenna of suffering, only to blow him out of life at the end.

He heard the doctor moving about, and turned to see him at work over the end cot, where an unkempt brown head showed against the white of a pillow.

ODD, Lane thought; he had forgotten the living survivor in the mysterious presence of the dead. "Any hope for him?" he asked.

The doctor looked up. "None. He may live for an hour or so, or he may not. But there's nothing more I can do."

Drawing closer, Lane studied the pale face pityingly. Allowing for years added by a stubble of brown beard and deep-etched grooves of suffering, he found it the face of a young man. A boy perhaps twenty-five, who must have been through more agony than a lifetime should hold.

A rap at the door drew the doctor away, and when he returned he was swearing tonelessly. "It's a hurry call," he answered Lane's questioning glance. "I'll have to go."

"I'll stay with the boy. What's to be done?"

"Not a thing. Just be on hand. It's even money he won't pull through to consciousness at all, but if he does—didn't you say once you knew German?"

"Yes."

"Good. Humor him. Give him anything he may want. He hasn't long to live at best."

Locking the door behind the doctor, Lane turned back to the cot and stood staring down at his charge. At that instant, the boy opened his eyes.

They were blue eyes, shadowed with exhaustion and the unsureness of one just awakened from another world; but watching, Lane saw the mists dissolving before a swiftly gathering intensity of expression. Then, as their glances met, the boy's pupils dilated and horror struck like a whiplash across the still face. Instantly the pale lips were forming words, and the American bent swiftly to hear a desperate wraith of a voice moaning, "*Lieber Himmel!* I could not even—die!"

"Steady, boy, steady! What's the objection to life?"

The haunted eyes met his uncomprehendingly. "I thought I would die with the others. God knows I thought I would die!"

"There—of course you did."

"Did anyone—else live?"

RELUCTANTLY, Lane shook his head.

"It is better so. If only I could have died, too! *Ach*, if only I could have died!"

Looking down at him, Lane tried to imagine the suffering that could have touched a young voice with such real hysteria. Almost involuntarily he asked, "What sort of hell have you men been through?" and cursed himself as soon as the words were out.

But the German gave no sign that the question stung. Instead, it seemed to Lane that his eyes lost a little of their haunting terror, as though he desperately wanted a confidant. "Every sort," he whispered brokenly. "Every sort, on sea and land. That was what made me do it. . . ."

"Easy, young fellow! I shouldn't have asked."

"But I want to tell you, *mein Herr*. I want somebody in all the world to know I couldn't help what I did. . . ."

"Yes, yes. Later. But don't try to talk now, boy."

The blue glance swept him as though he were invisible. "It was something stronger than I was that made me do it. . . ."

Lane remembered the doctor's order—"Humor the boy." Gently, half unwillingly, he suggested, "Tell me."

"Thank you, mein Herr. I am glad you are rather young. I think it will be easier for you to understand— I had my nineteenth birthday aboard our U-boat." It was a statement, with no answer expected, and Lane honored his silence until the thin voice went on again burstingly, as though the agony pent within him could not be contained. "I have never liked this war, but I tried to be a good soldier for the Fatherland. I don't know what it is—perhaps I am a coward. Or perhaps no one who is young really enjoys killing others. . . .

"I came out of training school just a year ago, with a lieutenant's commission and orders to report to—our *Kommandant*. I was half terrified, for that man under whom I was to serve is a sort of demigod in my country. He is an ace of aces, with thousands of tons of Allied ships to his credit."

Lane nodded, calling to mind the bandaged, gaunt form of the man. "It's easy to understand that he would have been a great commander."

"WOULD have been. . . ?" A shadow crossed the boy's face. "*Ach*, but of course. It is hard to believe he no longer lives. He is—was—a great man, in body and mind. But terrible. I don't know what I expected of him. I found him a still-faced giant, with burning eyes.

"For a few months after I reached Wilhelmshaven, we took short cruises out from the base, and on one of them, into the Irish Channel, we sank the Cardiff Castle."

"The—Cardiff Castle!"

"Yes, mein Herr. The hospital ship. Everyone knows she was carrying troops. According to the Articles of War, we were justified. But—for nights after that I had no sleep. We saved as

(*Continued on page 33*)

Caged Songbird

The story of a man who knew what

HE WAS the sort of man that quite superior women are apt to marry in moments of pity or of desperation. But pity is a mood that passes; so does desperation when you're young and healthy, and lovely enough to set up strange disturbances in every man your husband introduces to you. So nobody was surprised when the news got about, after they'd been married a couple of years, that Paula was divorcing him.

Certainly her old friends weren't surprised—the music students she had known before Gilbert Mayhew turned her into a suburban housewife; still less her new friends, whom she'd been playing around with since she met Harrington; nor her husband's friends—Pelham commuters, mostly, or men from the office. But even less surprised than his friends or her friends were their friends—the ten or twenty people around New York who had known Gil and Paula at college, back in the Corn Belt. They had never understood why she threw herself away on him.

Of course he'd always been crazy about her; but plenty of men had been crazy about Paula in college—men of more consequence than Gil Mayhew, who belonged to a second-rate fraternity, won his letter in a minor sport, and never made much impression on anybody but his professors in the law school. Whereas Paula was always getting elected May Queen, or president of the women's Panhellenic or most beautiful girl on the campus. Her figure was like a statue and her face had a clear-eyed, placid beauty. Only at rare intervals did she seem subtle, elusive, unsatisfied; and only Martha, her roommate, knew that those were the times when Paula was dieting. She was queen of the campus; wherever she went men swarmed about her, and Gil Mayhew never got much nearer than the outskirts of the crowd.

BUT it was different in New York, where she was only one of the horde of music students living in furnished rooms in the West Seventies. Her teacher conceded that she had a voice, but didn't like the way she used it; and her father's life insurance would all be spent before she was ready for her début. So she worked and skimped, and was lonesome and unhappy. She wished she were a Russian or a Jewess; New York didn't seem to appreciate the corn-fed type. No doubt the town was full of the sort of men she would have liked to know, but she never met them; and the men who tried to pick her up in the intermissions at Carnegie Hall concerts, when everybody went out to smoke on the stairs, didn't appeal to her at all.

Nobody realized that she was the late queen of the campus, and she was in danger of forgetting it herself. Her college friends who had settled in New York seldom saw one another; they were all busy getting their start and as depressed as she was by the contrast between recent splendor and present obscurity. She saw a good deal of Martha, who had married Pete Anderson on commencement night and come East with him; but Pete was working for forty dollars a week and Martha was keeping house in three rooms and getting ready for an unpremeditated baby. They were too absorbed in their own affairs to give much comfort to Paula.

One night Pete remarked that he'd run into Gil Mayhew, who seemed to have a pretty good job with one of those big Wall Street law firms.

"Gil Mayhew?" said Paula vaguely. "Oh, yes. I remember."

BUT she didn't remember well enough to recall his name when she saw him on—of all places—the stairs of Carnegie Hall, where she was smoking in the intermission at a Philharmonic concert. (And if you think that was the long arm of coincidence, you don't know Gil Mayhew.) She only knew that somewhere she'd seen that stocky figure, that trustworthy-looking face—somewhere on the outskirts of a crowd, back home. So she went to him, both her hands outstretched.

"Oh, hello!" she said, smiling. "How lovely to see you!"

He'd expected something like that, and had rehearsed his reply; but face to face with her he could only gulp, and turn red and cling to her hands. By now his name had come to her.

"Pete Anderson was speaking of you only the other night, Gil. He said you had a fine job." Gil looked as if it called for apology.

"I'm with a good firm, at least. . . . How about you, Paula? You look wonderful, of course. But you seem—different, somehow."

"Different?" She knew she was, but—"How do you mean, Gil?"

In fact she seemed thinner; but he perceived that to say so would imply a time when she had seemed less thin.

"You're more—sophisticated," he said. (Useful word.) "You look almost—almost Russian." (Nothing could have pleased her more.)

"I've been through a good deal this past year," she said obscurely. "Oh, Gil—weren't we children, back in college?"

"Not you! You were always—well—always Paula."

Looking into his eyes, she knew that for him she was still the May Queen. . . . People were trooping past them, going back to their seats.

"I'm standing up," she said, "in the top balcony. And you—?"

"I was standing up downstairs. Suppose—" His daring almost choked him. "Suppose we stand up together, and go out to eat afterward."

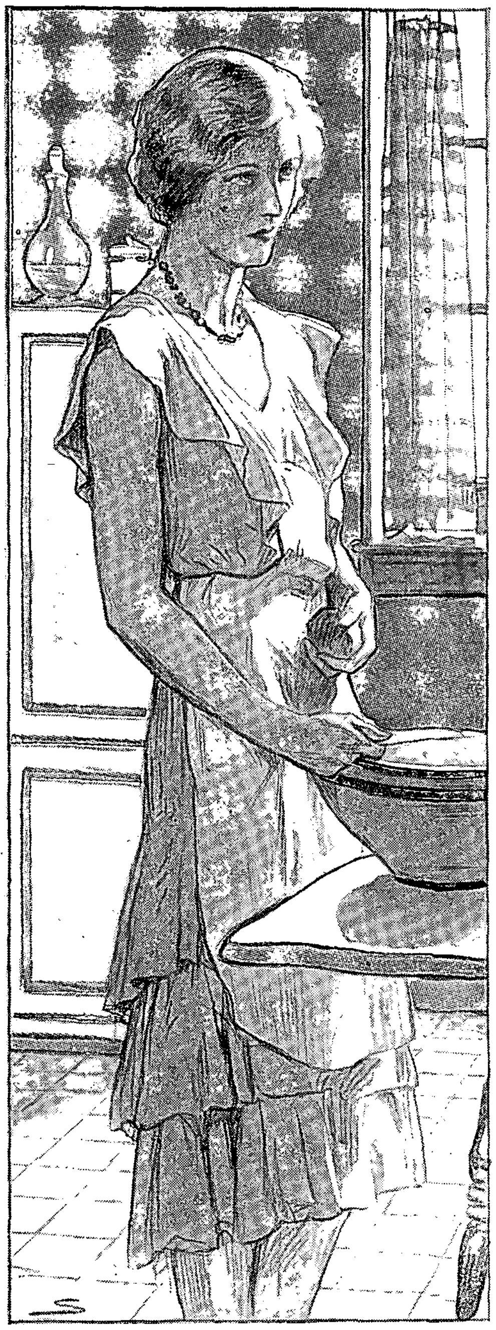
So they stood up together. . . . That night Toscanini finished his program with the Liebestod and, as usual, all but finished his more emotional hearers. When it was over Gil and Paula found themselves clinging to each other, limp and shaking. . . . Long afterward, she supposed that had really begun it. Weeks passed before he even kissed her, but that first day the music broke down a barrier; the man with whom you've shared a warm bath of emotion is no longer on the outskirts of the crowd.

THEY went to eat at Baldroni's—their first date—and she ate three pieces of pastry. (Of late she'd been living mostly on coffee and rolls, trying to make the life-insurance money last longer.) Martha would have jeered at that indulgence; but Gil Mayhew only beamed and seemed glad the divine creature was getting the nectar and ambrosia she needed.

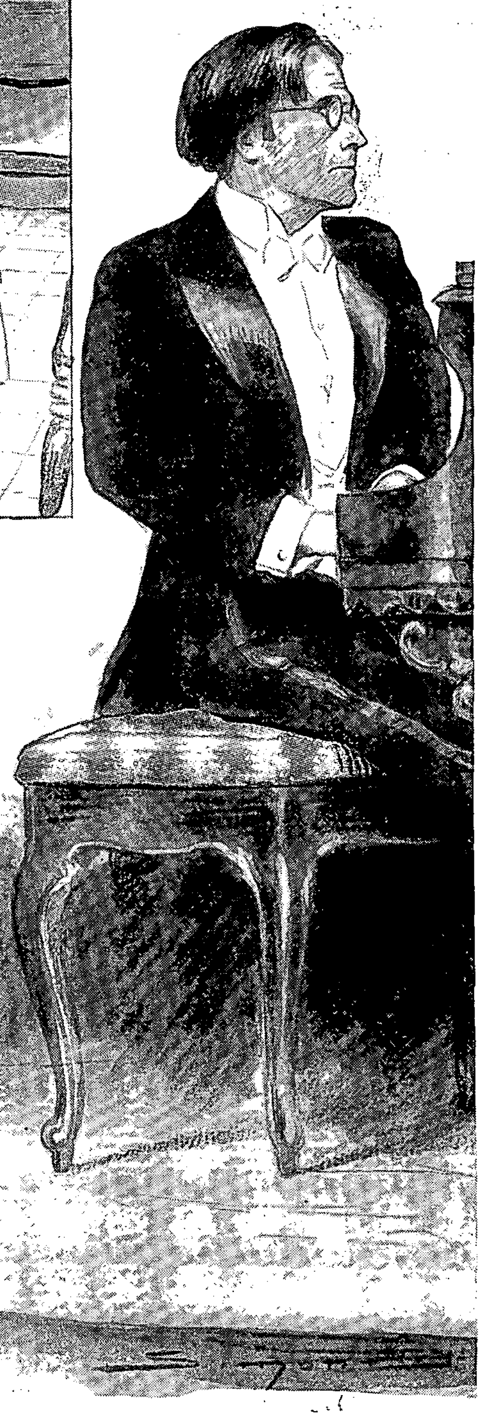
Before long she was dining with him two or three times a week; but don't get the idea that there was anything headlong about their courtship. That wasn't Gil Mayhew's way; he laid one brick on another, with plenty of mortar between. The first time he kissed her she had to start it—and wondered afterward why she had done that; she hoped he wouldn't think she was taking him seriously. But she knew it must look as if she were taking him seriously when she brought him to call on Pete and Martha one evening.

"I suppose you think it's queer, my trailing around with him," she apologized to Martha as they powdered their noses. "In college, he was—"

"Less than the dust beneath your chariot wheels? Yes, but we aren't in college any more. I wish Pete could remember that; cutting the office when you've got a



That night Paula cooked the dinner; it was excruciating torment, since she wouldn't dare do more than nibble at it



to do with a genius in the kitchen

By Elmer Davis

hangover is a little more serious than cutting a lecture. . . . I like this Mayhew, Paula. If you really mean—anything—"

"My dear!" Paula laughed nervously. "Don't be ridiculous!"

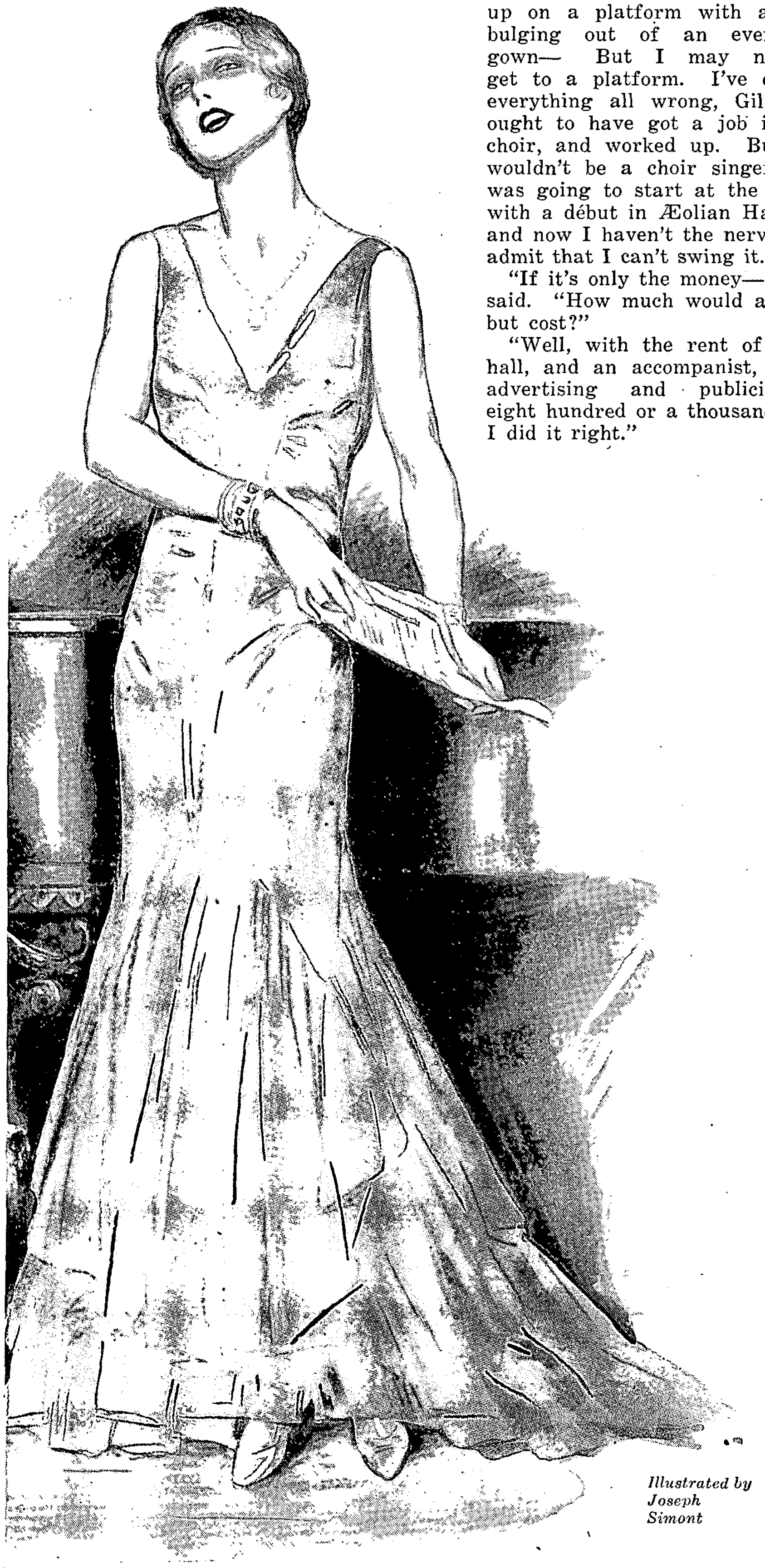
She didn't dream of marrying him; but—she'd felt that she ought to have an affair to give her the emotional depth a great singer needed. Gil wasn't the sort of lover she'd imagined, but he was the most presentable man she knew and she could trust him absolutely. Two or three times that winter she anticipated a proposal but Gil Mayhew took advantage of no sudden impulses; he was building for the ages. It began to worry her; she was growing dangerously fond of him, and even an affair would be less entangling than this appalling mental intimacy that had grown up between them.

HE TOLD her all about himself, and his work, and his ambitions; and she found that she was telling him all about herself—her money troubles, her quarrels with her teacher; even, at last, her persistent worry about her weight. That was a secret she had meant to keep for her husband.

"I won't be a fat soprano!" she exploded one night. "Standing up on a platform with arms bulging out of an evening gown— But I may never get to a platform. I've done everything all wrong, Gil. I ought to have got a job in a choir, and worked up. But I wouldn't be a choir singer; I was going to start at the top, with a début in Æolian Hall—and now I haven't the nerve to admit that I can't swing it."

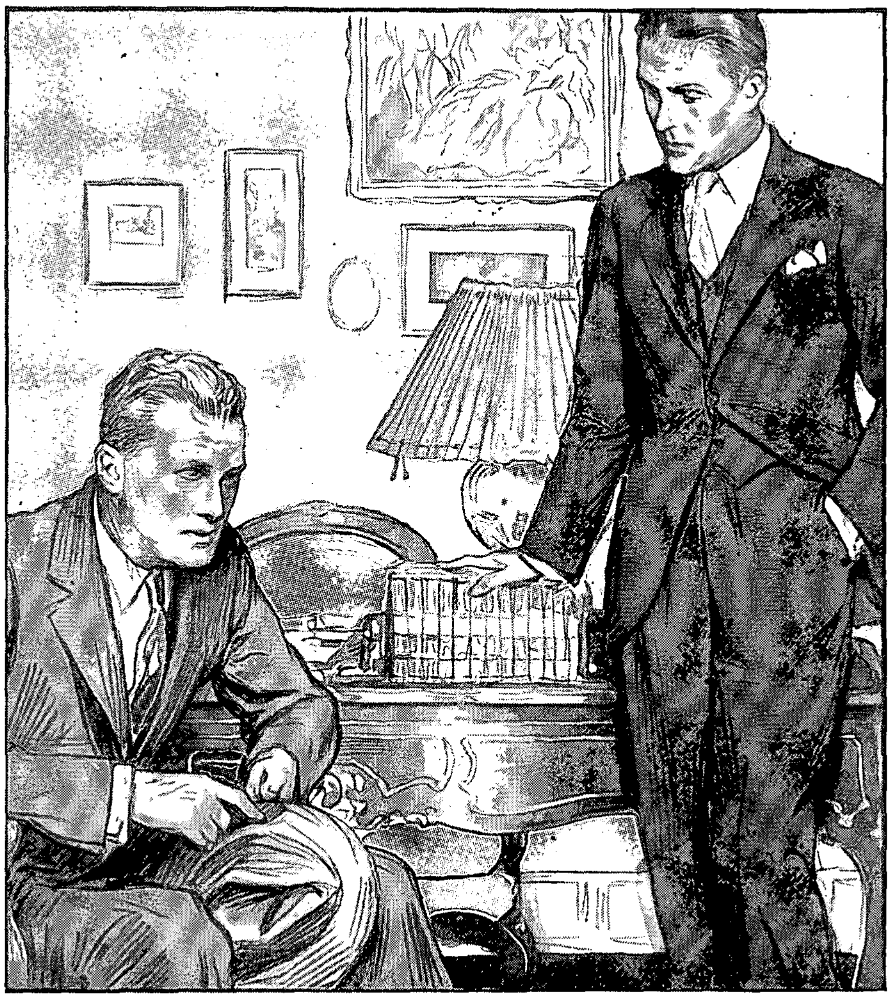
"If it's only the money—" he said. "How much would a début cost?"

"Well, with the rent of the hall, and an accompanist, and advertising and publicity—eight hundred or a thousand, if I did it right."



Illustrated by Joseph Simont

Paula had a splendid stage presence—slim body and lovely arms, an exquisite face faintly shadowed by elusive dissatisfaction



"What sort of management do you think she requires?" Harrington asked

"I've got a thousand dollars," he said. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Gil, I won't let you! I know what you want—a little house in a suburb, and a wife who'll meet you with her apron on when you come home from the office. I won't let you sacrifice for me!"

It did not surprise her to find herself in his arms.

"Sacrifice?" he said thickly. "If you could realize that this would give me more satisfaction than anything else—that nothing I could do for myself is half as important as you and your career—"

"I'm sick of my career! Slaving and skimping and never getting anywhere— Gil, I want to meet you with my apron on when you come home from the office!" He looked at her in consternation.

"But you couldn't! All winter I've been hoping you might feel this way, but—you couldn't. You're tired and discouraged now, but—I won't let you sacrifice yourself! Not you! Why, you're—"

"The May Queen?" She laughed. "Darling, we aren't in college any more—thank God. And I'm not tired and discouraged. So stop talking about sacrifices. I didn't know it till now, but I—I only want you—"

GIL MAYHEW was used to seeing things all round; from every point of view; which has its advantages, and its drawbacks. So they decided to look for a little house in a suburb; but they weren't going to have children. Not at first; not till Paula could be absolutely sure she didn't want to go on with her music. But, that much being settled—

"So they ran off and got married in the middle of the night," said Pete Anderson to his wife. "Well, that ought to let us out of giving them a wedding present; we couldn't afford it anyway, since the boss gypped me out of that raise he'd promised me. . . . But to think of her marrying Gil Mayhew! Why, he was nobody, back in college."

Martha laughed acridly.

"Yes, but you and I were somebody in college, and look at us now."

"But—Gil Mayhew!" he groaned. "She must have been sorry for him."

"Maybe she was sorry for herself. But I'm sorry for him," said Martha. "He may be a smart lawyer, but he's got everything to learn about Paula."

She forgot that there had been a time when he had everything to learn about the law.

WELL—everything was fine, till the excitement wore off. Sometimes Paula sang after dinner, for their friends in Pelham; her voice was so much better than the kind you hear in the parlor that she gradually ceased to compare it with the kind you hear in the opera house or Carnegie Hall. A man coming home from the office couldn't have asked for a lovelier wife to meet him; also, Paula turned out to be a wonderful cook and she did full justice to her own handiwork. That was what started the trouble.

"I hate myself when I'm fat!" she announced one morning.

"You look fine," her husband assured her.

"Oh, you say that; but I've gained seventeen pounds since we were married . . . Gil, why don't you make me diet?"

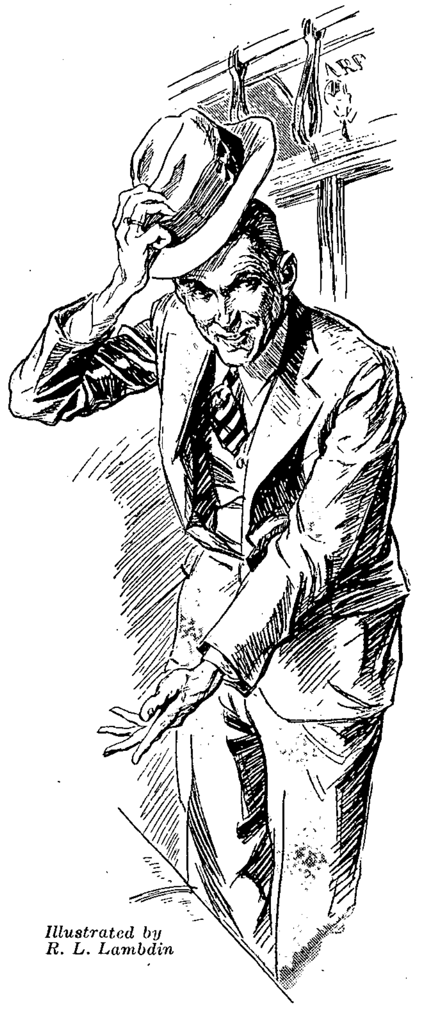
"You're old enough to vote. Make yourself diet, if you need to."

She sulked for a week; then she really did diet. Her friends noticed that she had changed; she seemed subtle, elusive, unsatisfied. One or two men

(*Continued on page 43*)

Gentleman Mike

Told by a big-town reporter—and the most exciting, most surprising, most romantic adventure that young man ever had!



Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

He said, "You take my seat, ma'am"

FOR a while I was known as the Politeness Reporter. My assignment was to circulate around Chicago, talk to strangers, ask for directions, be irritating at times; in fact, do anything that occurred to me as appropriate. Finally I would award fifty dollars to the politest person I had met that day.

Then I'd go back to the office and write a column story of my adventures. I'd tell not only about the prize winner, what he or she had done to earn that easy fifty, but how a dozen or so others might have had the money *if* . . . I told of my encounters with them, what I said and the sharp, discourteous things which they said; and many a chagrined Chicagoan has read in his morning paper of how he met that elusive reporter and said good-by to half a hundred.

It wasn't always easy to find a winner. . . .

One afternoon I was riding in an Evanston express on the North Side elevated. Near where I stood sat a man who was reading the Evening Journal. He looked up presently and saw, several yards down the aisle, a woman clinging to a strap. She was not a pretty woman whose smile might have had some esthetic value, nor yet an elderly woman who would appeal to the filial instincts of man. Just another woman, then, plain-featured and young enough to stand without any discomfort.

He shouldered his way towards her, touched her arm, and said, "You take my seat, ma'am." But meanwhile another man had taken it, beating the woman to the goal by a full two seconds, and now was settling into a comfortable position while he turned the page of his paper.

My cavalier of the "L" was unabashed.

"Excuse me, brother," he said, and I saw for the first time those cool gray eyes, "that seat belongs to this lady."

"Wha's that?" said the other, drawling insolently. He was not the kind to be stampeded; he had plenty of brass, that fellow.

"You made a little mistake, that's all. I didn't happen to give up that seat so you could have a place to park."

"Oh, yeah!"

"It doesn't matter," spoke up the woman, and plainly she was embarrassed.

"No, it's your seat, ma'am," Gray Eyes assured her. "You understand that, brother?"

Brother did. For behind the quiet voice, the easy manner, lurked plenty of implication. One glimpse of those eyes was enough for brother and, muttering, he gave up the seat.

"Ma'am," said my candidate, smiling pleasantly. He indicated the vacant place with a gracefully cordial gesture. As he did so I saw the ring on his finger, a diamond big as a lima bean or at least a couple of carats.

BUT this politeness stunt was not designed merely to reward the honest, albeit very courteous, poor. That imposing stone did not dissuade me. I left the train when its owner did and followed him down the steps to the street.

He turned sharply at the sound of my voice, his eyes alert, distrustful, cool. Then his manner changed. The alertness was gone, and a smile appeared, and his speech was easy and friendly. "You've got me there, brother." I had asked the location of a certain hospital. "I'm a stranger here myself."

I seemed impatient, irritated that he wasn't able to help me.

"I've got to get there right away. It's a case of . . . of getting there in a hurry."

"I'm sorry I can't tell you." I saw his gray eyes looking around as if for someone to help me. Then he thrust two fingers into his mouth, whistled shrilly and waved his hand. A cruising taxi changed its mind about turning the corner; it darted over. "This guy ought to know. I'll drop you there. I'm taking a taxi anyway."

I WAS jubilant. I had never encountered such a clear-cut example of the qualities I was daily hunting.

"Ravenswood Hospital. Step on it, brother."

As the cab started off I took out a card which the Times had printed for me to use. It merely stated in proper type that the recipient of it was that day's winner of the fifty-dollar politeness prize.

He read it casually and then, eyes widening, read it quickly again. A grin lighted his face. He looked at me.

"You ain't kidding?" he wondered.

"No, that's straight."

"Well, I'll be damned!" He leaned back, laughing. "Well, I'll be damned!" He shook my hand. "I thought, 'This guy's mother's probably dying over at the hospital; or maybe his sweetie.' You know what I mean. I thought, 'This guy's in a tough spot, and I better get him out of it.' And all the time you was that Politeness Reporter! I been reading your stuff, too. Say, it's good."

It had always amused me to hear some amateur authority, like a detective sergeant or maybe my barber, solemnly assure me my stuff was good. But this time I felt pleased about it. Getting out my pencil, I prepared to take notes. What was his name?

"Oh, sure," he said seriously, "you got to have my name, don't you? I'll tell you what it is. It's Mike Masters . . . yeah, that's right, Michael. But say, maybe you better not put it that way. My real name is George—my christening name, see? I've been called Mike for years, but my regular name's George. The name I sign to the I O U's—get me?" He laughed heartily. "Just write George M. Masters. . . . That's it."

He gave an address and said his job was electrical construction.

"You'll have to come down to the office," I told him, "and get your order for the fifty bucks. The editor signs it, but the business office will cash it right away. I don't carry the money with me; too much chance for a split-up between the winner and me! Besides, we'll want your picture."

He looked dismayed.

"Do I have to get my picture took?"

"It just takes a minute. You just go in the photo room, and it's over in no time."

"I know," he said, "but I don't like to do it. Honest, I'm scared of getting my picture took. Each guy has a different superstition and mine happens to be cameras."

"Well, that doesn't have to be settled now. Come in, anyway, and ask for me. I'll get you your order and. . . . About six o'clock. I've got to beat it now and pick up a couple more snooty citizens to put in tomorrow's story."

So there I was at six o'clock, sitting before my typewriter, pounding out the usual column, when in walked the doorman and pointed towards me. Behind him stood Masters, though I wouldn't have known him if it weren't for his coat and his general build. A big bandage was plastered across one cheek, half covering his nose and part of his mouth.

I saw him cast a quick glance around the local room; even at that distance I was conscious of its keenness, like that of an animal about to enter a cage which is strange and new. Then he came striding over, a grin on his face, and the odor of arnica moved before him.

"Ravenswood Hospital, eh? Well, that's where *I* landed! We had a little smash-up—I told you it was bad luck to have your picture took! Only I got mine ahead of time."

I INTRODUCED him to the day city editor, and George M. Masters greeted him warmly. I could see he was making a hit with the boss, who was pretty much of a hard-boiled cynic. The order was written and he read it, smiling.

"Say, you know it ain't the dough I care about; it's the idea of getting picked for the winner. I see you're running a Christmas fund. What's the matter with me endorsing this fifty over to that?"

"Swell guy," grunted the boss when Masters had left. "You ought to give us a good story tonight."

That's the kind of talk we got from headquarters. As I said, it always amused me to hear a flatfoot or perhaps the barber tell me how good my stuff was!

The next day being rainy and cold, I decided to do some indoor hunting, in big office buildings, among elevator starters, secretaries, office boys, stenographers, whoever chanced to cross my path.

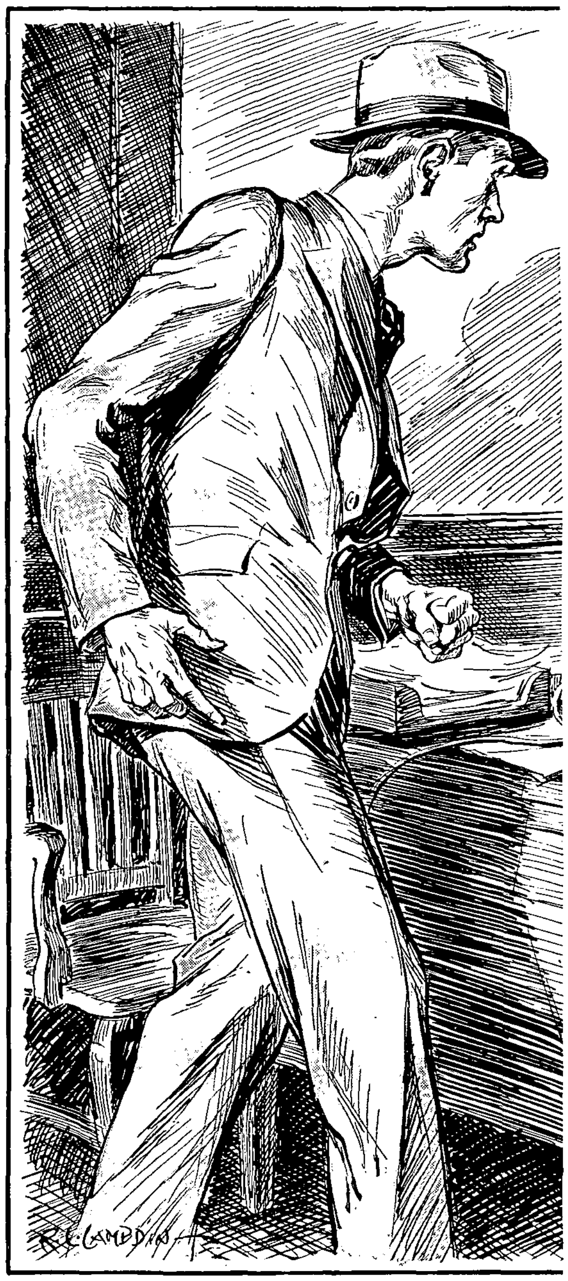
It was in this way that I met Janis Kane.

WHEN I first saw her she was sitting at a desk, making little gestures with her right hand while she talked rapidly into a telephone. That right hand was so small and dainty that I noticed it particularly, even before I'd observed her face. She hung up the receiver with a bang, exclaiming impatiently as she did so, and then she looked at me as if to say, "Well, nuisance, what do *you* want?" She let me wait there perhaps a minute before coming over to ask my business.

Janis Kane was just like her hands, small and sort of dainty. Her thick reddish hair didn't reach much higher than my chin, but she gave the impression of boundless vitality—a little dynamo kind of a lady. Her eyes were green, impertinent green, and she had a dimple in her chin.

"Well?" she challenged.

"Please, ma'am," I began slowly in my best foreign accent, the one I used when I was Italian, German, Polish,



"Lemme talk to him," said the man. Janis

By Paul Deresco Augsburg

Persian or Finnish, "I want the Czechoslovakian consul to see."

"What's the matter with him? Is he blind?"

I stared at her, puzzled.

"Please, ma'am, he ees the consul of Czechoslovakia."

"Yes, I understand; he's the consul of Czechoslovakia, and he can't see."

"Hees office, it ees in theese building."

"Well, it's not here. Ask the elevator man." I blinked at her stupidly and she repeated, "The elevator man," then turned away.

I went out chuckling to myself. Almost better than finding a proper winner I liked landing someone who treated me sharply. It was such subtle revenge to sneak up on him unawares, as it were, in tomorrow morning's paper. I've had many a hearty laugh as I've pictured the expression which must have come to the face of this one who had been so brusque, or of that one, so overbearing. As for Janis Kane, no young man, even if he was a foreigner with an accent, would relish having a pretty girl treat him with such disdain.

TO MAKE the story all the better, that day's winner proved to be a little shriveled-up scrubwoman who, though she had a rocky time with her English, tried so eagerly to help me. Of course I set up Janis, the American, in very conspicuous contrast with this humble immigrant woman. I didn't know her name then; I merely identified her as the office secretary of the company whose title appeared on the door.

Well, the following noon, when I was about to start out on my assignment, a copy boy yelled that someone wanted to speak to me. I went into the phone booth and said hello.

"Is this the Politeness Reporter?"

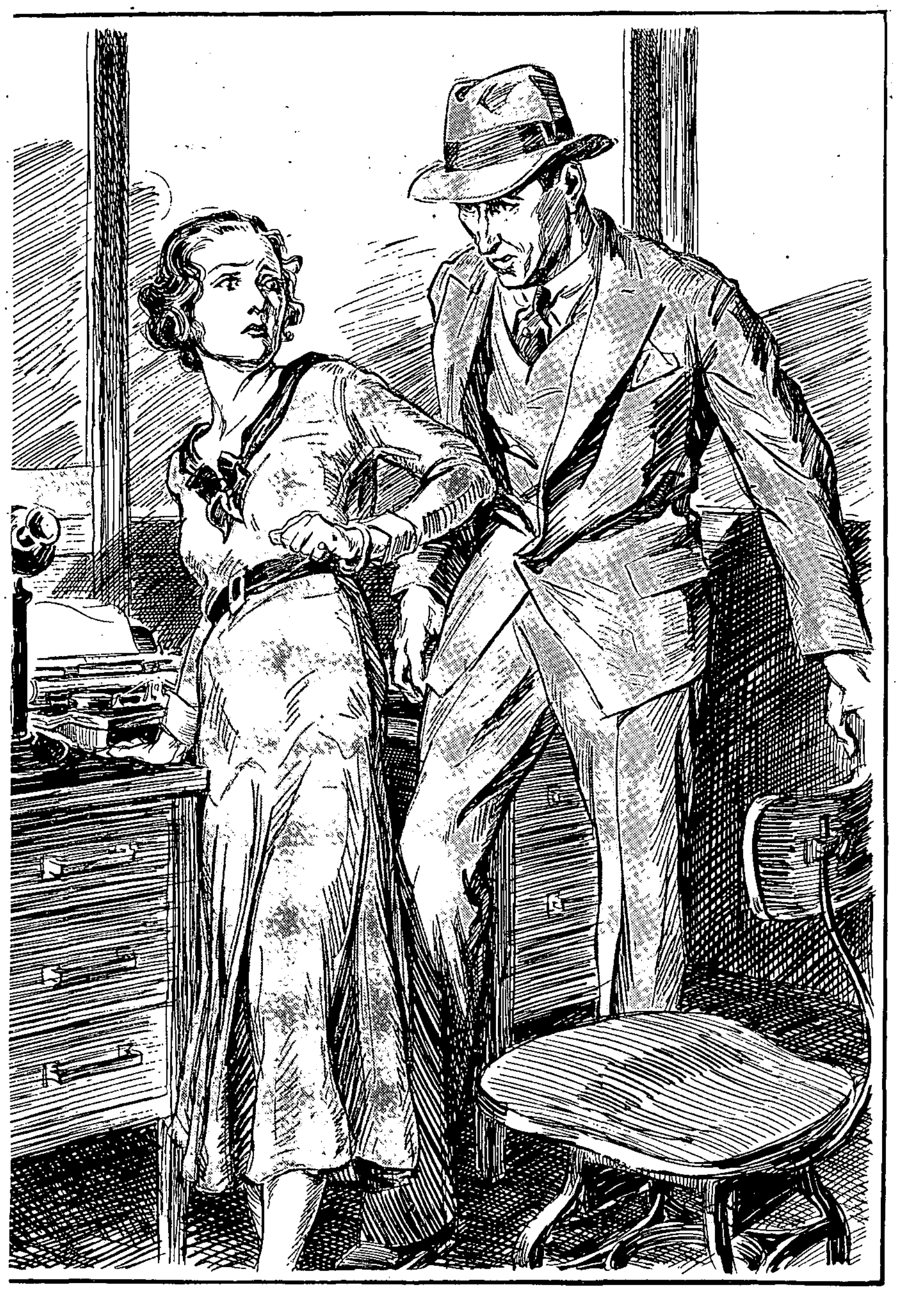
"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Politeness Reporter," the strained, husky little voice continued, "I thought you'd like to know that you've been a wonderful success." There was a world of sarcasm in her words. "Your article today did just what you probably wanted it to. The boss fired me for being impolite! Thank you so much, Mr. Politeness Reporter!"

And then, before I could say a word, she hung up—but I knew by the sound of her voice that she did it because she was starting to cry and didn't want me to know it.

I felt guilty. My imagination got to working, and the thought of that girl lying in a little heap on her bed, weeping her eyes out, spoiled my day. She probably wasn't; her tears were doubtless angry tears; but I pictured her feeling thoroughly wretched, and I always stick by my mental pictures.

So I stopped in at that office and asked for the boss. The moment I saw him I understood. He was, obviously, one of those pompous, self-righteous men who make no compromise with evil.



banged the receiver onto its hook and turned on him with blazing eyes

He was mortified that his office had received such dubious notice—right in the Times, too, where a million of his fellow men could read it! Well, the girl had sinned and his course was clear; he knew his duty and did it.

"I was astonished," he said primly, "to learn that Miss Kane had been so rude. I'm indebted to you for finding her out." He was all but glaring at me.

So her name was Miss Kane. And where did she live? At first he wasn't going to tell me, but I just grinned and said I didn't consider that that was very polite! Perhaps he thought I meant to include him in tomorrow morning's list of victims, for he changed his mind in a sudden panic. I thanked him politely, as became my position of Chicago's courtesy expert. For the second time in as many days I left that office chuckling.

The hunting was fairly good, so that by four-thirty I had not only a winner but a good batch of impolite ones, too. Then I hurried out to see Janis Kane. What I should do I didn't know exactly, but I felt that I ought to talk to her. My conscience was feeling troubled.

SHE lived in a rooming house on Rush Street. The landlady admitted me grudgingly, called up the stairs, "Miss Ka-ane, gentleman to see you," and told me to take a seat in the "parlor."

Presently Janis came in, a subdued little girl, her mouth slightly parted, her green eyes wide, for she was curious about her caller. She stopped, astonished, as she recognized me.

"Oh, it's you!" Some color came into her face. "Mr. Politeness Reporter!" she added in a tone which suggested etching acid.

"I'm very sorry you lost your job," I said.

"What a coincidence! So am I."

"I—I wanted to tell you I was sorry."

"Well, you have."

"I thought," I said, "I might be able to help you find another place. I know a lot of business men."

"Don't bother." She spoke as if she might be holding her skirts to keep from touching something repulsive. "I wouldn't take a job *you* got for me."

That made me mad.

"Oh, you wouldn't! What've you got to be so damned high-hat about? As a matter of fact, you *should* have been fired, talking like a fresh little snip to a foreigner who asked you a civil question."

You'd have thought that every red hair in her head would've caught fire then and started her boiling. Instead, she just laughed and clapped her hands.

"Oh, Mr. Politeness Reporter, you're forgetting yourself! You're being rude!"

Well, I had to grin, even though I still felt pretty vexed.

"I guess it's catching!"

"Oh, don't expose yourself, please," she said quickly. "You have your hat? Then hurry away before you're as rude as I am!"

I must have looked flustered, for she was laughing quite gayly as I left the room. She followed me to the door and stood holding it while I was walking down the steps.

"Do come back, Mr. Politeness Reporter, when you have some better manners."

Then she closed the door, leaving me gasping.

That evening I telephoned a man whom I had once saved from some very disagreeable publicity. He was president of a large ice-cream company. I told him about Janis, and he said sure, bring her around and he'd give her a job. But I couldn't do that; he'd have to send for her himself. All right, he'd phone first thing in the morning and tell her he wanted a sassy gal! No, he wouldn't say where he'd heard about her; he'd leave me out of it altogether. Awfully glad I'd called on him—and when was he going to see me?

I WAITED a few days before dropping around. When I strolled into the office of the Frozen Nectar Ice Cream Corporation, Janis stepped up promptly.

"You wish to see someone?"

"Why, hello!" I said, feigning surprise. "How in the world did you get here?"

"Oh, Mr. Jelkie wanted a good-looking, courteous secretary! He's a very bright man. He picked my number right out of the telephone book!"

"I'm glad you found a place," I said stiffly.

"Thank you. Is there someone you wish to see here?"

"Yes. Mr. Jelkie."

"You mean Mr. Jelkie, *please?* What name shall I give him?"

"Tell him it's Tolley of the Times—please."

"Oh, that's so much better!" she smiled maliciously. "Will you just be seated, Mr. Tolley, *please.*"

Jelkie himself came out to greet me. We sat in his office about half an hour, talking of this and that, particularly of crime. He was interested in all the gossip that I, as a newspaper man, could give him—inside stuff about Izzy Bloom, the most prominent racketeer and gangster of that particular season.

When for the sixth time his phone rang, I said, "Well, I got to go," quickly shook hands, and left him talking over the wire. I was determined to say some things to Janis, but I found she was actually watching for *me!*

"Thank you," she said surprisingly, "for getting me this place. It was awfully nice of you, Mr. Tolley."

"Oh, that's nothing. See here," I blurted, "I'm getting a day off tomorrow. Will you have dinner with me and go to a show?"

"Please?"

"Yes, dammit, please!"

She laughed softly.

"I think that could be managed, Mr. Tolley. What time shall I expect you?"

We got along fine that night. And when the time came to part, I kissed her. Then I proposed. It was as much a surprise for me as for her.

"I'd say yes, Tom," she said in a small, soft voice. "But I don't want to get married. More than anything else I want to be independent, to have a business of my own and make plenty of money. Then, maybe—oh, I don't really know—maybe I'd want to get married then."

SO THAT was the status of things at midnight, when I started jauntily down the street. While she hadn't said yes, she had plainly shown that she was not averse to the notion. And I'd kissed her, hadn't I?

An all-night lunch room caught my eye and I stopped for a cup of coffee. Down the counter, two seats away, a taxi chauffeur was reading the early Herald. I glanced at the headline: *Garlic Bullets End Life of Willy the Rat.*

So they'd landed Willy! Well, he wouldn't be missed. They'd smeared bullets with garlic to poison the wound, a favorite trick of Italian gunmen. *Detective Chief Orders Gangster Round Up.* It was like the early moves in a chess game. Just give him the names, and the rewrite man could turn out the story from habit.

When I came into the local room at six the next evening, the boss called my name.

"Know this fellow?"

He showed me a print, still damp

from the dark-room pans, and there was George M. Masters side by side with a jail guard!

"What's he been up to?" I gasped, astonished.

"That, young man," said the city editor, "is 'Gentleman Mike' Enright of Brooklyn, one of New York's most prominent gangsters! They found five clippings of your politeness story in Mr. Enright's pocket."

He handed me a dispatch from our New York correspondent. It was merely a summary of Enright's record. Gentleman Mike, who was very vain of his reputation for gallantry, had been no mean figure in New York's underworld.

"Get your story up as soon as you can," said the city editor. "Then go over to the county jail and see Gentleman Mike. He liked you, Tom, and maybe he'll talk."

THERE was an unusual amount of activity at the county jail that evening. This was a few years ago, before Illinois had changed over to the electric chair, and they were preparing the gallows for an early-morning hanging.

The assistant jailer wrote out a permit. I gave it to the guard on the fifth floor and waited in the bundle cage while he went for Gentleman Mike. Then the steel door opened and in he walked.

"Hello, Mr. Tolley. Gosh, I'm glad to see you." He thrust out his hand. "Say, I want to apologize for putting it over on you like that!"

"What you doing here, Mike?"

"Just seeing the town," he said innocently. "A little vacation, if you know what I mean."

"It wasn't you bumped off Willy the Rat, then?"

"With garlic bullets! Mr. Tolley, you don't want to insult an old pal that way. I don't like garlic. Chili sauce, maybe, but never garlic."

There was more talk in the same bantering, evasive vein. Then the Gentleman stopped in the middle of a phrase, stopped abruptly, his gray eyes narrowed.

"What was that?" he asked sharply.

I exchanged glances with the jail guard, sitting at his ease in a corner of the bundle cage.

"They're testing the gallows," I answered. "They always test it the night before—"

Gentleman Mike nodded his head. He looked subdued, despite his grin.

"'And they're hanging Danny Deever in the morning!'" he said softly. "That's worse than electricity, if you ask me. But I ain't bothered. That's not the way *I'm* going out." He was serious now. "No rope or chair for Gentleman Mike. I'll get mine with a bullet."

I heard the jail guard stir in his chair.

"How do you know?"

Mike shrugged his shoulders.

"It's just one of those things you know, that's all. Hell, what do I care? It's as good a way as any, ain't it?"

AS HE was about to be taken back to his cell, Gentleman Mike thanked me for coming around to see him.

"That was a swell article you wrote," he said. "Say, listen; my lawyer's going to spring me on a writ tomorrow. These guys haven't got anything on me; they're wasting their time. How about having dinner with me, say on Friday?"

"Sure," I answered.

A few days later, I went to Janis' office late in the afternoon. She was phoning when I entered and a man was standing beside her desk.

"He's been waiting," she was saying. "I told him you didn't expect to return, but he wouldn't believe me." She sounded indignant. "Wait a minute." She looked up and said, "Mr. Jelkie wants to know your name."

"Never mind my name. Tell him it's the guy with the *association.*"

"He won't give it," she went on disdainfully. "He says he's the fellow with the association, if that means anything to you."

"Lemme talk to him," said the man, reaching out for the telephone. Janis banged the receiver onto its hook and turned on him with blazing eyes.

"I've stood enough from you. Get out! Mr. Jelkie won't be back today. You understand me? *He won't be back!*"

"But *you'll* be seeing him tonight, eh? I got to hand it to Jelkie. He sure knows how to pick 'em!"

Janis slapped his face. Her soft cheeks flaming, her green eyes flashing, she was prettier than ever. He thought so too, apparently, for he caught her arms and drew her towards him.

I shouted something and started towards him. He whirled around and his right hand dropped in a very dangerous gesture. For the first time then I saw his face. He was Izzy Bloom, the gangster!

I knew him at once, for I had seen him in the criminal court on one of those rare occasions when the law had had him indicted.

Well, Bloom or not, I was pretty mad.

"You heard what she said. Get out of here! She's my girl-friend, get me? Beat it, you!"

And he did!

I looked at Janis.

"You know who he was? Izzy Bloom!"

"Izzy Bloom! You mean—?"

"The same," I nodded.

"Oh, Tom! He might have shot you!"

She caught my hands impulsively. "Oh, Tom, I'm so glad you came when you did."

We went to a restaurant and then to a movie. But all the time we were watching the show my mind was occupied with Izzy. The most arrogant racketeer in Chicago had walked out, saying nothing, when I, who was no one, had told him to go! There was something wrong with *that* little picture! What was he thinking?

The subtle art of racketeering had not yet become so generally known, but already it was a lucrative branch of Chicago's gangster business. "Tell him it's the fellow with the *association.*" That was enough for one who knew them. Izzy Bloom must be "organizing" the local ice-cream dealers.

For instance, he might have invited *you* to join this new association. If you accepted, you paid him a handsome membership fee and went on conducting your business. If you didn't . . . well, presently things—unpleasant things—would happen to you.

When we left the movie Janis said, "It's such a lovely night, let's walk." We strolled up Michigan Avenue, and I was saying very little. At Rush Street a car drew up at the curb a few feet behind us. I looked around, but all I saw was a man who got out to examine a tire.

Then Janis screamed. I started to turn, but that was all. Something hard had struck my head. A roaring noise was in my ears and black spots danced before my eyes.

The last thing I knew, I was falling.

IN a small hospital I came to and saw, through indistinct eyes, the faces of Morrow Krum and Clem Manning, our North Side police reporter. It was after three in the morning, and already the home edition of the Times had rolled off the presses with a small story on page one about the mysterious assault upon our Politeness Reporter. Not a word of Janis, for when I was found I lay on the sidewalk, alone, deserted, where the blow of the blackjack had dropped me.

"Who hit you, kid?" asked Morrow Krum.

"I don't know."

Even in my condition I had sufficient foresight not to mention Janis. I waited till Morrow went out to phone the office that I was conscious, and then I asked Manning for news of her. Clem was fat, married and faithful, and I felt no fear about him.

But the police had not heard of Janis Kane. Alarmed, I told him her address, and he promised to go there at once and inquire. When he returned, he said:

"She's O. K."

I saw through that. Janis was not the kind of a girl to leave me lying for dead on the street.

"Clem, you're a liar."

"Honest, Tom, it's the truth."

"You're a fat Irish liar."

He admitted it, then.

"Rest easy, Tom. I got Cap Collins out of bed and he sent out a general order."

JUST as he said that a nurse came in. "There's a man outside says he's got to see you. Name's Mike Enright."

"Show him in," I said eagerly.

He came up to the bed and stood looking at me.

"Gosh," he said, "you could've knocked me over with a whisk broom when I looked at the Times just now. I beat it right over. How do you feel?"

"Like a truck had climbed me." I saw him look at Clem. "This guy's all right, Mike. One of our reporters. Mr. Manning, shake hands with Mr. Enright."

And then for the first time I mentioned the name of Izzy Bloom, the gangster. I told what had happened in the office of the Frozen Nectar Ice Cream Corporation. I saw the eyes of Gentleman Mike turn cold and hard.

"You're soft on her, eh?"

"I certainly am."

The Gentleman rose.

"I'll get her for you. Don't you worry, Mr. Tolley. I'll get her back!"

He shook hands and strode out.

As the day dragged on without any news of Gentleman Mike or of Janis, I became more and more restless. That hospital room seemed so remote from the world of possible action.

At last I demanded to be released. I got so exercised about it that they were glad, in the end, to let me go. With a bandage that felt as big as a bushel basket to take the place of my ruined hat, I was loaded into a taxicab and driven down to the office.

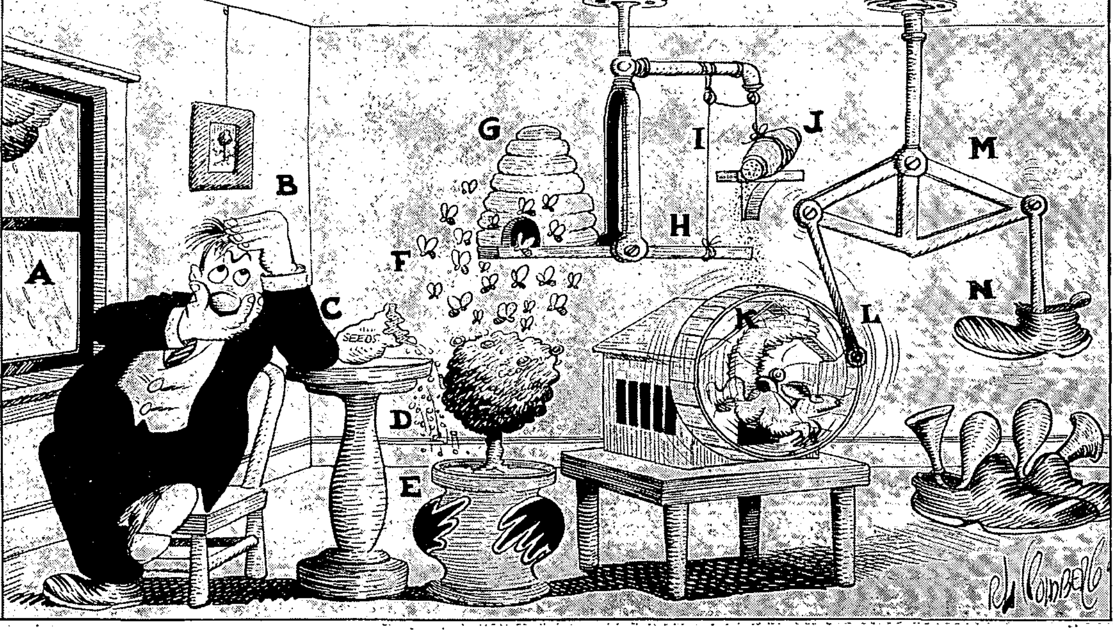
Of course I was an office curio. Every busy scribe and copyreader took time to come over and stare at me and wonder why it had happened.

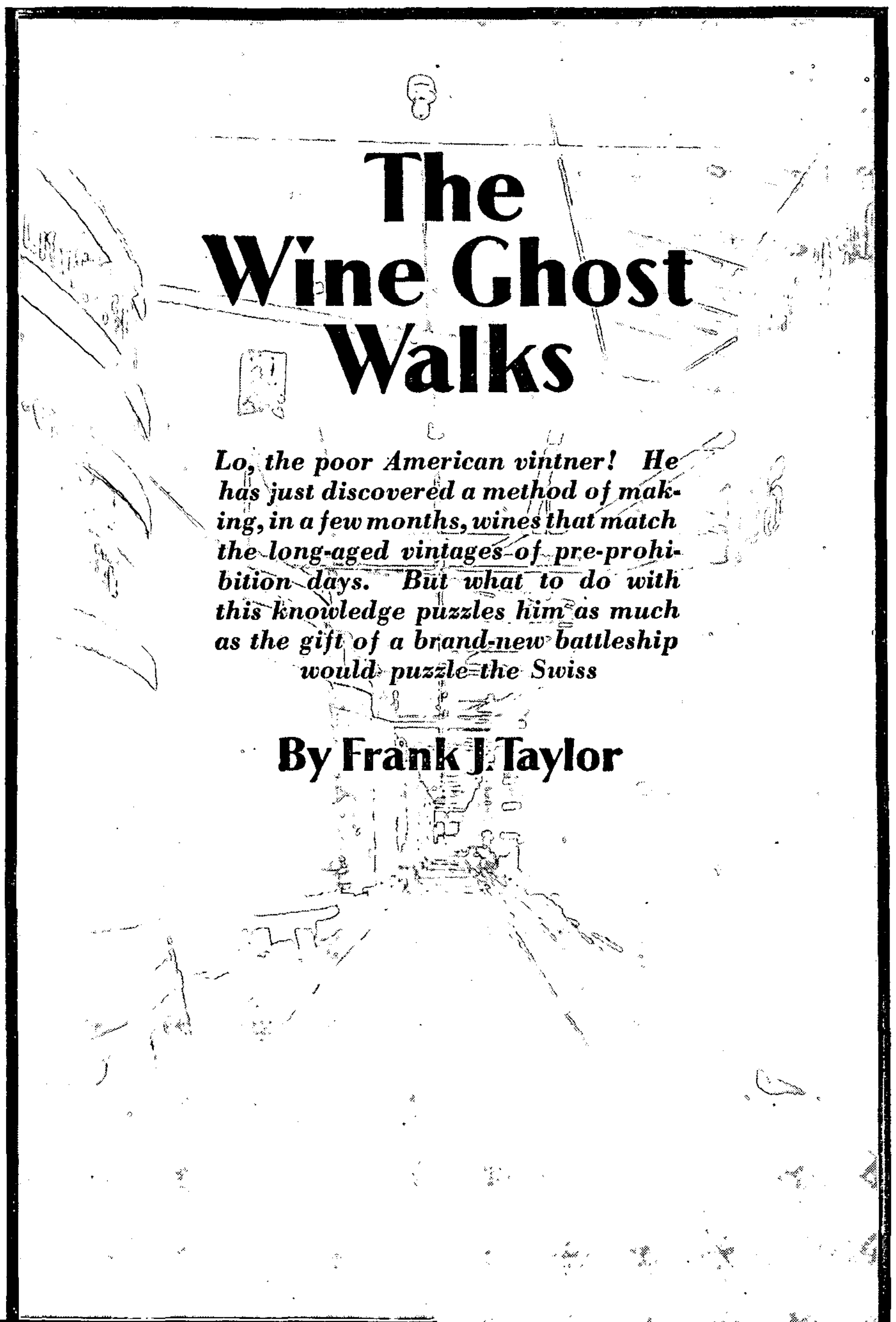
(Continued on page 40)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS LIES DOWN ON A FUR RUG WHICH TURNS OUT TO BE A SLEEPING LION AND DISCOVERS A SIMPLE WAY TO LOCATE YOUR RUBBERS ON A RAINY DAY.
AS RAIN (A) STARTS YOU WONDER WHERE YOU PUT YOUR RUBBERS. WHEN YOU PUT YOUR HAND (B) TO YOUR HEAD TO THINK, ELBOW (C) UPSETS BAG OF FLOWER SEEDS (D) INTO JARDINIERE (E) CAUSING PLANT TO GROW AND BLOSSOM, ATTRACTING BEES (F) WHICH FLY FROM THEIR HIVE (G). HIVE NATURALLY BECOMES LIGHTER IN WEIGHT AND ALLOWS END OF BOARD (H) TO DIP AND PULL CORD (I) TIPPING SALT SHAKER (J). AS SALT SPILLS ON SQUIRREL'S TAIL (K) HE THINKS SOME ONE IS TRYING TO CATCH HIM AND STARTS TO RUN THEREBY TURNING WHEEL (L) CAUSING WALKING-BEAM (M) TO MOVE SHOE (N) WHICH STAMPS FIRMLY ON BULBS OF AUTO HORNS (O) WHICH CONTINUE TO HONK UNTIL YOU HAVE PICKED UP YOUR RUBBERS.
OF COURSE, AFTER YOU FIND YOUR RUBBERS YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY TWO AUTOMOBILES IF YOU DO NOT WANT HORNS TO GO TO WASTE.





The Wine Ghost Walks

Lo, the poor American vintner! He has just discovered a method of making, in a few months, wines that match the long-aged vintages of pre-prohibition days. But what to do with this knowledge puzzles him as much as the gift of a brand-new battleship would puzzle the Swiss

By Frank J. Taylor

"WE'VE learned more about wine-making during the past ten years of prohibition, right here in the United States, than they learned in the preceding thousand years in the whole world."

When the dean of American wine men soberly makes that declaration, you take notice, because the wine business was laid away to rest, with fitting rites to Bacchus, at midnight of June 29, 1919, when our wartime prohibition law became effective. At that hour, a hundred-million-dollar industry was supposedly turned over to the ghosts.

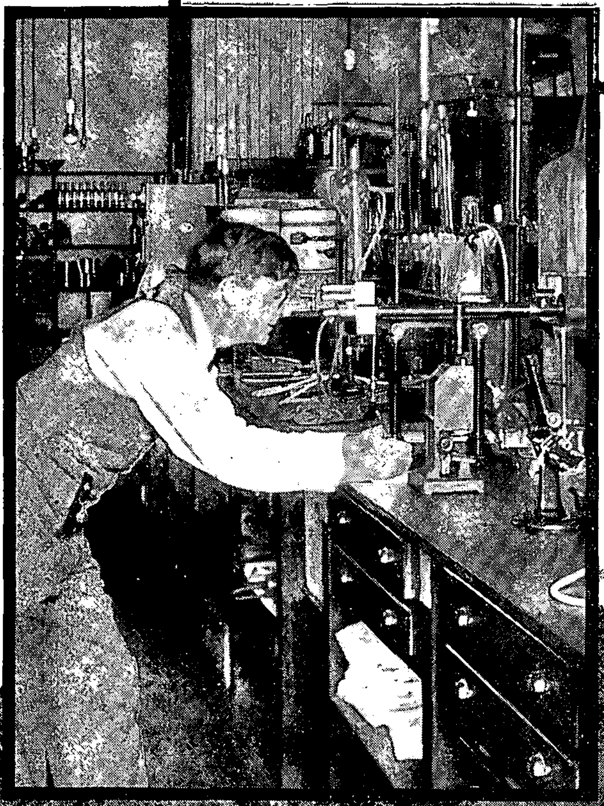
Out in California, whence ninety per cent of American wines came, men began to speak of ghost wineries as a part of the state's romantic past, along with the old ghost gold-mining towns of another forgotten era. The wine ghost stalked among the lonesome vats of the famous old plants, some two hundred in number.

The ghost stalked in the Graystone, as pretty a pile of stone masonry as a traveler could find on this continent. Nestling against the wooded foothills of Napa Valley, the Graystone looked like a misplaced medieval castle native to sunny France. In the early eighties it cost a princely fortune to build, $960,000 to be exact. The other day a Chicagoan bought it for $50,000, paying $5,000 down.

Across the bay from San Francisco is Winehaven. In its day, Winehaven was the largest winery and blending plant the world has ever known. Eight million gallons of wine was its capacity at one time. At the height of the vintage, Winehaven could blend 2,500,000 gallons of wine in a single month. The California Wine Association spent $1,300,000 to build this model plant in 1900. Today it is crumbling into ruins, a desolate specter of bygone glories.

Up in Sonoma County is the Asti winery, surrounded by 2,700 acres of lovely rolling hillside vineyard. This was the home of old Tipo wines and Golden State champagnes. When the Italian-Swiss colony completed, for blending purposes, the largest single wine vat in the world, with a capacity of 500,000 gallons, they gave a dance inside the vat.

"We had a ten-piece band and fifty couples on the floor of the vat at one time," said Ed Rossi, reminiscently, "and still there was plenty of room."



Keystone

Above: A typical row of 30,000-gallon wine vats in the Guasti cellar. Left: Dr. John R. Eoff, Jr., whose research in wine yeasts is the most important contribution to wine-making since Pasteur's

Near St. Helena is the famed Beringer cellar. Back in the sixties, the Beringer brothers brought the foremost wine-cellar builders from Germany and Chinese laborers from the Orient to chisel the caves of this winery out of the solid rock of the mountainside behind the vintage plant.

Fifteen years it took to do the job and, even with coolie labor, the caves cost a cool million dollars. Each blend produced by the winery had its own cellar, five hundred feet deep, a veritable catacomb of side tunnels. In its day the Beringer cellar housed never less than 600,000 gallons of fine, true-type Rhine wines and Burgundies.

Today, the Beringer is but a shadow. Hope springs eternal among the old wine men, and each year this family crushes enough grapes to keep the blends alive and the cooperage fresh.

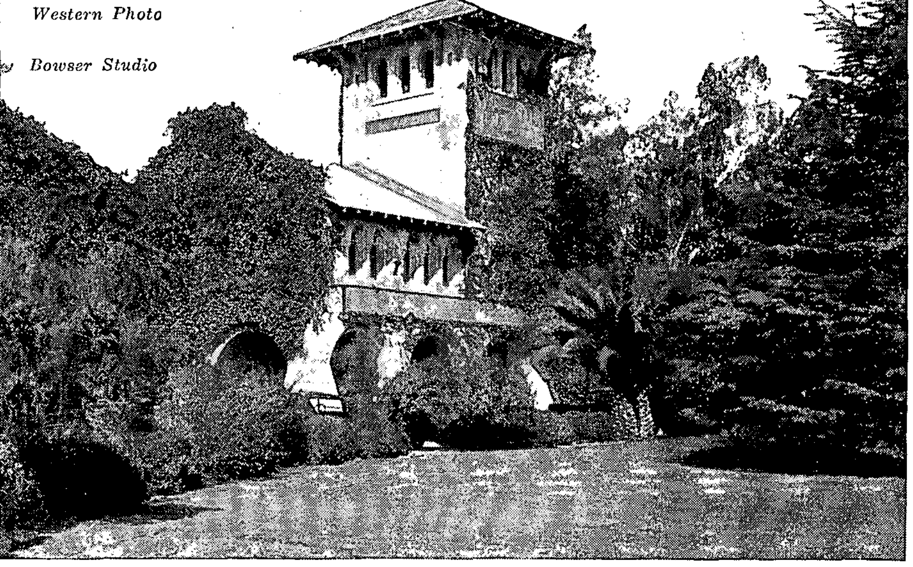
In "The Good Old Days"

Near San Bernardino, two generations of Guastis planted grapes in the sand dunes until their five thousand acres of vines became the largest vineyard on the globe. In 1900 they began hewing rock from the mountains and dragging it across the sands to complete the Guasti cellar with a capacity of 5,000,000 gallons, famed for sherry, port and champagne. Today the wine ghost starves on a sideline of jellies and flavorings.

At Lodi is the Old Mokelumne winery, famed for sweet Tokays; in Livermore are the beautiful old Cresta Blanca castle and the Concannon cellar, both renowned for sweet sauternes, blends passed down for generations from father to son. At Cucamonga is the Old Mission winery, one of California's show places, a perfect reproduction of an old Spanish mission, even to the bells in the towers.

In San Francisco is the old Schilling cellar, constructed following the earthquake and fire of 1906 for a model blending plant. Throughout the year its temperature never varies. Today it is a wine concentration center, the largest wine storage plant in the world, in spite of prohibition. In its rows of huge vats, each holding 30,000 gallons, is a total of 2,000,000 gallons of wine, all in bond.

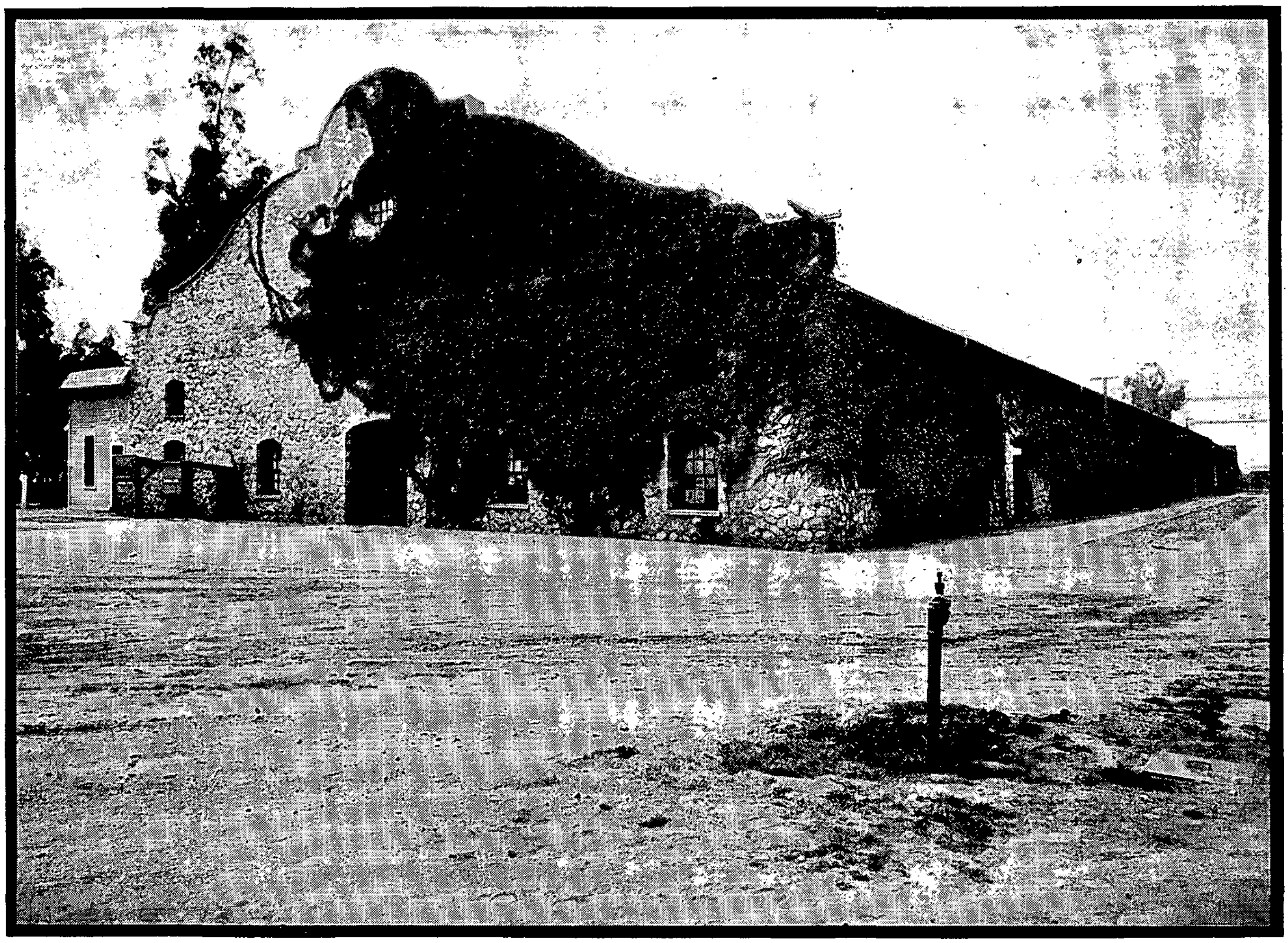
Here the wine ghost stalks in chains, a clanking memory of bygone glories. Here, dimly visible in the wine-scented dusk is a sepulchral relic of a departed art and industry.



Below: The Old Mission winery near Cucamonga, California, which supplied sweet wines and champagnes to "every good cellar"

Western Photo

Bowser Studio



Putnam Studios

The Guasti winery near San Bernardino, California

Pasteur first isolated and studied through his microscope those potent little agents, the yeasts, the real makers of wine. Though he found out what they were, and though he learned how to kill them by heating the substance in which they lived, Pasteur never discovered a way to harness yeasts. Nor did anyone else up to the time of the enactment of the prohibition laws of this land, laws at which the yeasts chose to thumb their noses, so to speak, whenever the opportunity offered.

The first thought of the American wine-makers, when prohibition became a fact, was of finding a method of dealcoholizing their wines so as to make them legal for commerce. Only by some such sleight of hand could they hope to save their investment in vineyards and plants that produced 52,000,000 gallons of wine in 1919. Vineyards represented a $500,000,000 investment in California alone.

The first thought of the American wine-drinker was of home manufacture. He got out his encyclopedia, read up on wine-making, opined that it was a simple thing to let Nature do the work, and went out to buy himself some fresh grapes or raisins.

Down but Not Out

The first thought of the grape-grower was to uproot his vines. Some growers actually did that, and regretted the act shortly, when the demands of home brewers sent the prices of both fresh and dried grapes skyrocketing upward. Growers were thriving on prohibition. The wine ghost might be down, but not out!

The new prosperity was short-lived. The bootlegging of alcoholic products sprang up in short order. Home-brewing fell off in popularity, except among the foreign-born element, which is willing to give wine time to age. Americans took to hard liquor, ready-made and readily available. Dealcoholized wine was not real wine, for the reason that without twelve per cent of alcohol real wine will not keep. The bacteria change the wine to vinegar. The wine industry faced inevitable ruin.

Among old-time American wine men, Captain Paul Garrett is regarded as the dean of them all. Half a century of his life the captain has given to fighting "for wine and true temperance." His sweet wines and champagnes were known to every good cellar. Starting in Virginia as a youth, he built up single-handed one of the great wine businesses of the country, eventually building the Old Mission winery at Cucamonga, California.

Ever alert, filled with young ideas in spite of his gray hairs, the captain was the first wine man to grasp the significance of prohibition. He saw tens of thousands of Americans turn wine-makers in their own homes. He saw grape prices soar. He saw wine-making cease, except among the foreigners, saw the grape industry crash.

A fighter to the last, the captain called to his office a chemist familiar with fermentation.

"We've got to find a way to make wine fast," he said, "as fast as they make gin and whisky nowadays."

"I'll get some grapes and see what I can do," promised the chemist.

A few days later, when Captain Garrett came to his office, he found two bottles of clear white wine on his desk.

"That chemist you hired brought them in," explained his secretary.

The captain tasted the wine, then lost no time in sending for the chemist.

"How did you make that wine?" he asked.

"I crushed the grapes, then ran them through the vacuum pan and made a syrup," explained the chemist. "Then I restored water to the syrup, and the yeasts did the work in forty-eight hours."

"The ghost walks!" exclaimed the old wine man, fire in his eye. "Get a ton of grapes and see what you can do in quantity."

Three days later the chemist called up the captain and told him to come over and have a taste. He had turned the entire ton of grapes into wine. It was a sounder wine than that made by the old process, clear and palatable, though lacking in aroma. The new process had speeded up wine-making by at least two years!

That was the beginning of five years of experiments with yeasts and wines which have revolutionized the ancient industry that was so boisterously laid away to rest on June 29, 1919.

"The funny part of it," laughed the captain, "is that we can't go ahead and make wine by this new process, but the French, the Germans and the Italians, who are now experimenting with the method perfected in dry America, can go ahead and use it. And it is going to revolutionize the industry."

It's All Done with Yeasts

The captain took me across the street to a loft in San Francisco which has been turned into a laboratory. This loft is just as different from the romantic ghost wineries of a bygone day as a garage is different from a medieval castle, yet in it the wine ghost has been reborn. In place of the great wine vats, there are rows and rows of test tubes, gallon bottles, Bunsen burners and five-gallon tin cans. The test tubes are filled with grape juices made from the syrups packed in the tin cans. The gallon bottles are prisons filled with energetic colonies of natural yeasts, bred from the grapes, but held in check by proper diets and temperatures. Give them leash, in a container of grape juice, and they will turn it into wine in no time.

The chief of the busy laboratory staff is an unassuming chemist named John R. Eoff, Jr. Dr. Eoff is reputed to know more about wine yeasts than any other living person. He has contributed more to the modern knowledge of wine-making than anyone since Pasteur. His tests of the tricks of yeasts and wines run into tens of thousands, and he is but started on his program.

In two months, with the help of yeasts from this bottle or that, and using syrups made from different varieties of grapes, he can match any wine or champagne that was ever made so closely that even the experienced wine-drinker cannot tell the difference and often old-time wine-testers are fooled.

It is largely a matter of managing the yeasts, strange little fellows that play no end of tricks in our daily lives, yet of which we see and know little. Under the microscope, Dr. Eoff will single out for you half a dozen of the infinitesimal bits of life and let you watch their circus antics. They stroll around aimlessly, like clowns, bumping one another, and every two hours or so each one swells up and divides himself into two.

There are two hundred kinds of yeasts already discovered. Some look like bananas. One clan is shaped like derby hats. Most of them are of the shape of an egg. Some are lively, industrious workers. Some are bums from yeasty slums.

Dr. Eoff's job has been to find the workers. He found them everywhere. The air is full of them. They float around, alighting on leaves and fruits. Those that cling to fruits await the moment when the skin of the ripe fruit or berry is crushed and penetrated, after which they go to work.

Now What to Do?

Dr. Eoff's experiments developed a breed of super-yeasts, which enabled him to increase the alcohol content in wines made from grape syrups to sixteen per cent, in the laboratory. Alcohol is not, however, the main ingredient in wine, and the aim of the modern wine-maker is to produce only enough alcohol to preserve the wine.

Just what to do with their new knowledge of wine-making, in prohibition America, is something that has the wine men guessing. They are like the Swiss with a brand-new battleship. They may make wines in laboratories, but they may not make them to sell, except under permit and in limited quantities, for medicinal and sacramental purposes.

Another strange paradox is this one: During the past year, funds to carry on Dr. Eoff's experiments have come from a loan advanced to the industry by the United States government through the Farm Board. While one branch of government prevents them from using their new knowledge of wines, other branches lend their aid in furthering the ruined industry! Still another branch carries on agricultural experiments to improve the wine grapes!

The object of all the experiments with wines, of course, has been to find a means by which wine grape-juice may be held in leash until it can be sold to consumers, who may make wines in their homes for their own use only without breaking the law. The major wine-makers of the country have pooled their interests in a coöperative, which is in turn financed by money loaned by the Federal government.

So far the efforts to market the grape concentrate have not been an outstanding success, despite the much discussed wine "bricks" recently introduced, because, as the wine men lament, "the country is already on a gin and whisky diet."

The wine drinkers of the country today are almost entirely the foreign born, notably the Italians, French, Spanish and Portuguese, who prefer to buy fresh grapes and make a real ceremony of the vintage in their homes. Last year these home wine-makers consumed some 600,000 tons of fresh grapes, which in turn made about 90,000,000 gallons of wine.

Last year the grape production of

(Continued on page 40)

Your Doctor's Bill

Before you put your doctor down as a profiteer in misfortune, take a look at the size of the investment he has made in his profession. Very likely you'll find that he is getting a smaller return than your haberdasher. Here Dr. Williams shows you what a doctor's up against

By Linsly R. Williams, M.D.

Managing Director, New York Academy of Medicine

I SUPPOSE there are very few grown-up persons in the United States who have not at one time or another opened an envelope with a name followed by an "M. D." in its upper left-hand corner and who have not read the enclosure with a certain amount of melancholy; surprise and perhaps even resentment.

Other bills are different. You know about what your grocer's bill is going to be and you recognize at once that you must pay a certain price for each pound of coffee or each dozen eggs purchased. You may buy tub butter instead of print butter or "eggs" in place of "strictly fresh eggs," but there are limits to this kind of economy and you know what they are.

If you need a new dress or a new suit of clothes you know in advance about what you can afford to pay, and if you have the bargaining instinct you shop around until you find as good quality and workmanship as your money will pay for.

But you don't shop around, as a rule, when you need a doctor, nor do you buy from him anything that you can wear or eat or set up in a corner of the parlor. When he discharges you—and makes out his bill—you have, if you are lucky, what many of your friends and acquaintances have been enjoying right along, without paying for it—that is to say, an average state of good health. And good health is much harder to pay for when you have it than when you haven't. The cards, in short, are stacked against the doctor. John K. Average, sick, needs him about as much as he will ever need anything in this world. John K. Average, well, doesn't need him and is inclined to be a little critical of him. When he is sick, life and health seem to him to be worth whatever they cost. When he is well he wonders if they couldn't be had a little cheaper.

I think perhaps John K. Average might feel a little happier about his doctor's bill if he understood a little better what it means to become a doctor and be a doctor.

In the first place, a doctor charges primarily for advice. Now, anyone can give advice and almost everyone does. But competent medical advice, which is the only kind we want when we are sick, cannot be given by anyone who has not had a long and expensive training.

One can be a grocer's clerk, and a good one, at sixteen, but it takes at least eight years longer to become a doctor. We may assume that the future grocer's clerk and the future doctor have each cost their parents about $300 a year up to the age of sixteen. Let us say that each represents an investment of the tidy sum of $5,000. But at that stage the clerk's investment is finished. He begins to earn something. In eight years he may own his own store and be earning a good living.

But the budding doctor's heaviest investment is still ahead of him. He must finish his high-school course if he has not done so. Then he must spend at least two years in college, and if he wishes to enter one of the best medical schools he must spend four years in college. After that he has to devote four more years to a stiff course in the medical school, not only giving all his time and energy but paying substantial tuition fees. Even then he is not free, as a rule, to begin practice. He must spend at least one year, and in many cases two years, as an interne in a hospital before he can hang up his shingle. For this he receives room and board and perhaps laundry service.

The Price of Knowledge

Various statements have been made as to the actual cost of obtaining a medical education. I have seen some estimates which give only the actual cost of education and apparently assume that the college student and the prospective physician in the medical school live without food, shelter or clothing. Ordinarily a college year will cost not less than $1,000 and a medical-school year will cost not less than $1,500. A recent study made by the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care indicates an average for medical students of about $1,200. Personally, I should put the figure higher. Counting from the cradle up, the young doctor just beginning practice has had expended upon him at least $16,000, of which $7,000 has been paid out, at the very lowest estimate, for his higher education.

If we add in the possible earnings of a young man engaged in productive employment between the ages of sixteen and the middle or late twenties, the actual cost of producing a qualified physician is at the very lowest $20,000, and probably a good deal more. And he is a selected man, for many—very many—fall by the wayside.

But before he can set up in practice he must provide himself with workshop and tools. Thirty or forty years ago a general medical practice could be carried on in a small room which had for its equipment a medicine cabinet, a sofa to be used as an examining table, and a small table for laboratory use. The technical equipment consisted of a thermometer, stethoscope, prescription pad and a few chemicals. A few of the advanced practitioners had a microscope and a few more were able to examine specimens of blood.

Operating Without Profits

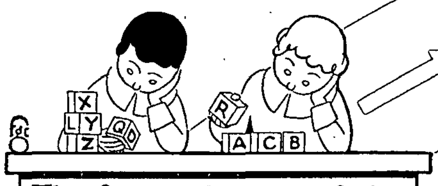
Today this outfit would seem primitive indeed, except, perhaps, in some very isolated rural districts. The initial equipment will certainly cost not less than $500, and this minimum must be constantly added to as the doctor's practice and experience widen. The Committee on the Cost of Medical Care found that the average physician in Detroit had invested $3,227 in equipment, and the figure ran in individual cases as high as $18,000.

But unless the beginning physician has a private fortune behind him his troubles are not over when he tacks up his sign and sits down to wait for the first patient. He needs at least $1,800 a year, even if he is unmarried, if he is to pay his rent and other office expenses, keep a car in rural districts or pay for taxis and car rides in cities, and dress as well as the proverbial white-collared worker. Yet I know of many doctors who have made as little as $50 during the first year of practice and have not earned a living for some years thereafter.

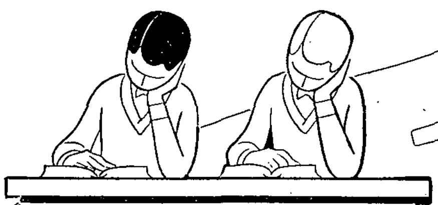
So the newly fledged physician must go on paying out more than he takes in. He must get credit from his family, friends or from some other source if he is to keep on with his profession at all. After a while, if he has the necessary professional knowledge, a tolerably charming personality, a kind heart and some business acumen, he will begin to earn a living. But if he is an average doctor, engaged, let us say, in general practice, he will never be rich. His net income will be five or six thousand dollars a year, and in small towns and country districts considerably less.

Specialists earn more. But what is a specialist? Usually he is a man who has devoted a large part of his younger years to laboratory, hospital and dispensary work and perhaps also to teaching. In many cases he has had very little opportunity for earning an income before the age of thirty-five or even forty. Naturally this man's advice comes higher than that of the general practitioner. That is, it must average higher. Yet, as is the case with practically every physician in private

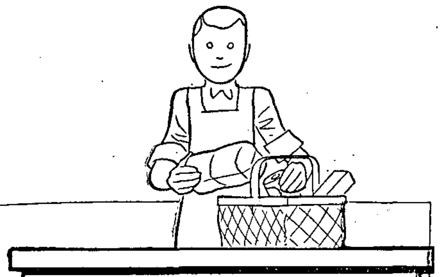
(*Continued on page 28*)



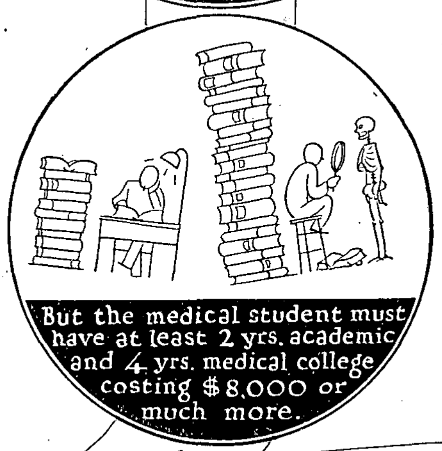
The future doctor and the future grocery clerk represent approximately the same investment, up to and including—



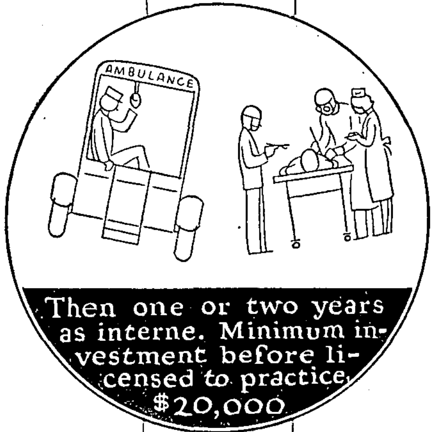
—their graduation from high school, say an average of $300 per year.



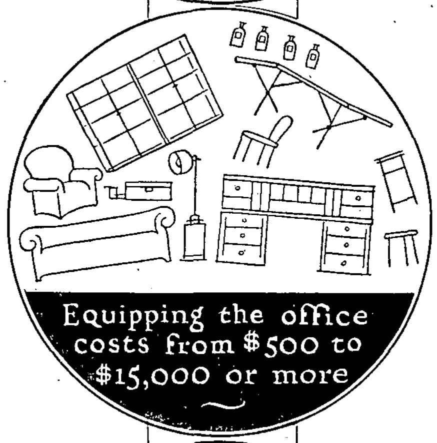
Age 16. The grocery clerk is launched upon his career. Investment, $5,000.



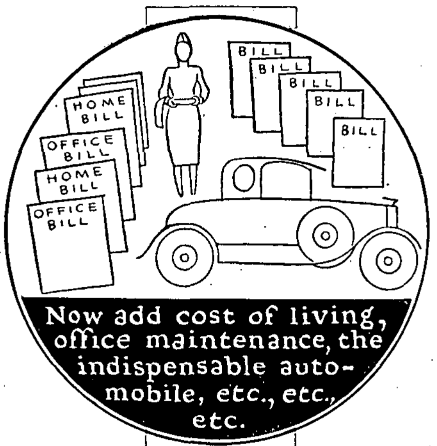
But the medical student must have at least 2 yrs. academic and 4 yrs. medical college costing $8,000 or much more.



Then one or two years as interne. Minimum investment before licensed to practice, $20,000



Equipping the office costs from $500 to $15,000 or more



Now add cost of living, office maintenance, the indispensable automobile, etc., etc., etc.

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

Irish Eyes

By Kathleen Norris

Copyright, 1931, by Kathleen Norris

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

The Story Thus Far:

INFATUATED with Peter McCann, son of a prominent New York judge—a boy whom she hardly knows—Sheila Carscadden meets him secretly and learns, from the youth's own lips, that, loving her, he is planning to marry another girl—Gertrude Keane.

Another shock follows swiftly. While leaving the building where they have their rendezvous, they are kidnapped by gangsters, who spirit them far out into the country to a farmhouse, where they spend the night. Released two days later, they hurry back, by train, to New York.

At her home—a simple flat—Sheila receives a frigid reception. "So," says her mother, "you ran away and married Peter McCann!" "I did nothing of the sort," Sheila protests. Joe, her brother, hands her a telegram. One of the bandits, she remembers, had promised to notify her family, by wire, of her safety. This, she thinks, must be the message. She reads it: "Peter and I married in Boston. Sheila."

Mystified, Sheila narrates her adventures; and the family is dumfounded. Already the newspapers are featuring the runaway match. Something must be done—but what?

The two families meet, hold a council. All agree that Sheila and Peter must be married at once. Sheila listens quietly. Then— "I don't love Peter," she announces, "and I won't marry him!" After which, she leaves the room.

Embittered, feeling herself disgraced, she runs away to Atlantic City, where, using an assumed name, she becomes a waitress in a cheap hotel. . . . Frank McCann, Peter's older brother who is soon to marry Bernadette Kennedy, arrives. "I had you followed by a detective," he says—and pleads with her to return with him, by air, to New York.

The girl likes Frank, finds herself inspired, strengthened by him. "All right," she says, "I'll let you take me back." A few minutes later, they climb into an airplane. The engine roars. The giant mechanism moves forward, rises gracefully; and, seated beside Frank McCann, Sheila finds herself strangely happy.

X

THE checkerboard of the little streets and the long, wavering pale lines that were the beach and the surf fell away below. The world, only a map now, wheeled and shifted; the plane settled to a steady droning flight through silver space. A winter sun had emerged from heavy clouds and was shining brightly, and the air that blew against Sheila's face was stinging and exhilarating. She could have shouted for sheer youth and high spirits and excitement as they soared along.

Her thoughts wheeled and circled, too; she was planning busily. Her great adventure was almost over; it had been a time of shame and pain and anger, and yet Sheila knew that she was emerging from it richer by far than the girl of a few weeks ago.

Ma's life was richer, with this new friend to help her. Joe had a job, and in Frank McCann he had a valuable new friend, too. The Carscaddens might be moving to wider horizons, to new ideals, in a few weeks more. And however grieved Mrs. McCann might be at Gertrude's disappointment, and at the publicity that had suddenly dragged a respectable family into the limelight, at least she had been very kind to Sheila, and Sheila hoped that after quiet weeks—months—of a return to normal conditions, she might think of Sheila Carscadden with friendliness and liking again.

But more than all this, more than the excitement and change and surprise for which Sheila and Angela had so often prayed, Sheila knew that there was deeper gain. Her own soul had been racked and stretched and stimulated into new growth. At twenty-one she could not analyze all this, yet she was conscious of new wings beneath her spirit, and new courage to face the days that were ahead.

She would go home and begin to live on lines completely different from the old haphazard ways of the past. There should be dignity under teasing and innuendo, there should be loving service quietly and simply rendered. Dishwashing should be ennobled, and Sheila would brush her hair a hundred times every night, and rise in time for a bath every morning. And as for reading—

"Oh, I love it to slide like this!" she shouted to Frank, as the deafening throbbing of the engine gave way to stillness, and the plane interrupted her musing with a graceful forward gliding, like a gull.

And instantly the line between unthinking safety and desperate need to save life—just life—was bridged, and Sheila's throat was thickened and her heart stood still. She saw the world rush up at them, the fields with lines of black trees on snow, the long gray and white curve of surf. She clutched Frank, as they both instinctively struggled in their seats, and buried her face in his shoulder.

THEN there was a rending sound of wood, and metal shrieking, and herself shrieking. And then two long, droning moans, with her eyes shut, and pain like a fire at her shoulder.

Then blackness.

After a long while and a dead silence, someone said conversationally, "You're all right now, aren't you, dear?" and Sheila answered politely, "I'm fine, thank you. Except my head was sort of buzzing—"

She added the last phrase in a whisper, for even saying so much had made her head begin to buzz again and her stomach feel anything but safe. Not opening her eyes, she continued to relax limply somewhere—against something—

"Straighten the poor thing out a little," some woman said compassionately; "look how her arm's twisted under!"

"Better leave things like they are until the ambulance gets here," a man's voice demurred.

Sheila did not know they were speaking of her until someone began gingerly to raise her shoulders. It felt more comfortable, and she said feebly, "Thanks."

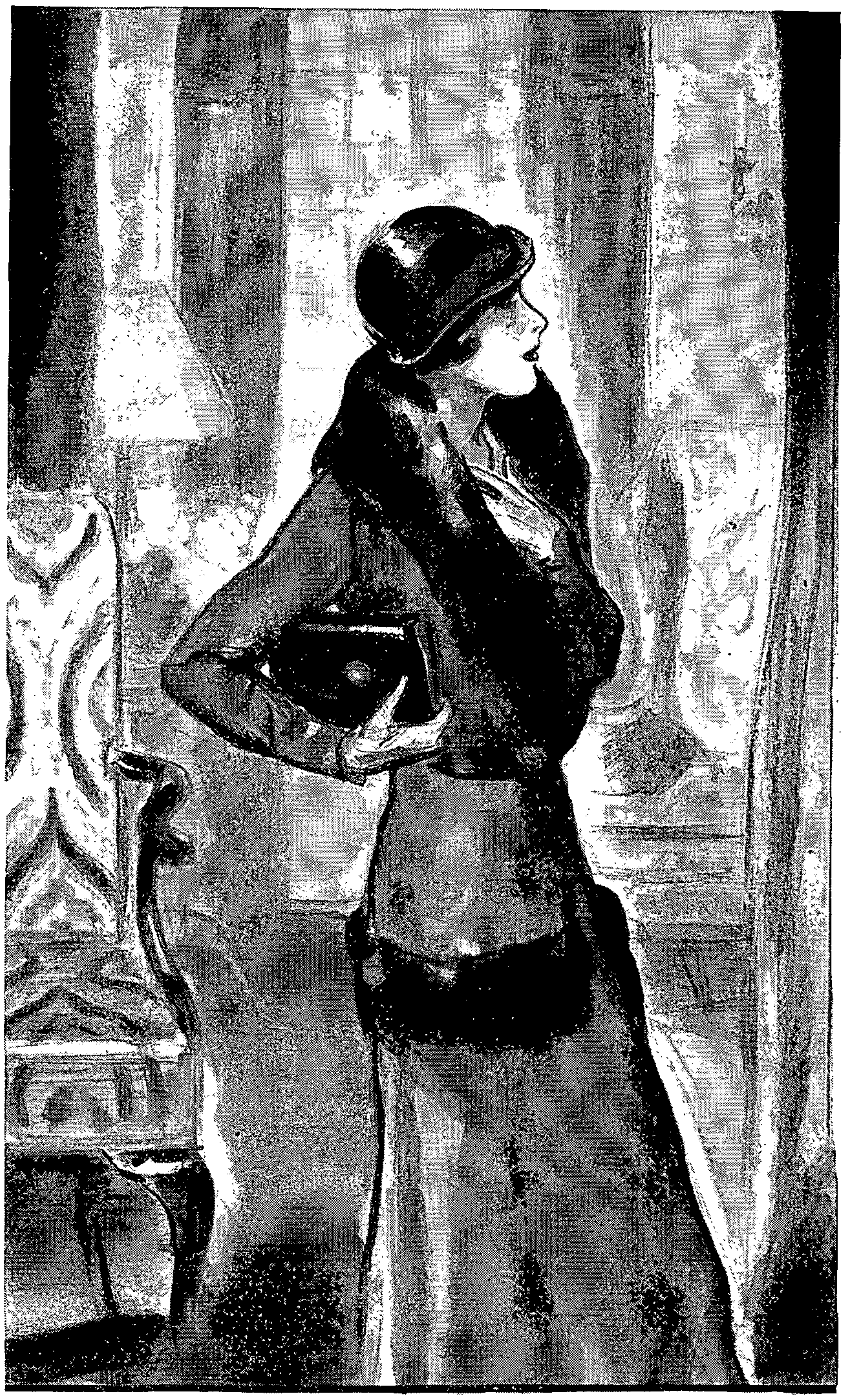
"Her mouth's all blood, she's burst a blood vessel," the first speaker said in a whisper.

There seemed to be a good many persons murmuring and moving about. Sheila was conscious of no interest, much less concern, in what was going on. Consciousness waned, strengthened, waned again. She heard a jumble of words.

"Did you ever in your life see—it came down like a stick—we thought it was on fire—poor feller, poor feller! I was just looking out to see were the children coming home—May was just saying—"

"He's took up *his* last plane!" someone said solemnly. And a chorus agreed. "That's right. *He's* done for."

Then there was the gong-gong-gong of a car, and a siren going "Who-oo-oo-ee!" like a great bird sweeping through the world.



"No, never!" the girl said with spirit.

"Sick—" Sheila said apologetically, fearing she was going to be actively ill. But the horrible sensation faded again, and all consciousness faded with it.

Voices presently came back:

"His head's smashed. He's done for, poor fellow! He hasn't moved. Ah—God pity him—"

"My arm is broken, Officer, and I've twisted my ankle."

THIS was Frank McCann's definite voice speaking over pain, speaking slowly. "I'm anxious about the young girl there," he said. "I tried to get to her. I fainted, I think."

"She's very bad; she's got a hemorrhage from the lungs, I think," a woman offered. "Dear me, ain't this terrible!"

"Oh, my God—" Frank's voice said slowly. And after a minute he added, "Ah, I'm sorry!"

"Where did you come from—Atlantic City?" an official voice inquired.

"He's a goner, all right, Sergeant," some man muttered in a low tone, and another added, in a deeper voice, "Too late here, Van."

"Lift that off him—" There was a bustle, a flurry; watchers said, "Ah-h-h!"

Sheila opened one eye. A rush of vertigo overwhelmed her. Pain flashed over her head like the strands of a net. She saw big dim figures, black against the sunshine, and shut her eyes again.

Presently she said, "Frank!"

"Right here, Sheila!" he said. "How—how are you?"

"I wouldn't try to move if I were you," a voice said respectfully. "The ambulance'll be here in a couple of minutes."

"Give me a hand there, will you?"

Frank had somehow dragged himself next to her. They were in a sort of park, on snow; green benches were within her line of vision.

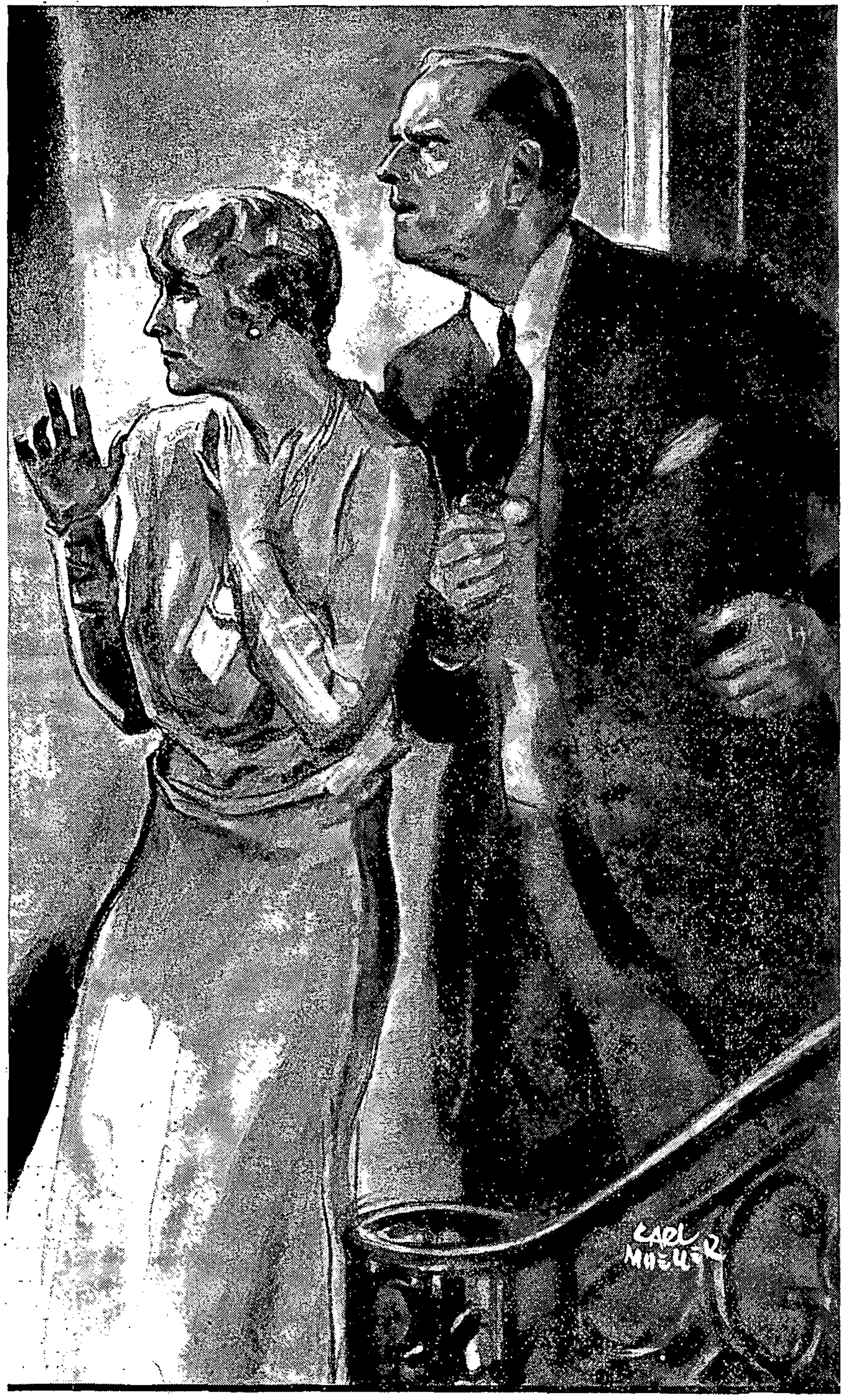
With a desperate effort Sheila opened both eyes and immediately began to laugh and cry, to hiccup and strangle all at once. She struggled toward something like a sitting posture.

"Get a priest!" someone whispered.

"I'm all right, Frank," Sheila said, carefully, because her mouth was stiff, "except that I think I had a nosebleed, and got knocked out."

"Sheila, Sheila—you're not seriously hurt?"

"I don't think so."



"Never! You heard what he said!"

"But tell me—oh, God, my arm!" There was agony in his voice. "You—you're all right, dear!" Frank said shakily.

"We've sent for an ambulance, sir—"

"My shoulder hurts, but I can move it," Sheila said.

"My dear, my dear, your face is all blood!" Frank told her. He laughed brokenly. "*Look* at us!" he faltered.

He fished out a handkerchief; his handsome, fine handkerchief, beautifully monogrammed. Sheila moved a cramped arm; one of the women gently began to wipe her face.

"Could you wet that somewhere?" the woman said. "Poor girl, she's as conscious as I am myself."

THE cold water felt delicious on Sheila's hot face.

"Oh, thank you," she said, as eyes and mouth and nostrils were freed. "That's so much better. We—well, we came down, didn't we?"

"I'll tell the world," the woman who was bending over her said solemnly. "You had a mighty narrow escape."

"The man—that nice-looking aviator—?"

She looked from the woman's face to Frank's. Frank nodded gravely. His rich black hair was uncovered and tumbled, his face streaked with grease and dirt.

"Couldn't we—couldn't the young lady and I be driven straight home? It would be a great accommodation to me," Frank was saying.

"Keep those people back there!" one of the policemen ordered.

"Ah-h-h!" murmured the crowd. Something was being carried away, some motor engine was starting.

"I think your arm is broken, sir," the sergeant said.

"I know darned well it's broken," Frank agreed ruefully, with the laugh of a person in pain.

"It would take you another hour. You wouldn't rather go to the emergency hospital in Newark, and then go on, sir?"

"I'd much rather get home. I don't want my mother alarmed, or the young lady's mother alarmed."

"There may be internal injuries, sir."

"You mean—the young lady?"

"Well, either of you."

"I think she may feel the shock. She'll be much—much better at home," Frank said. "The newspapers will get this—we want to make as little of it as possible—"

"The pilot was killed, sir."

"Oh, that part. No, we can't hush that up. But the less excitement, the fewer reporters—"

"This was a very nice fellow that was here now. Potter, of the Leader. I know him well. He's a Newark man," the officer said.

"Wouldn't you much rather go home, Sheila?"

"OH, SO much rather, Frank! If Ma saw it in the papers she'd die of the shock."

"Here's the ambulance now, Mr. McCann."

"I'll fix it."

Evidently Frank did fix it, for immediately it appeared that they were to be driven straight into the city. Frank limped toward the big gray car, leaning heavily on the police officer; Sheila found herself strangely shaky, too, and was grateful for the quick, kindly support of the ambulance nurse.

"I wouldn't look over there, dear!" the nurse said, as Sheila's eyes went toward the collapsed plane that lay like a great crippled bird on the soot-speckled snow.

"It makes me feel sick—" Sheila whispered, shuddering.

"I should think it might!" The nurse murmured comfortingly as she helped Sheila into the ambulance.

"Heavens, what a crowd!" Sheila said dizzily.

"Doesn't it just seem as if they come from nowhere?"

Frank half sat, half lay on the extended bed; Sheila could see from the working muscles of his face that he was in pain.

"This'll frighten my mother to death!" Frank said.

"Your little party certainly had a miserable ending!" This was the nurse. Frank did not open his eyes; Sheila said nothing.

The ambulance rumbled along slowly. Sheila's thoughts wove back and forth dreamily. Now that the first horror was over she felt oddly weary and weak. Her shoulder hurt her, and her head ached dully; she was all right, she told herself, no harm had been done, but oh—how good it would be to get home to Mother, to be away from the crowd, and the voices and the questions! She need never see the pantry at the Pendergast again, never take orders from Mr. Benny. In a few hours more she would be safe in the beloved home kitchen, talking to Ma, watching Angela's round eyes pop out of her head with excitement; she would be drinking a cup of tea the way she liked it, reaching to the stove for her toast. . . .

"Isn't it getting dark early?" Frank said, suddenly rousing from the stupor into which he occasionally seemed to lapse.

"It's nearly five, Frank," Sheila said.

"Five!"

"Yes. I just saw a clock."

"These things take time, you know!" the nurse observed soothingly. Sheila, sick and shaken as she was, thought that she must remember that to tell Joe.

THE poor pilot, she mused. One minute floating over the gray-white panorama of beach and wintry world, and the next minute just that still form, that trampled depression, in the snow.

"I've been in a terrible accident!" she thought. And then, wearily, "But what haven't I been through in the last few weeks?"

"Does it feel good to be back in New York, Sheila?" Frank said, opening his eyes.

"Oh, does it! I was just thinking. My heart is pumping so, I can hardly breathe."

They were in the city streets; the ambulance bell was ringing steadily now, and Sheila could see the sidewalk crowds eying them interestedly as they went through.

"I had them telephone Mother I'd hurt my arm, and to have Doctor Underwood at the house," Frank said. "Well! Not much more of this, eh? We'll be comfortable in no time now, Sheila."

"When on earth could you phone your mother?"

"I had the police sergeant do it, asked him to telephone. Just to say that there'd been a smash, and that we were all right, and on our way in. I told him to say that Mother was to use her own judgment about getting in touch with your mother—"

"Ma's probably got the fire department out!" Sheila exclaimed, aghast.

"Well, the poor fellow was killed, Sheila, and you can't avoid a certain amount of interest in *that.*"

"To be in an airplane smash—" Sheila murmured, struck afresh with the strangeness and horror of it.

"I took my training at Bellevue," the nurse said, as they stopped at a Broadway artery, "and my first case was a fellow that had come down in a plane." She was diverted. "For goodness' sakes look at the evening papers!" she exclaimed. And, glancing eagerly out at a corner newsboy, she read a headline:

"Mystery Girl in Plane Crash!"

FOR a minute the words meant nothing to Sheila. Then her heart gave a great spring. In the remaining few seconds that they waited at the corner, she leaned forward and saw the front sheet of the tabloid; the hurried blurred photographs of the group in the park, the plane's great fallen wings, the lifted form of the dead man.

"That's the crash, all right," Miss Sutter said. "It doesn't take long to get things into the papers nowadays, does it? But where do they get that 'mystery girl' stuff? You and—" She glanced at Frank and then at Sheila. "You're his wife, aren't you?" she asked.

"Oh, no. Mr. McCann was just—bringing me home," Sheila said, with a queer, affronted little laugh.

"Oh, I see—" the nurse said, in a peculiar tone, with a quick glance.

"Mr. McCann," Sheila explained, in a low tone, with a wary look at his closed eyelids and unconscious face, "is engaged to be married to a Miss Bernadette Kennedy, of Spuyten Duyvil."

The nurse's young bright eyes were sympathetic.

"You two were trying to get away with something, hey?" she guessed shrewdly, smiling. "I don't mean anything wrong, just—" she paused. "For heaven's sakes!" she said.

"I wish I was dead," Sheila said simply. Frank muttered incoherently.

"He'll be all right when he gets his arm set," Miss Sutter said in a whisper. "He's dazed with shock."

"That isn't what's worrying me," Sheila answered, dully. "It's what my mother'll think, and what his people will think—"

"But my good gracious, it isn't your fault if you're in an accident!" the other girl said quickly.

"No, of course not," Sheila admitted, uneasily. "But—but it just seems as if everything had gone crazy!" she lamented.

Frank opened his eyes.

"Don't worry, Sheila," he said, in a deep, reassuring voice that still had traces of stupor in it. "I'll take care of you. We're all right!"

The car turned a corner; they were at the McCann house.

"Oh, God protect us!" Sheila said in a whisper. It was a prayer. "Oh, Frank," she said, "look! There's a million people waiting!"

Not a million. But a crowd that framed both sides of the brownstone steps; a crowd that demanded the constant attention of two policemen. Men were pressing forward, women were planted in solid lines; all turned their eyes eagerly to the ambulance as it drew up.

"Frank, I can't go in, I'm going on home—" Sheila stammered, aghast. "I can't—they've a camera there—"

He had pulled himself together, he gripped her hand.

"No," he said, "you've got to go through with it. Your mother may be here. Come on, just walk through—"

THE crowd buzzed excitedly, as Sheila and a policeman between them supported the limping man across the sidewalk.

"Narrow escape, Mr. McCann!" one of the policemen said, respectfully.

"I'll tell the world!" Frank answered, with a groan and a smile. The crowd laughed in shocked sympathy.

Sheila looked up. The door of the McCann house opened, a flood of persons poured out: servants, family, and the gray-headed stout man that she was afterward to identify as the family doctor. And with them was Joe Carscadden—Joe!—and while Sheila was stumbling upward to the lighted wide hallway, half dragging Frank with her, and half dragged herself, she saw her mother, majestic in her best dress—

Then they were all crying and milling about madly in the hall. Sheila saw Mrs. McCann, with her face white and tear-stained, and she saw the judge, looking somehow old and broken. She caught at his hand.

"Judge, I'm so sorry—" she faltered.

Judge McCann brought his distracted gaze to her face.

"Now, now, Sheila," he said gently, "accidents will happen!" And he returned immediately to the business of the moment. "Put your arm around him there, Leo. All right, Mary. Hurting you, son?"

"It's my arm, look out for my arm—" Frank muttered, and the mother's moan was distinguishable above the other moans that suddenly filled the hall.

"My darling, my son—"

"We'll get you right upstairs, Frank; we'll fix you up in five minutes!" the doctor said.

Brothers, sisters, servants, parents, they surged about him. His voice rang out suddenly, as he was being tenderly lifted upstairs.

"Is Sheila there?"

"Right here, son," said his father.

"Sheila, I must see you before you go!"

"Anything, dear'r, anything!" Judge McCann said, faltering, and Sheila heard Frank's effort at a laugh.

"I'm not dying, Pop. I want Doc' Underwood to look at her, that's all. She's done something to her shoulder—"

They were all straggling upstairs; they eddied into a big front bedroom where Mamie was turning down the covers of an immense old-fashioned walnut bed.

"They've broke him completely!" Sheila heard her mother say, in a whisper, and Mrs. McCann said weeping, "Oh, Mrs. Carscadden, how they break your heart on you—the children."

Frank gave another groan as they lowered him against the pillows.

"Poor dear!" his mother, bending over him, said tenderly. She began to pray in a low voice.

"Mother, I'm all right. And the doc' has a lot of dope for me, haven't you, Doc'?"

"I'm going to fix you up right here in the dressing-room, Frank," the old doctor said. "Doctor Russell is on his way from the hospital now. When he gets here we'll give you a shot, put you to sleep."

"Doctor, do you think there may be internal injuries?" The frantic mother again asked. Frank answered:

"Internal injuries, Mother—forget it! I'm fine. Give you a scare, Pop?"

"Good God!"

"We came down," Frank observed briefly.

"It was in the paper, Frank. That's the way Pop saw it."

"In the paper!"

"The late afternoon edition, with pictures, dear."

"They don't lose much time! Lord, I'm sorry!" Frank muttered.

"Ouch!" Sheila exclaimed, on a wearied and desolate echo of a sob. The old doctor, gently exploring her shoulder, apologized sympathetically.

"Go aisy on her," Mrs. Carscadden warned him. Sheila, completely disarmed by the concern in the beloved voice, began to cry bitterly as she slipped her bare, bruised shoulder back into her dress and straightened the tumbled ruffle of white at her neck.

"You had a narrow escape, my dear!" the doctor said, gravely.

"Don't l'ave me again," Mrs. Carscadden said in a whisper. Sheila clung to her, their wet faces touching, her mother's arms about her.

Frank moved his own shoulder restlessly, groaned.

"Wouldn't you know the damn' thing—" he began mildly. He put his uninjured hand on his mother's bowed head. "How'd you hear of it, Mother?" he asked.

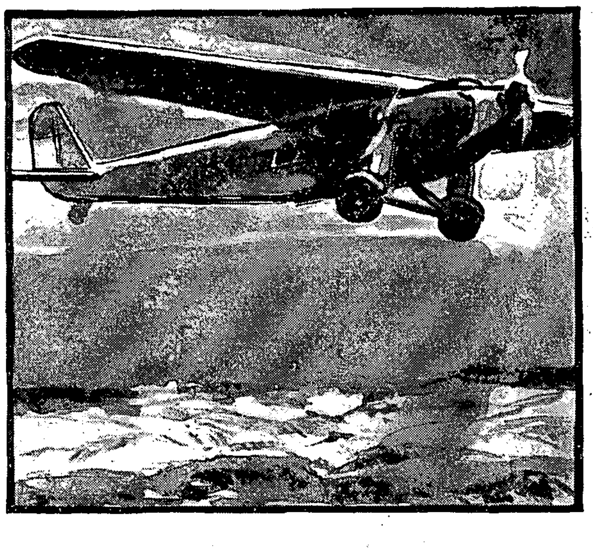
"Oh, Frank, that was so terrible! God grant we never have *that* to go through again! Pop saw it in the paper, but I got it over the telephone. It was the police, dear, from Newark. The man said, 'Mr. McCann has been slightly injured!' I thought of course it was Pop."

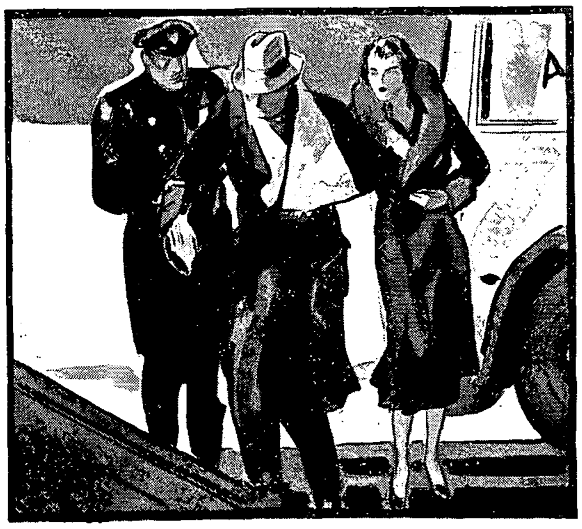
"That must have been hot!"

"IT WASN'T any better when I learned the truth, dear. Mamie had to take the phone. I got faint. They fixed me up on the sofa, and they tried to reach Papa; but they couldn't find him."

"I'm so sorry!" Frank said heavily. The look that was almost coma had come into his eyes again.

There were fewer persons in the room now. The younger brothers and sisters were being firmly ejected, one by one, by a powerful, big black-headed woman who was being cajoled by them under the name of "Diddy." They were imploring Diddy to allow them to remain, and Diddy was sternly refusing.





Mamie and two younger maids were running back and forth, in and out of a large, adjoining dressing-room, with sheets, tables, electric-light extensions. Someone had lighted a fire, someone else had drawn shades, someone was standing now with a tray and a steaming cup beside the bed, somebody else had ice in a bowl and was murmuring about "comprisses."

AN ELDERLY woman, majestic and assured of demeanor, and identified as "Gramma," had established herself in a great wing chair, near enough to the bed for a clear view of all proceedings; Judge McCann stood at the foot, his graying, black curly hair rumpled, his face grave and pale, his eyes for his son only. There were others beside Sheila and her mother; the big luxurious room was full of movement. The doctor, having finished a quick examination of her shoulder, drew Sheila toward the bed.

"No harm done here, Frank. She wrenched her shoulder and scratched one side of her face."

"Not broken?" Frank asked eagerly.

"Nothing broken."

"We're going now," Sheila, beside the bed, said timidly. "I hope they won't hurt you, Frank."

His eyes were beginning to burn brightly with fever; he caught at her hand. She looked shabby, tired, sick; there were great rings about her eyes; her lashes were stuck together in long points. Her hat had been lost in the crash, and her soft coppery hair was uncovered in the evening lamp-light. Frank remembered that she had not wanted to fly home; she had said she was afraid of it, and he had made her do it!

Remorse surged in his heart. There was something about this poor little luckless thing that had appealed to him in the very beginning of their acquaintance; it was stronger than ever now.

"I'm glad, if anything had to happen, it happened to me!" he said. "It was my fault, Mom, you mustn't blame this child. She's been—"

He tried to smile, but he was weak and in pain; the tears came instead.

"She's been wonderful," he said. "Down in Atlantic City, all this time. I knew it. Her own mother didn't know it. She's such a scary little thing, Pop; she didn't want to come home to face you all. I talked her into it." He looked up at her through misty eyes, managing a sickly smile. "We didn't know our adventure was going to end like this, did we, Sheila?" he said.

"We won't say that," Judge McCann said. When she heard his voice Sheila's heart sank within her, for it sounded as if Frank might be dying—Frank might be dying—

"God knows me hear'rt's broke wit' the trouble me an' mine have brought on ye, sir!" Sheila's mother was saying, as they all went out into the hall. "But I know her—there isn't a bad bone in her body!"

"Mrs. Carscadden—" Mrs. McCann said in a whisper. Her face was ghastly. "We knew nothing of this," she began again. "My son Frank has always been—we've depended on him!" she finished faintly.

"You mustn't break, Mamma!" the Judge said. But he looked broken himself.

"Is he so sick?" Sheila faltered, bursting into tears.

No one paid any attention to her. Judge McCann, always grave and kindly, addressed Sheila's mother:

"Mrs. Carscadden, as soon as the boy is out of the woods I'll get in touch with you."

Sheila's mother appeared not to be listening.

"He said it. But I don't belave it!" she said, in a dull, stricken tone.

"Nor I, either," the Judge agreed. "There's some explanation—"

"No—no—no, he'd never do that!" Mrs. McCann said in her soft, eager voice. "He never—they never *thought*—that was all!"

"Well, well, well," the Judge said, "we'll straighten it all out. God's ways are not our ways. And the young people today are not what we used to be!"

"Indeed, you're right about that!" said Sheila's mother.

THEY were working their way downstairs; Sheila and Joe, and their mother, and the senior McCanns, and various other unidentified persons, servants, cousins, aunts.

Among these Sheila had confusedly noticed, from the beginning, a pretty, black-eyed girl in a dark red suit trimmed with black fur, and a dark red hat. If she had tried to identify this girl at all she might have placed her as one of Frank's younger sisters; he had three besides Veronica, she knew, or she might have supposed her to be a concerned, pretty cousin. But as a matter of fact the group had been so large, and so mixed, and the babel of voices and the general movement so distracting, that Sheila, although she had distinctly observed this girl, had wasted no thought whatever upon her identity.

But now, in the lower hall, the girl suddenly took the center of the stage by arresting them all with a quick imperative word to the judge.

"Judge McCann, and Mrs. McCann, too," this girl began, in a high-strung and haughty voice. "I'm going. You'll understand—you'll understand, of course, that this changes everything."

"Oh, Bernadette, my dear!" Mrs. McCann said, in a heartbroken tone.

"You must see that!" the girl said, in a quick, feverish manner. She stood close to Mrs. McCann, her fingers nervously busy with her lace collar. "You see that?" she asked.

"Bernadette," the Judge said, "don't be too quick to judge him. We mustn't jump to conclusions. In a few days—when, God willing, he'll be better—"

"No, never!" the girl said with spirit. "Never! You heard what he said. He never saw me. He never spoke to me! It was—it was—"

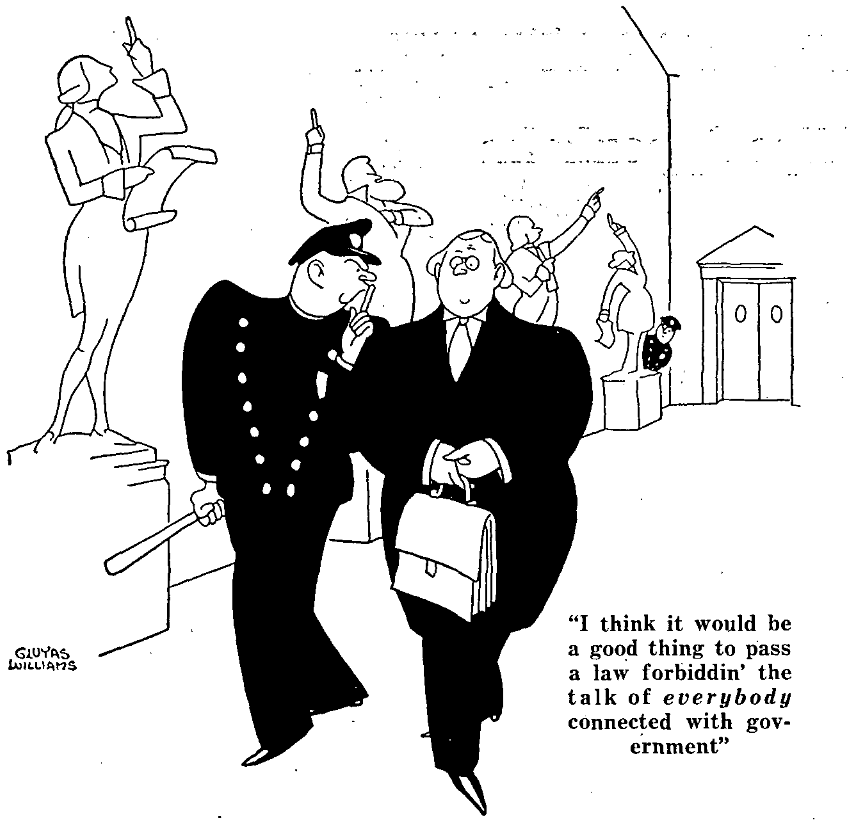
She began to choke, flung up her head, was silent.

(To be continued next week)

The Lapse of Ears

"Unless somebody listens, an' mighty soon, we're a doomed race. These loud reports that make the day hideous aren't all backfirin' by any means. Most of 'em are due to the explosions of unhappy men an' women who can't find a receptive ear, an' simply swell up an' bust from sheer force of accumulated conversation"

Uncle Henry



"I think it would be a good thing to pass a law forbiddin' the talk of *everybody* connected with government"

I DON'T think it's fair to threaten Army an' Navy men with court-martial jes' for expressin' their opinions," declared Mr. Stubbs. "They ought to have the same right to talk as anybody else."

"I can't agree with you," said Uncle Henry, shaking his head decisively. "What this country needs most today is a large body of sincere listeners. Strong, silent men who can sit for hours under any an' every sort of conversation, givin' no other sign of life than a few nods of understandin' an' complete agreement.

"An' why shouldn't the graduates of West Point an' Annapolis meet America's need? Look at what we do for them. We take 'em away from the competitive struggle an' provide 'em with food, clothin' an' four years of football. An' while civilians are out hustlin', strivin' prayerfully to get in the first bite, our soldiers an' sailors have no larger problem than to keep track of the trump an' see that the declarer plays out of the right hand.

"Is it, therefore, too much to ask that they keep their mouths shut an' give the rest of sufferin' humanity a chance to get some of the festerin' an' highly inflamed talk out of our systems?

"It's their duty to save the nation in a time of danger, isn't it? They're supposed to stand between America an' annihilation, aren't they? Then answer me this, 'Lonzo: Except for that period when the election of Al Smith threatened our superabundant prosperity, when was the country ever in greater peril than now?

"Unless somebody listens, an' mighty soon, we're a doomed race. These loud reports that make the days hideous aren't all backfirin' by any means. Most of 'em are due to the explosions of unhappy men an' women who can't find a receptive ear, an' simply swell up an' bust from sheer force of accumulated conversation.

Nothing to Say

"Conditions are gettin' worse with appallin' rapidity. The human ear has actually atrophied from long disuse, changin' the whole appearance of the race. From bein' a big, outstandin' organ that had to be lashed down an' made fast on windy days, an' which could be used as an awnin' if the sun waxed unpleasantly warm, the auricular appendage has shrunk down until it's now about the size of a second-run prune.

"Compare modern ears with those obtainin' back in '76. Why was it that the fathers of the republic believed America's position to be isolated, distant an' detached? Because Washington, Jefferson an' Hamilton had such big ears they shut out the view. 'Three ears an' a tiger' was the cry that swelled from every throat in those great days.

"Besides, 'Lonzo, it isn't as if the Army an' Navy men had anything much to say. That is, anything new. All they talk about is the close approach of the next war, insistin' that it's jes' around the corner, the pressin' need for more battleships an' a larger army, an' how America is makin' a stupid, suicidal blunder by failin' to guard herself against the plots of militaristic countries like Siam, Switzerland an' Korea.

"But when I urge silence for our soldiers an' sailors, don't think me narrow. By no means is it my idea to stop at the output of West Point an' Annapolis. I think it would be a good thing to pass a law forbiddin' the talk of *everybody* connected with government.

"Talk has been our bane. Why, look what happened because the Wickersham Commission didn't keep still like all other Hoover commissions.

"Forty-eight of the fifteen members of the commission agreed that the Eighteenth Amendment had proved an abject failure an' a boon to business an' industry, doublin' the deposits in the savin's banks of the country an' increasin' crime at least five hundred per cent, not to mention the growth of church populations an' the shameful overcrowdin' of the penitentiaries, an' urged that the law be repealed at once an' enforced more strongly than ever.

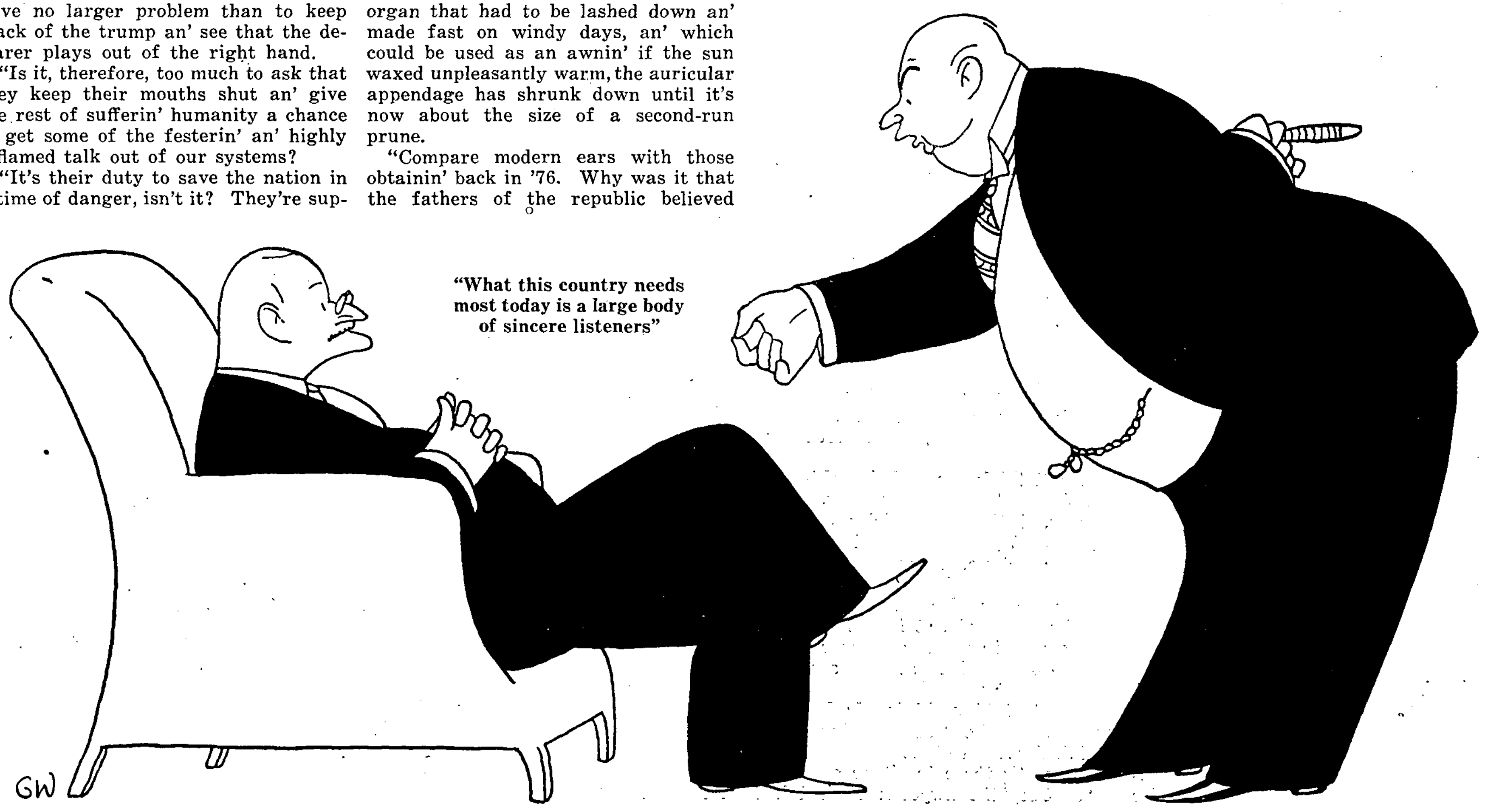
"Some two hundred an' thirty out of the five filed dissentin' opinions, many disagreein' radically with themselves, an' called for the Swedish plan, the Canadian plan, the installment plan, government operation of Muscle Shoals, abolition of the stock market unless prices turned upward, Jack Dempsey's return to the ring, five-cent ice cream sodas, non-refillable hip pockets, an' the padlockin' of Illinois, Wisconsin, New Jersey an' Nicholas Murray Butler.

Somethin' for Everyone

"Like the Good Book, 'Lonzo, there's somethin' in the Wickersham report for everyone. Aimee Semple McPherson regards it as a vindication, advocates of birth control are delighted, Primo Carnera views it as a rebuke to the New York Boxing Commission, an' President Hoover an' Al Smith both insist that it's an indorsement of their positions."

"What was the matter with 'em, anyway?" demanded Mr. Stubbs. "They looked like a fine body of men."

"I hate to say it," said Uncle Henry, "but the report sounded as if the members had got too close to their subject, approachin' it with open mouths rather than open minds."



"What this country needs most today is a large body of sincere listeners"

The Man from Sing Sing

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

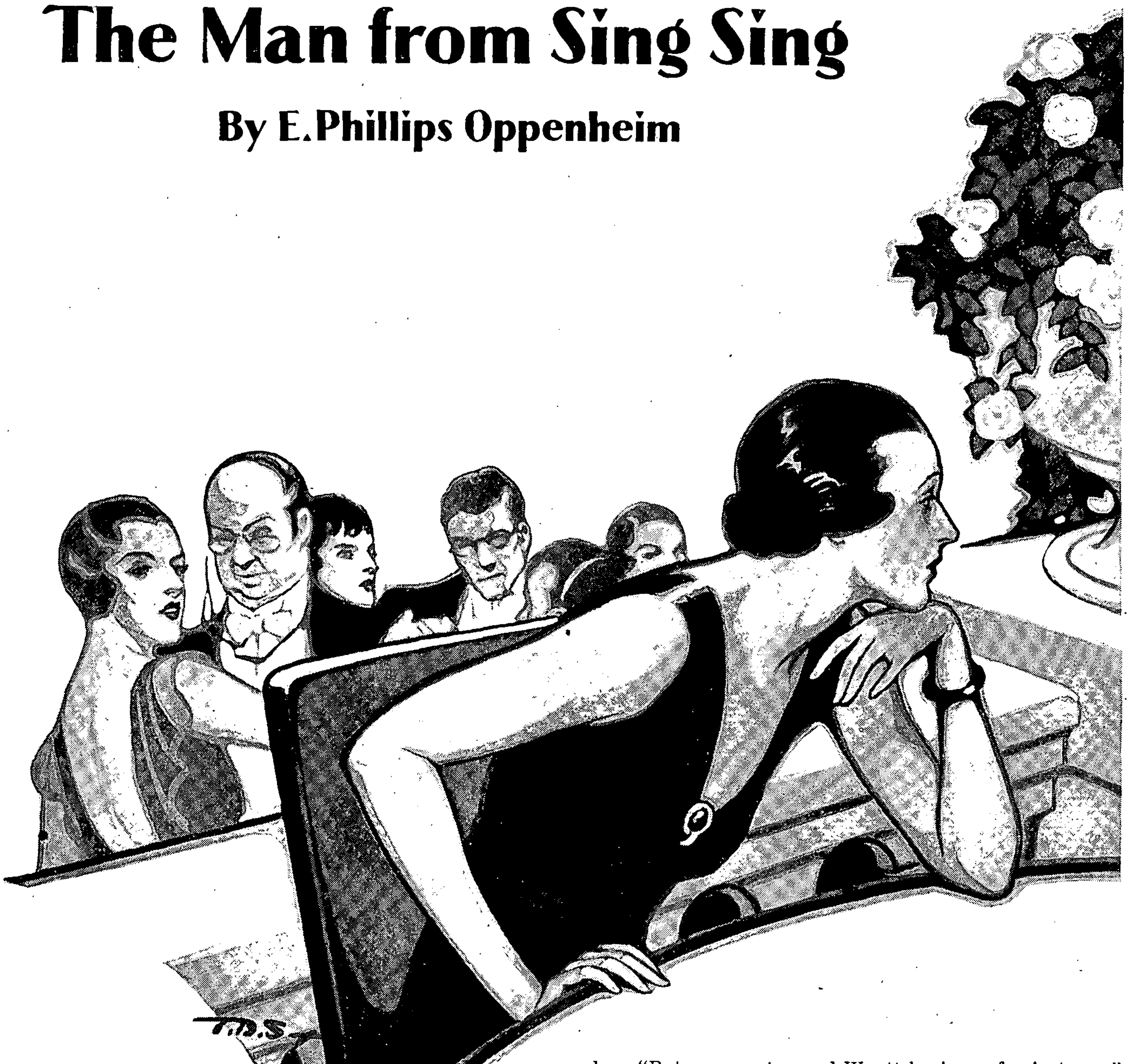
FASCINATED by the beauty and charm of Ambouyna Kotinzi, a motion-picture actress, Reuben Argels learns, to his chagrin, that the girl is in love with Moran Chambers, one of his business partners. A chance to ruin Chambers comes—he seizes it. Chambers goes to Sing Sing.

But Chambers does not stay in prison. A well-remunerated "double" takes his place; and he goes to London, where Andrew Pulwitter (his other partner) and Argels, bitter enemies, have both gone into finance. There, known as "Gordon Phayle," Pulwitter's nephew, he plots with Pulwitter and Ambouyna to bring about Argels' downfall.

Suspicious of Pulwitter, Argels offers Pulwitter's secretary, Violet Withers, a large salary if she will keep him informed of her employer's moves. The girl accepts the offer. Her reports on Pulwitter's financial operations amaze him—Andrew the astute seems to be quite mad. But, knowing his former partner to be a man of sound judgment, Argels follows his lead, blindly—buys, when he thinks he should sell; sells, when he thinks he should buy. . . . Then comes a surprise. Pulwitter calls on him. "I've come," he says, "to discuss the Bamford Trust."

The trust to which Pulwitter refers is a secret trust fund, which, founded by the three partners and skillfully managed, has become a real fortune. The two men discuss the situation. "You know," Pulwitter says, "we are, according to our agreement, to terminate that trust on the first of next month." Then, lowering his voice, he puts forth a feeler: suggests that it might be possible, since Chambers is in prison, to appropriate his share. Tempted, Argels restrains himself—is noncommittal. And presently, Pulwitter (sure that he has planted a seed which will sprout) makes his departure.

Two timber dealers—Huddleston and Wyatt—approach Argels. They wish to sell their business. Argels buys it, for a fortune. After which Messrs. Huddleston and Wyatt meet. "Sam," chuckles Huddleston, "we've put it over!" Mr. Wyatt closes one eye. "Henry," he says solemnly, "Reuben Argels was a godsend!" . . . The trap is set—and Reuben Argels is walking straight into it!



Illustrated by
T. D. Skidmore

VI

ARGELS, the man of persuasive methods and presence, the brilliant and fearless financier, received such warm congratulations for his feat from his little company of business associates that he marched them all off to a West End grillroom for dinner. They ate and drank and talked till midnight. They talked the popular shares of the market up into the clouds, they quoted transactions of that day only whereby millions had been made.

Eagles were the great tip. It was amazing how the secret had been kept. In a few days or weeks at most the boom in them must start. There were vast fortunes in store for those who had had the courage to invest early. Argels ached to disclose the fact that he was now—having bought to average—a holder of nearly a hundred thousand. Curiously enough, nobody mentioned Christophers or Bennetts. In due course he alluded to them himself.

"What about Christophers?" he asked, throwing himself back in his chair. "Lot of talk about them, hasn't there been?"

"Christophers," his pet broker, Fred Grandy, repeated, scratching his chin. "They've gone up a little simply because everything else has gone up. My opinion is they will be the first to break."

"Christophers," Mr. Huddleston's accountant, who was ignorant of the situation, also repeated. "A sound stock, I should consider. Good for another ten-point rise, I should say."

"Really," Argels observed patronizingly. "No doubt you're right. Not one of my own fancies, though. What about Bennetts?"

"Be careful there," Bromhead, a half-commission man, who also worked for Argels and had managed to get himself included in the party, advised quickly. "I know one of the shrewdest operators in the market who's bearing them—and quite right, too. When the excitement's over you'll see Bennetts down to zero. That's my opinion."

AND so it continued. Argels was the man of the evening, and, although two of them were university men, and all of them, except the half-commission broker, wealthy, they were his jackals that night, and barked for him slavishly. Only his lawyer, Mathews—Martin Mathews, a man of standing and some conscience—ventured upon a word with his client during the uproarious farewells.

"Don't think I'm crabbing things at all, Argels," he said genially. "Personally, I think, especially after tonight, that you're on the highroad to another fortune. But you mustn't forget, during your dealings from now on, that you've underwritten, with this Huddleston affair, at least half a million shares in various commercial undertakings which aren't absolutely launched yet."

"What if I have?" Argels demanded grandiloquently. "I shall sell my rights if I don't want to take up my holdings. The profit's there in either case."

"Just so," the lawyer murmured dubiously. "But, supposing—just supposing, I say—America let us down, and the market slumped. It would only be temporary, of course, but you'd have a lot on your shoulders."

"Pretty broad shoulders, Mr. Mathews," Argels remarked, with a patronizing smile. "I could carry a little more than my present obligations, if necessary. Ever hear of the Bamford Trust?"

"No. What is it?"

Mathews was not only Argels' solicitor, but he was solicitor to one of Argels' banks and banks have a great habit of curiosity during strenuous times. Information was specially valuable just then.

"The Bamford Trust was founded a few years ago, with two hundred and forty thousand pounds we couldn't find any use for in New York just then, by Andrew Pulwitter and myself, and one other," Argels confided. "We didn't want it talked about, for various reasons, and we called it 'The Silent Trust.' It is due for dissolution, however, almost immediately, so there's no harm in telling you that we shall have touched from two to three hundred thousand pounds each. Andrew Pulwitter directed the investing from New York, and did it damn' well, too."

"Andrew Pulwitter's a sound man," Mathews declared. "Sound as they make them, I should think, and plenty of money, too. I never understood that you were connected with him."

"We were partners in New York," Argels told him. "We might have been partners over here, but I'm no crawler. It would have taken Andrew a month to have fixed up this Huddleston and Wyatt business, for instance."

"You were speaking of the Bamford Trust," Mathews intervened. "You and Andrew Pulwitter have some interest in common there. I know Fred Bamford well, of course. He's made money for everyone lately, including himself."

"He made about three hundred thousand for us," Argels asserted, "all due within two months, too. Two hundred thousand each, I imagine Andrew and I will touch, at least. I've several other irons in the fire I don't talk about."

Mathews said good night warmly.

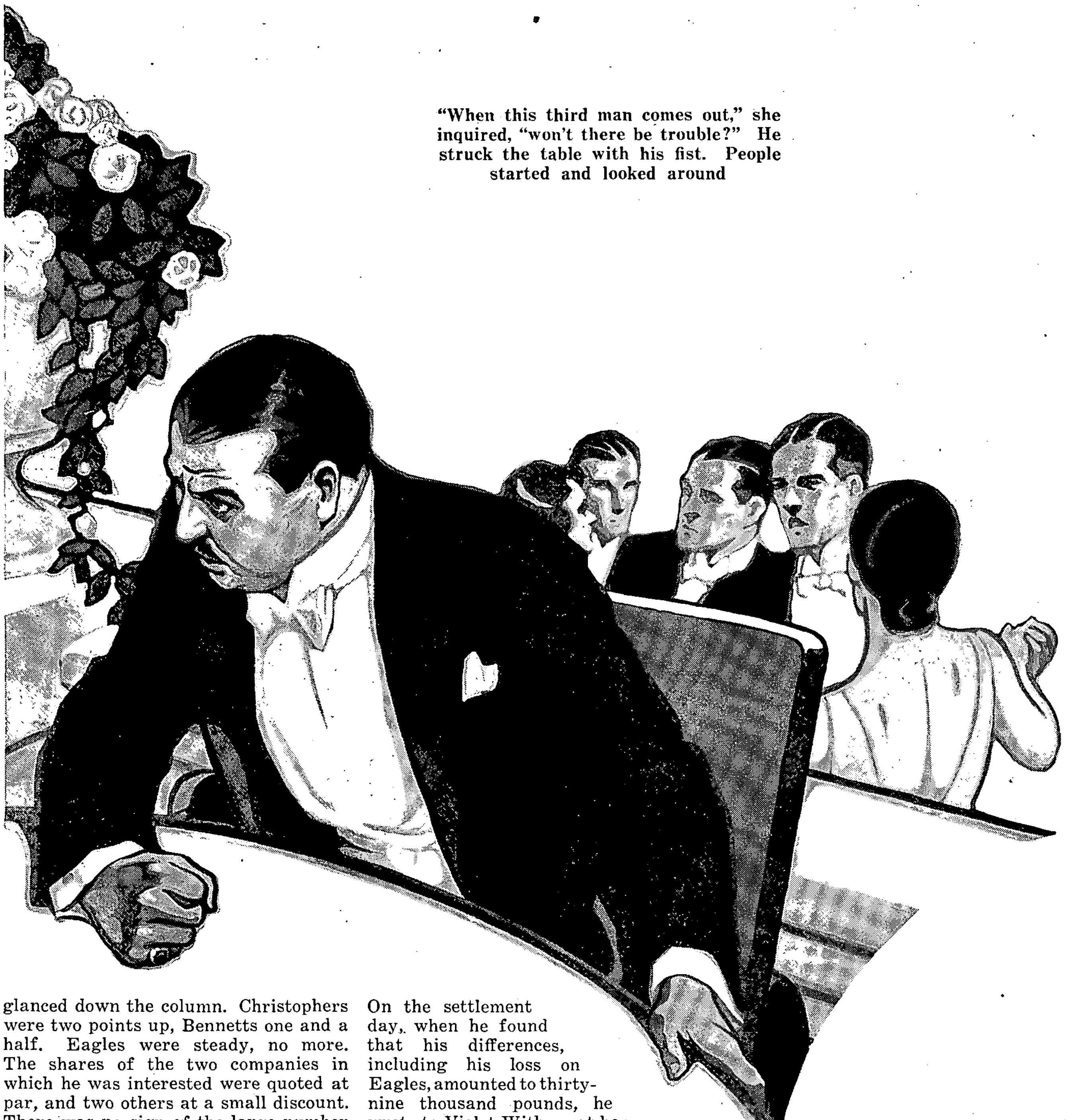
"You mustn't think the worse of me because I venture upon a word of caution sometimes, Argels," he enjoined. "Glad you told me about that Bamford Trust money. Wonderful fellow you are! You must dine with us in Berkeley Square one night. My wife and daughters would be delighted to meet you."

"Great pleasure," Argels murmured. "A little later on, perhaps. I don't go out in the evenings much just at present. I find the days strenuous enough."

"A little later on," Mathews repeated. . . .

SO THE last of his guests left him, and Argels threw himself into his limousine and was driven home. Gone the flattery of their attitude toward him, the adulation of their professional demeanor! He felt suddenly clearer-headed. The balances of life hung truer. He became suspicious and uneasy.

In his rooms he found his servant still waiting to assist him to change, and dismissed him. He mixed himself a whisky-and-soda—he was becoming a drinker these days—and asked for the late edition of the newspaper, and sat down to study the financial columns. He had been too engrossed at the office to inquire as to closing prices. He



"When this third man comes out," she inquired, "won't there be trouble?" He struck the table with his fist. People started and looked around

glanced down the column. Christophers were two points up, Bennetts one and a half. Eagles were steady, no more. The shares of the two companies in which he was interested were quoted at par, and two others at a small discount. There was no sign of the large number of shares for which he was responsible being readily absorbed. He crumpled up the paper and threw it on the floor. A sudden fit of depression and anxiety seized him. Huddleston's accountant, who had been ignorant of his commitments, had called Christophers "a sound stock." Bromhead had crabbed Bennetts, but Bromhead was his man. Perhaps they were both sound stocks, perhaps Andrew had gone crazy and he was going to lose a fortune.

Other fears were crowding in upon him. Why had the accountant commented upon the huge stock of timber in Huddleston and Wyatt's account? Perhaps the whole thing was a swindle. Perhaps Eagles would never rise—perhaps Fate was crowding all her forces against him. The old chill fears were returning. Reason fought for him in vain. He drank another whisky-and-soda—and went to bed.

The days of unrest for Reuben Argels began to take definite shape a few weeks after his famous and lightning-like flotation of the great Lambeth timber business. Christophers and Bennetts slowly rose. Eagles wobbled and finally declined a point or two. Some of his other holdings had soared, but these were all smaller investments. Those in his office, and all three of his brokers, were wondering whence had come the information which had led a shrewd man like Reuben Argels to open a "bear" account of such size against established stocks in a time of boom. On the settlement day, when he found that his differences, including his loss on Eagles, amounted to thirty-nine thousand pounds, he wrote to Violet Withers at her Shepherds' Market address and begged for permission to see her. She rang him up late that same afternoon from a pay telephone.

"I want to see you as soon as possible," he confided. "What about this evening?"

"I really think that it would be much better for us not to meet for the present," she warned him. "It is too dangerous. Anyone might see us, and Mr. Pulwitter is in a very bad temper just now."

"You don't run any risk," he reminded her. "You can always say that you've known me for a long time and that we don't talk business. Take a chance, please. I'm really not well. I need a change. I can't sleep. The doctor tells me I must find some amusement in the evenings. . . . Listen. I belong to Ciro's. I'm sure none of your people are likely to go there. Let's dine and dance there tonight. We haven't squared up yet on the Huddleston matter."

"Oh, well, if you like," she assented. "After all, it's more your affair than mine. I shall enjoy it all right."

"Half past eight," he suggested eagerly. "I'll meet you there."

ARGELS realized from the state of elation in which he spent the rest of the day that he was to a certain extent unbalanced. He heard, without despondency, of the somewhat sparse number of applications for shares in his latest venture and he read, without his usual flow of angry comments, an unfavorable article in a financial paper. He scarcely glanced at the tape all the afternoon, and he could barely be persuaded to stay at the office long enough to sign his letters. He was utterly unable to resist the impulse to send flowers to Violet's apartment, and on his homeward way he stopped the car abruptly in Bond Street, and bought a platinum-and-gold wrist watch.

When he met Miss Withers at Ciro's her greeting was a little undecided.

"This is rather against my convictions, you know," she said, as they descended the stairs toward the bar. "I'm not afraid of meeting Mr. Pulwitter, or even any of the people in the office, but we have a great many clients who are likely to come here."

"They probably wouldn't know me," he pointed out. "Surely it's natural for a young woman as good-looking as you to come to these places sometimes!"

She ignored the second part of his sentence.

"Not know you!" she laughed. "Not know the famous Mr. Argels! Why, you're a City hero! The man who floated the great timber company in four hours! Nearly everyone who comes in pulls Mr. Pulwitter's leg about it. It's too bad of them."

He stroked his soft mustache. The flattery found its way home, a sedative to his jangled nerves. He smiled self-consciously.

"No good playing about with the thing so long as it was worth doing," he remarked. "I made up my mind five minutes after I'd seen the balance sheet that I'd *clinch* the deal. That's how a man of Pulwitter's type loses business, putting things off and haggling about trifles."

The waiter approached for orders. Violet chose a rose cocktail, and Argels another martini.

"A cigarette?" he invited.

She shook her head.

"Have you forgotten already that I scarcely ever smoke?" she asked reproachfully.

He lit one himself, making some display of his thin gold case. He noticed several glances of admiration directed toward his companion, and the world seemed to be moving better.

"HOW are Huddlestons going?" she asked.

"Moderately well," he answered. "There isn't quite the rush on them I expected."

"A very good prospectus, I thought," she remarked.

"Wrote every word of it myself," he confided. "Did it in my office in half an hour."

"It would have taken Mr. Pulwitter a week," she assured him.

She looked around. They were in a very retired corner of the bar.

"We haven't touched the Stock Exchange for weeks," she went on.

"There's one thing I wanted to ask you," he said. "Has Mr. Pulwitter closed his deal in Bennetts or Christophers?"

"Not he! He sold a few thousand more Bennetts the other day."

"And the Eagles?"

"They're all taken up and paid for."

Argels had become a little gloomy again.

"I've been associated with Andrew Pulwitter for years," he told her, "and I've scarcely ever known him to make a mistake, either on this market or New York, especially on a 'bear' account. Seems hard luck to have followed him in just now."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"He's not worrying."

"Oh, neither am I, for the matter of that," Argels declared. "I'm over sixty thousand down, though, and I could be using the money for other things."

"You may be sixty thousand pounds up in a month's time," she observed calmly. "Mr. Pulwitter certainly doesn't often make a mistake, and he can't be wrong about all three shares. By the bye, have you ever heard of a man called Kilbreth?"

"I believe I have," he admitted in an interested tone. "He's a sort of financial agent and bill discounter, I believe. Owns a newspaper, too, and isn't above a little blackmail. Hot stuff, they say!"

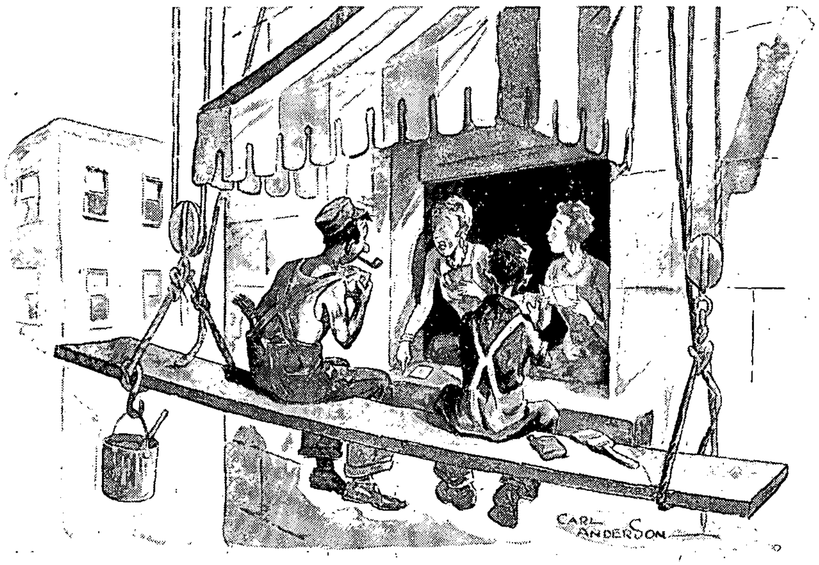
"WE'LL finish our business talk here shall we?" she suggested, glancing around again. "We seem to have this place almost to ourselves. Well, Mr. Kilbreth has been in nearly every day this week—three times today, and the third time I heard him tell Mr. Pulwitter that if he couldn't make up his mind he should call on you."

"Kilbreth gets hold of some good things," Argels reflected. "You couldn't put in a word, I suppose?"

"I daren't," she answered decidedly. "He's never spoken to me in his life, and doesn't look as though he wanted to. You couldn't ring him up on some pretense or other, could you?"

"I might. I could offer him some underwriting in Huddlestons. That's what I'll do," Argels decided, "and if by any chance it leads to business there will be something in the way of com-

(*Continued on page 53*)



"It's my mistake, lady—I thought you reneged!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. A-J-10-8
H. J-10-8-6
D. A-10
C. A-J-8

West
S. 6-5-3
H. K-7-4-2
D. 8-5-2
C. Q-6-3

East
S. K-Q-4
H. 5-3
D. 7-6-4
C. K-10-7-5-2

South (Dealer)
S. 9-7-2
H. A-Q-9
D. K-Q-J-9-3
C. 9-4

WITH the above hand the Auction Bridge bidding would be: South one Diamond and North one No Trump.

At Contract Bridge it would be varied by North's bidding three No Trumps after South's one Diamond. North has a count of 16 and a stopper in every suit. Two No Trumps should be bid when the other three suits are stopped and the hand has a count of 11, and three No Trumps with the other three suits stopped and a count of 15.

In the play East led the Five of Clubs, West played the Queen, and North won with the Ace. He appreciated that if he ducked, he would be limited to one Club trick; but if he won with the Ace, he still would have the Club suit stopped against a lead by East. With West in the lead the suit would not be stopped; and if East had opened a five-card suit game would be lost if West should obtain the lead before Declarer had nine tricks to his credit.

After North won the first Club, Declarer decided to finesse Spades twice. So South was put in by leading North's Ace of Diamonds and then the Ten of Diamonds. South's three remaining Diamonds were not run immediately, Declarer fearing that being forced to discard three times from the North hand at this stage of the play would prove embarrassing.

To trick 4 South led the Deuce of Spades and North played the Jack. The object of this maneuver was to enable South, when he got in the next time, to lead the Nine of Spades and North to play the Eight under it, so that if West had one honor and three small and East one honor and one small, West's honor could be caught in spite of having three guards. East won the trick with the King of Spades, a false-card which did not deceive Declarer.

To trick 5 East led a Heart, and Declarer, not daring to risk the chance of West's getting in, played the Ace from dummy and then ran three Diamonds, discarding three Hearts from North. West, retaining his Spades to deceive Declarer, completed a Heart signal on trick 7 and parted with a Club at trick 8. East, confident that Declarer would finesse Spades again, discarded one Spade and one Club.

To trick 9 dummy led the Nine of Spades and closed hand played the Eight so as to be able to finesse a third time if the Nine won; but the Nine did not win. East captured the trick with the Queen and led a Heart. West took this trick with the King and returned a Club. East won three Club tricks, making a total of six tricks for the adversaries and setting Declarer by two tricks.

Declarer could have made game if he had diagnosed East's play and refused the second Spade finesse; but East felt that he had to chance that because it was essential for him to keep a Heart to put West in the lead. If he discarded two Clubs to tricks 7 and 8, keeping a Spade guarded, it would be possible for Declarer to read the situation and lead a Heart to trick 9. West would win and lead a Club, but East, winning tricks 10 and 11, then would have to lead a Spade and Declarer would take two Spades and make game. If West led a Spade instead of a Club, Declarer would win, lead another Spade and force East to lead a Club up to his guarded Jack.

When East led the Five of Clubs, there was an excellent chance that the lead was from a five-card suit; but all Declarer had to do was abandon the thought of taking two Clubs, hold up the Ace until the third round, and then lead a Heart and finesse. Even with the Heart finesse losing, that must produce one Spade, three Hearts, five Diamonds and one Club if East's lead was from a four-card Club suit, and West could not return it. If East's lead was from a four-card Club suit, West and East would get three Clubs and one Heart but in any event Declarer would make game.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 9-5-4-2
H. 7
D. K-9-5
C. 9-8-6-5-3

East
S. Q-10-3
H. 5-3-2
D. 7-2
C. Q-J-7-4-2

West
S. A-7-6
H. A-K-Q-10-9-4
D. J-8
C. A-K

South (Dealer)
S. K-J-8
H. J-8-6
D. A-Q-10-6-4-3
C. 10

Your Doctor's Bill

Continued from page 21

practice, some of his work is done for nothing, some is done at what might be called bargain rates, and some is done at what might be called the list price. The list price is often high, but we must remember that few people pay it.

Misunderstandings sometimes arise because a doctor or surgeon cannot always estimate in advance, as a mechanic or carpenter can, how much a given repair job will cost. I know of a man who required a serious operation and, as he was not very well off, a surgeon agreed to perform this operation and furnish all the after care for $250. A complication arose during convalescence which required a dressing being done three times a week for over a year.

Expensive—But Worth It

The surgeon stuck to his bargain. The result was that even though he computed the cost of each dressing at less than two dollars—certainly a very moderate fee—he received nothing at all for the operation. And the complication was not his fault. It was Nature's fault.

There is another angle to our story. Modern medicine costs more because it is worth more. Let me give an illustration:

In a certain New York township there is a small village with a population of a little more than a thousand where there is one doctor who takes care of the several hundred families of the village and the farmers in the neighborhood. One of the farmers three miles from the village is taken ill with a chill and sends for the doctor, who tells him that he has a bad cold, that it looks serious and that he must stay in bed.

The doctor gives careful directions to the wife and visits his patient each day. On the third day he finds that the farmer has pneumonia. Three or four days later the crisis seems to be past and the patient is better. The doctor's visits become less frequent. But after five or six days more he finds that the patient's temperature has again risen. Another few days, perhaps a week, pass and the doctor is now sure that the patient has an infection of the pleura and that there is a fluid in the chest which is probably pus, a not uncommon complication in pneumonia.

He tells the patient and the wife that he must operate and, there being no hospital within forty miles, he must do the best he can. He injects cocaine under the skin, plunges a knife in quickly between the ribs, and there is an immediate evacuation of the pus. The regular dressings are done, and in the course of time the farmer gets well.

The doctor, who has been well trained in a city medical school and who has been an interne in one of the larger hospitals, recognizes clearly that this was not the best of care, but it was the best that could be given in the circumstances. The farmer will in due course receive a bill at the rate of $2 or $3 a visit, the total being between $60 and $75. He may find the bill hard to pay. Perhaps he will pay it over a course of months in potatoes, pumpkins, jellies and other farm produce.

Now let us suppose a similar case in a large city. The patient desires the best treatment available. A nurse is sent for at once. If the sufferer is acutely ill two nurses will be needed. Each will be on duty twelve hours a day, for which she will be paid between six and ten dollars. The doctor will examine the blood, which will involve an additional and justifiable cost. The sputum will be examined to determine what type of pneumonia this is, and a special serum, which will be of the greatest service, will be made up.

If during the course of the illness the breathing becomes difficult oxygen will be administered by use of a special "tent" which will have to be bought or rented, and the actual cost of this administration will not be less than $100 a day.

If the patient passes the crisis and then relapses, as did the upstate farmer, there will be daily examination of the blood, probably an X-ray photograph will have to be taken, and if an operation is performed, preferably in a hospital if the patient can be moved, it will be a wise surgical procedure to remove a small section of the rib in order to secure effective drainage.

We will assume that this patient, like the farmer, gets well. His chances are naturally better than the farmer's were, assuming that his constitution and state of health before the illness were as good as the farmer's. But his bill may come to more money than the farmer will ever have at one time in all his life.

Let us analyze this city man's bill and see of what items it is composed and what it comes to. If he is well-to-do his physician may charge $10 a visit; $500 will go to the nurses—who will earn it; $300 will go to the hospital; the surgeon will receive at least $500; the oxygen administration will cost another $500; laboratory analyses and X-ray will come to $200; and drugs and drug supplies to $100. Let us say a total of $2,700. This will have bought the patient the best of everything, with no profiteering on the part of anyone concerned.

Of course a patient could be treated in a large city exactly as was our farmer friend in the upstate township. His bill in that case would be about the same as the farmer's, with some allowance for the difference in the cost of living in the two communities.

Insuring Against Illness

If he were entirely destitute he might go to a charity hospital, in which case he might have, so far as strictly medical and surgical care goes, all that his wealthier fellow citizen received for $2,700. But most of us, quite rightly, shrink from being objects of charity. The average man wants to pay his way.

As nearly as has been estimated the average American family spends between $100 and $150 a year for medical care. If each family set aside $100 a year, or the balance of $100 not expended for doctor's bills in any given year, it might in time accumulate a balance large enough to pay for the emergencies of sickness as they arise.

Unfortunately, there are few individuals who are able to do this. Perhaps in time we will be forced to adopt a system of insurance against sickness, or of paying our doctors a fixed sum each year to keep us well. Experiments in this direction have been tried on a limited scale and many of them have worked well.

The problem is one that we will all have to work at. Meanwhile patients will perhaps be happier about their doctor's bills if they remember that the doctor's is a difficult and useful calling, and that, though the doctor is human and likes to collect what is owed him, every physician worthy of the name puts the welfare of the patient ahead of his own pocketbook.

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A word to the wise

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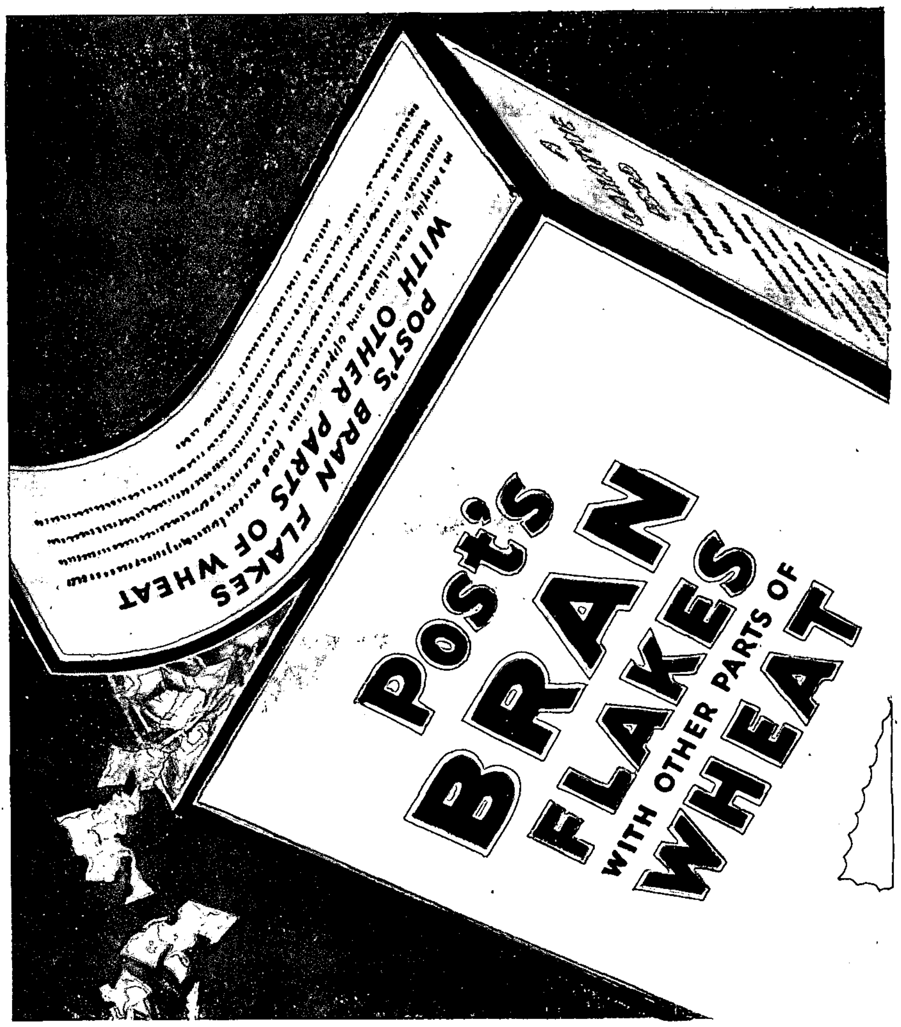
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PERHAPS you are one of the millions of people who know that bran supplies "bulk" to the diet — "bulk" which the digestive system needs to cleanse itself of food wastes.

Perhaps you eat bran when danger signs appear.

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That is what you can do with Post's Bran Flakes — famous for its tempting flavor.

The Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association has accepted this cereal.

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Try these crisply tempting bran flakes — so richly browned and flavorful. They give you bran, the golden outer coating of the wheat grain, with its gentle regulating action which helps to clear the digestive system of accumulated food wastes — and more, they give you other beneficial elements of whole wheat — the iron, the phosphorus, vitamin B, and body-building proteins.

MAKE THIS 2-WEEK TEST

To prove to yourself the value of eating Post's Bran Flakes every day — resolve now to make this your daily cereal for two weeks. Begin tomorrow morning — and see how soon you feel the benefits.

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Savor the mild, cool smoke of Camels, see how satisfying and throat-friendly it is, how rich in smoke-pleasure.

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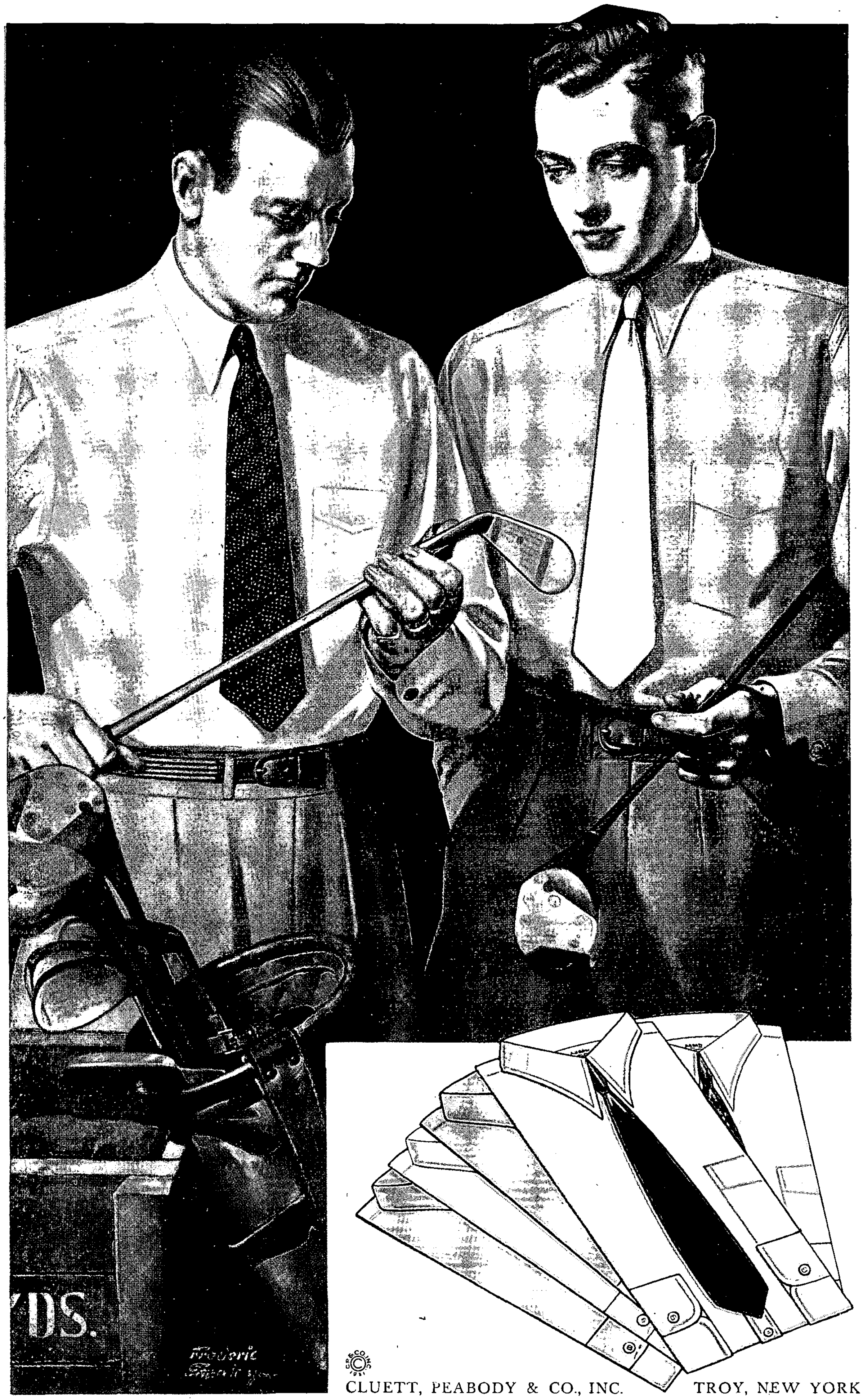

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The Blind Commander

Continued from page 13

many as we could. Believe that! But there were others. Too many others. . . ."

The careful voice faltered, fought for control, broke.

Lane laid a hand over the German's. "Go on." He marveled at the strength that permitted the boy to talk, made him talk.

"*Lieber Gott im Himmel*—that night! I never forgot it; the screams and the crashing waves. It was war. I hated it. Hated it! But when orders came for a long cruise into the North Atlantic, I tried to forget, and to make myself into an automaton for the good of the men under me. We stood out to sea from Wilhelmshaven last September. Now it is—April, *nicht wahr?* It is hard to keep track of passing time."

THE American stared. "You can't mean you have been away from your base for seven months?"

"Seven months—or seven centuries. I hardly know."

"But how on earth. . . ?"

"We have not been cruising all that time. For an eternity . . . but I will tell you. Less than a week after we left Wilhelmshaven we fell afoul a dusty little enemy freighter just at twilight. She seemed harmless enough, and when we came to the surface and sent a warning shot over her bow, her crew took to the boats in panic; then we closed in to sink her with gun fire. But with our first shell, down went false ports which had disguised her guns, up went her war ensign, and blazing hell broke loose. She was a Q-boat—a deliberate lure for submarines.

"Her shells began snarling around us. The U-boat reeled and all the lights flashed out. I was below in the control room when the battle began, but the Kommandant was on the bridge, and I heard a shell explode almost overhead. I went up through the hatch to see what I could do, while the engineer threw on the whole speed of the engines and we raced away.

"The Kommandant lay crumpled on the bridge. He had been struck by a flying piece of steel, and he lay there staring ahead with empty eyes. He was talking to himself. 'For the Fatherland!' he was saying. 'For the Fatherland! . . .' " The withered hand clenched spasmodically under Lane's grasp.

"Steady, Lieutenant!"

"All right now, mein Herr. We got away. A gaping hole in the hull and two more through the conning tower were the only injuries to our ship itself, but they put us in the almost impossible position of having to run the North Sea blockade on the surface, while in a heavy sea that hull shot would sink us. Our navigation officer had been killed. More than that, our radio had gone out of order the third day out from port, and we'd no way of calling for help.

"But all that was more bearable than the agony of our commander. . . . There was nothing we could do for him, but his will was stronger than death.

"At noon there was an officers' council in the mess-room. Our only choice, we decided, was to surrender—or to go down in the first storm.

"While we were still laying plans, we sighted a small ship bearing down to port. I set our course to cross hers, and sent the command, 'Full Ahead' to the engine room, then ordered a man below to destroy our confidential log. The white flag was ready at our bow.

"As we drew a little closer, I made out through the glasses that she was a Canadian freighter, and quite obviously had not sighted us yet. We were all so intent on watching her that none of us looked around when the bow hatch lifted behind us. And until we heard his huge voice roaring, 'We do not surrender! Make ready to capture that ship!' not one of us suspected that—the Kommandant stood with us on the deck.

"Mein Herr, you cannot know how he looked! But he held his tortured body erect, and he took command. Through all his pain he must have heard some echo of our plans and demanded details from one of the crew."

Involuntarily Lane glanced at the motionless, blue-clad body beyond the other cots. Small wonder death had been powerless to take that man wholly captive!

The brittle voice went on tensely: "It was madness, sheer madness! But his will held us spellbound. We tore down the white flag, ran up the war ensign and sprang to our posts, and at the very instant that the freighter sighted us we let go our first shell.

"'Don't damage her hull,' the Kommandant ordered. 'Aim for the superstructure and the guns.' So that was the plan, we thought. To capture the freighter intact, sink our U-boat, and take our chance on riding safe through the blockade aboard a seaworthy ship rather than a crippled submarine.

"There was never a madder, wilder battle. Our men, struck with new hope, fought like fiends. Small wonder she was willing, at last, to surrender. Her decks and superstructure were matchwood, and her whole after-end a charred waste.

"The grimy crew stood about in knots on the decks, waiting for us coolly enough as we came over the side with Lugers ready, and they stared curiously at our Kommandant. I thought he would order them all locked in the forepeak, to be taken with us as prisoners of war on our run through the blockade, but, sagging between two of our men, his great blank face turned to the prisoners, he ordered, 'Make ready the lifeboats.'

"I tried to protest. 'Surely we could take them with us to Wilhelmshaven, sir?' I suggested.

"'We are not returning to Wilhelmshaven,' he told me. And then he gave his instructions. We were to take the U-boat in tow of the captured freighter (which was named Phoenix) and make for an island off the coast of Greenland. One that he knew from his schoolship days. There, we could repair the damage that the Q-boat had done us, he said. The Phoenix would serve as an emergency relief boat, if heavy seas should swamp the submarine during the journey, and her galley would supply enough extra rations for the trip.

"IT WAS the idea of a madman—or a genius. With our damage repaired, we would be able to submerge and would stand a far better chance of running safely through the North Sea. Despite the hazards of that long trip, the idea sounded tenable. But, logical or illogical, we had no choice but to obey.

"We reached the island safely. A week; two weeks. I don't know. It was an inhospitable place, bitter with Arctic winds, but it served our purpose and our first days there were not bad.

"The chief engineer directed the repair work, but the Kommandant himself drove us at it until officers and men were working side by side in a sort of frantic race against time—time and the Arctic winter.

"Time and again, with passing days,

(*Continued on page 34*)

If you're Up In The Air about Cool Shaving

Cool
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Pick the tube or pick the jar. It makes no difference which you use. Each is full of the smoothest, coolest cream ever invented.

There's no other shaving preparation so marvelously cool as Ingram's. You've never bought another cream that so absolutely frees you from those mean little annoyances—those scrapes and nicks—that sometimes turn shaving into a burden.

Try ten cool shaves at our expense. We're willing to take the chance that they'll bring you back for more! Just send in the coupon below.

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What! Enjoy brushing teeth!

WHEN a young lady we know buys a new Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, she can hardly wait to reach home and get at the fun of using it. She opens the immaculate yellow box, pulls out the pearly-bristled brush, and she's off!

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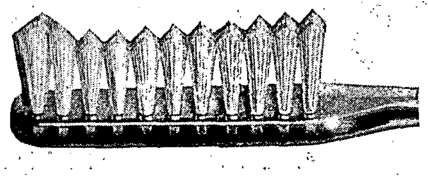

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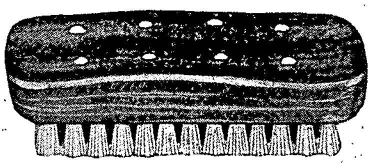

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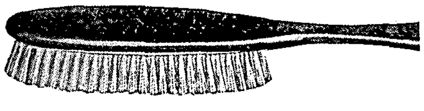

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Pro-phy-lac-tic

(*Continued from page 33*)

we tested the makeshift patches only to find they were not water-tight and we had to start again. With the freighter riding there at anchor, ready to take us off, it was a supreme test of the Kommandant's power that he could hold us at all. But I had seen black looks among the men, and I had seen knots of them, clustered together, melt apart when I approached.

"And then one day, when a test of the hull patch sent a trickle of water seeping into the air tank, the mutiny broke loose. One of the torpedo men—a broad-shouldered bull of a man—strode to the Kommandant where he stood silent on the deck of the Phoenix. 'We're through!' he shouted, half hysterically. 'We're going home on the freighter. Do you want to come with us, or be left here?'

"I STARTED forward, but the Kommandant only turned his stony, scarred face toward the men. 'The lieutenant will give you your orders,' he said.

"The torpedo man pressed in closer, crazily. '*Ja?* Well, I'm not taking orders any more. You're not God A'mighty. You're a blind old man. . . .'

"The Kommandant dropped one hand to his side and shot toward the voice, and the man dropped to his knees. A bright thread of blood crept down from the corner of his mouth. Then the Kommandant faced down the deck. 'Does anyone else want a hearing?' he demanded, and the men cringed away. The rebellion died there, and for the days that followed we obeyed him in a stupor of exhaustion. It wasn't fear alone that held us, but a sort of awe for the greatness of his will.

"He suffered with us. He went hungry when rations had to be cut low, and at the end he worked side by side with us, until one day—it must have been early in November—the work was tested again. We stood on the shore, waiting for the report, and we cheered like maniacs, with tears coursing down our cheeks, when the engineer cried, 'All tight, sir!'

"One more day would be needed for tuning up the engines and charging the batteries, and then . . . 'Day after tomorrow, we will stand out to sea!' the Kommandant told us, and that night we all found the sleep of exhaustion. The next morning—a bitter cold one—some of us went ashore, to take our farewell of Starvation Island, and the helmsman and I climbed the ragged cliff which formed one side of the gateway at the harbor mouth. Then we learned the truth: the harbor mouth was a mass of ice! We were prisoners on Starvation Island."

The tense voice broke on a sob. "*Ach Gott,* I had been dreaming of Christmas at home—butter cookies and shining trees, and candles in windows. . . . There, I am sorry I wander! My head feels very tired— One of the men went overboard, quietly, that night. The rest of us envied him a little, but we were too numb to feel any pain.

"We fired all but one of our torpedoes at that barrier. They were wasted. The ice was too strong!

"Since then, until three days ago, there has been little worth the telling. Through all these endless months we have been huddling in the cabins of the Phoenix. We have lived on quarter rations from the freighter's galley, with a few limpets and once a seal. All the time, the Kommandant has driven us at a hundred crazy tasks—polishing brass, scrubbing decks, fishing through the ice. I suppose he was trying to keep us sane. But one by one the men have dropped off, from exposure or prostration or disease or hunger.

"Through all the black eternities of nights streaked with the northern lights, we've crouched together for warmth and babbled about the war and how it would be going. And every night, I have seen the Cardiff Castle sinking, and its men drowning . . . again and again. . . . And so we've waited, and that was all we could do. Except die.

"When the days finally began to grow a little longer, and the sun warmer, we crept out to watch the barrier. About the early part of March we saw the first berg break off, but it must have been almost April before we tried to ram the ice with the bow of the Phoenix for the first time. A week later she broke through, and three days ago, very early in the morning, we took the submarine through the channel and stood out to sea.

"I was the only deck officer living, except the Kommandant himself, and I reported to him for instructions. I knew what they should be—down the North Sea and home. But he turned his face to me and he said, 'We have one torpedo remaining, Lieutenant?' I answered yes.

"Then suddenly his voice bit like a lash. 'We will go *south,* into the trade lanes,' he told me."

Lane's head lifted sharply, but the German's eyes were on something beyond. The careful voice went on. "I tried to protest. 'The men won't stand it, sir!' I warned him. 'They've been through enough!'

"'Call them together in the control-room,' he said.

"So they came together, black and silent and starving. But, mein Herr, before they left, *they were cheering him!* It was the power of his will."

The American's voice came levelly, drugged with incredulity. "See here. You don't mean—you *can't* mean—that you turned south intending to torpedo a ship?"

"That was our plan. Just one swift blow, then home, covered with glory. . . . We sighted our first quarry—this morning, very early."

Lane sat quite silent, dazed and sick. "You thought of firing on—us?" he demanded at length.

"We had our last torpedo trained on you."

"I see— Amusing little game. If fate—luck—something—hadn't intervened to blow your damn' ship to atoms, you'd have sunk us?"

"IT WAS not exactly fate that saved you, mein Herr." The blue eyes met his, feverishly. "I was at the periscope when your ship came over the horizon this morning, so clean-lined and—living. Heaven knows I wanted to strike that blow and be free to turn home. But suddenly I remembered the ghastly horror of the Cardiff Castle's sinking, and I knew I couldn't send this ship of yours to the bottom. I kept my place at the periscope, hardly breathing for fear of betraying you. . . . It was uncanny, the way the Kommandant felt your presence. He stopped his pacing at my elbow, and demanded, 'You have sighted something, Lieutenant?'

"I told him it was only a bit of cloud I had seen, but he ordered the helmsman to the periscope and turned full speed toward you. The crew went mad in their anxiety to overtake you. It meant home to them, you see. Then he turned to me. 'Lieutenant, you will go below and make the torpedo ready for firing.'

"I was sick at heart with the whole business. 'That ship is scarcely worth a torpedo, sir,' I pleaded. 'Shan't we try for bigger game?'

"'Do as I say!' he answered coldly.

"*Ach, lieber Gott,* what could I do but obey? I couldn't combat, single-handed, that terrible will. So I went below to the bow torpedo-room to make certain

(*Continued on page 36*)

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"Mobiloil es durable!" That's the way the Mexican motorist says "Mobiloil stands up!" On long hot roads, on steep mountain roads—in Mexico and in every other country—Mobiloil has proved its amazing ability to stand up. This stamina has maintained Mobiloil's world leadership for more than a quarter of a century.

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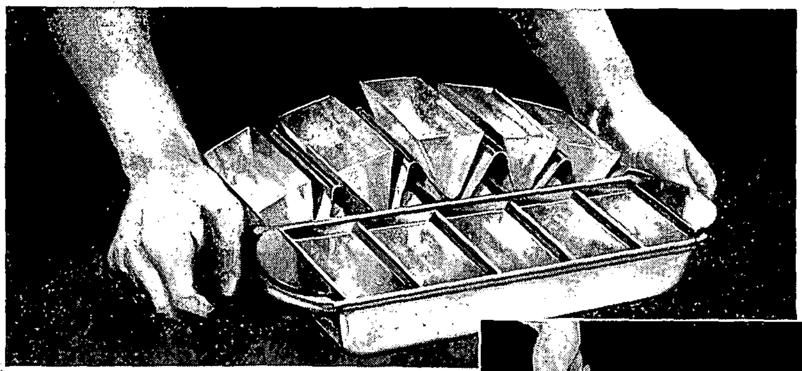
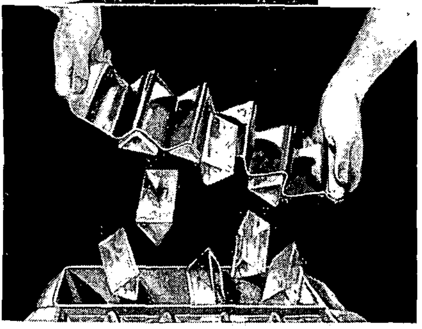
Why All This Mess?

When This is So Easy!





Here's How It Works

All you have to do is place the Easy-Out on a solid surface like a sink or table. Press down sharply on ends of grid with palms of hands as shown in top illustration. Lift out grid and twist or flex. Out pops the ice in the newest shape ICE BARS. Ice forms below as well as above grid.

● ● ●

The Easy-Out is as big an improvement over ordinary trays as ordinary trays were over the old-fashioned ice pick. In fact, the day may come when the conventional ice tray will join the ice pick as a museum piece.

Think of getting ice in the newest shape ICE BARS—without holding either the ice tray or the grid under the water tap. Think of putting ICE BARS into your glass and having them cool your drink faster.

Try this handy new tray and you'll never go back to the old-fashioned kind. Why don't *you* see for *yourself* how much easier and better they are? If you can't get them at your drug store, department store or electric refrigeration dealer's send us your name and address and that of the store you think should carry Easy-Outs, with the exact measurements of the tray you are now using. We will send you as many trays as you want. You pay the postman $2 for the smaller and $2.50 for the larger sizes plus postage, when you receive them. If Easy-Outs do not do all we say, your money will be refunded.

Easy-Out
ALL-METAL TWIN ICE TRAY

Made for All Popular Makes of Electric Refrigerators by
REFRIGERATOR ACCESSORIES DEPARTMENT

McCORD
RADIATOR & MFG. CO. . . . . DETROIT, MICH.

The Blind Commander

Continued from page 34

the torpedo was in its tube. I ordered out the crew to man the guns in case of need, and after a little I returned to where the commander waited beside the row of firing pins. Above the one for the first tube a light glowed in sign that all was ready. I unscrewed the safety cap. . . .

"And then I tried one last, desperate, hopeless plea. But it was useless. The Kommandant only stiffened. Then the helmsman reported, 'Coming into range, sir.' Your ship was stepping into our line of fire as though she had been under orders.

"'Which tube is clear?' the Kommandant demanded of me.

"'The first tube, sir,' I told him. 'I am standing by for orders.'

"FOR an awful fraction of a second he turned his empty eyes square on me as though he could look into my mind. Then he stepped to the firing board. 'I will fire the shot myself,' he said. 'Helmsman, show me the pin.'

"The man lifted his hand to the place. 'On the target, sir!' he reported an instant later.

"The Kommandant pressed the button. And that was our death warrant."

The boy caught a shallow breath, and his next words came tumbling as though a dam had burst. "That 'Ready' signal—it was a lie! I had changed the interlocking devices to flash it so. But I had left the sea-door of the torpedo chamber tight closed, and the war-head of the torpedo struck that steel barrier before ever it left the tube! God knows why I did it! I suppose it was the Cardiff Castle—but they've their revenge now, those drowned men. I'm a traitor, a murderer. . . ." The voice broke on a racking sob. "I've killed the men who served under me, and I—I—*live!*"

Jeremy Lane lifted an expressionless face and closed his hand over the boy's shoulder. "Has it occurred to you that wars sometimes end?" he asked.

". . . end?" The boy grew immobile as a statue under his touch. Only his eyes seemed to be alive. "You don't mean. . . ?"

"The Armistice was signed last November, Lieutenant."

For the length of a dozen heartbeats they held each other's eyes, the German and the American.

"Peace. . . ?"

"For almost half a year."

"*Peace!*" It was an incredulous cry, and into it seemed to go every vestige of strength from the weary body. The voice sank to a breath. "Then if we had torpedoed your ship . . ."

"You would have committed an unspeakable crime. Were you insane, *all* of you, not to think of that possibility?"

Stark horror brushed the boy's face. Gropingly he whispered, "I don't know . . . I don't know. November, you say? Then all those months on the island . . ." He shuddered. "Mein Gott, we must have been mad! Mad! . . . the Kommandant . . . all of us. We had no room in our minds for any word but 'War.' To think that we almost sank a ship. . . ."

"And that you gave your life to prevent it, boy."

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, his lips softened from agony to prayer, as though the words had been a benediction. "You think what I did was not treason?"

"It was a miracle."

"*Peace!*" The shadowy voice caressed the word. "I can't—quite believe it. Not yet. The end—it was sudden? A break in the lines, and all over?"

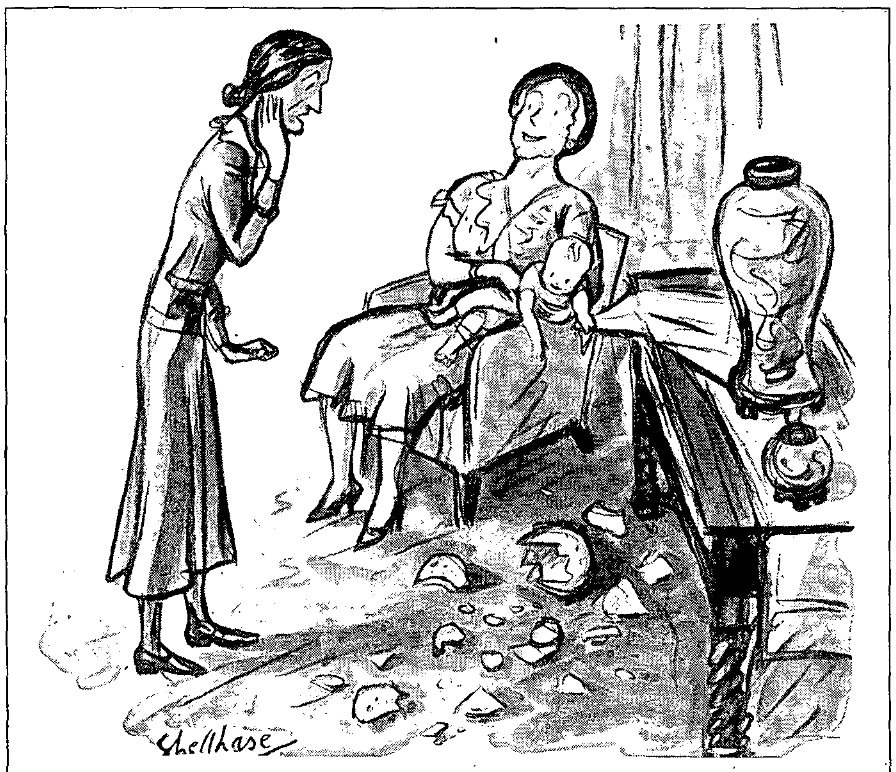
"That was the way of it."

"And we lived through—that day—without knowing! Tell me, my friend, has the Fatherland been generous in victory?"

"Vic . . . ?" Lane caught back his exclamation. "Your country has been so generous," he answered steadily, "that not even the conquered nations can complain."

A SMALL, gay smile touched the pallid lips of the lieutenant; a smile at once eager and vague, as though the blue glance had already been fixed on a point a little beyond anything that Jeremy Lane could see. After a moment he murmured, "Herr Kommandant, I beg to report . . . the Armistice. . . ."

The thin right hand stirred, lifted a little; perhaps in the beginning of a salute.



"My dear, I had no idea she was so strong!"

George Shellhase

If a Metropolitan Field-Man calls, you may be glad to discuss your affairs from a new angle

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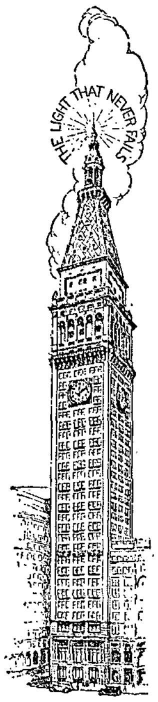
Metropolitan Life Insurance serves the man who is building a real Program of Protection for his family or business; the worker who finds it more convenient to pay for protection in weekly or monthly instalments; and the employer who, in cooperation with his employees, protects hundreds of workers under one policy.

For detailed information consult any Metropolitan Field-Man or write to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

YOU know, of course, more about your personal affairs—how much you earn, how much you own—than your Insurance Representative can possibly know unless you tell him frankly about your income and possessions.

You have ambitions which you hope to realize. You know just how far you would like to go in protecting your future and that of those you care for most.

If you are one of the vast majority you may find it difficult to choose the best kind of protection that you are able to provide at this time.

Here is where a Metropolitan Field-Man can be most useful to you. It is his business to explain to you in plain, simple language how Life Insurance will pay you, your wife, or both of you, a definite sum month after month for a period of years; or how it provides against the foreclosure of a mortgage on a home, or takes care of the education of children.

If you are blessed with a practical-minded wife, it might be a good idea to let her do a little insurance planning. She knows what you are both trying to accomplish and how much you have to work with. Let her put down, in the order of their importance, your family requirements. The Metropolitan Field-Man can tell you both how nearly they can be met through Life Insurance.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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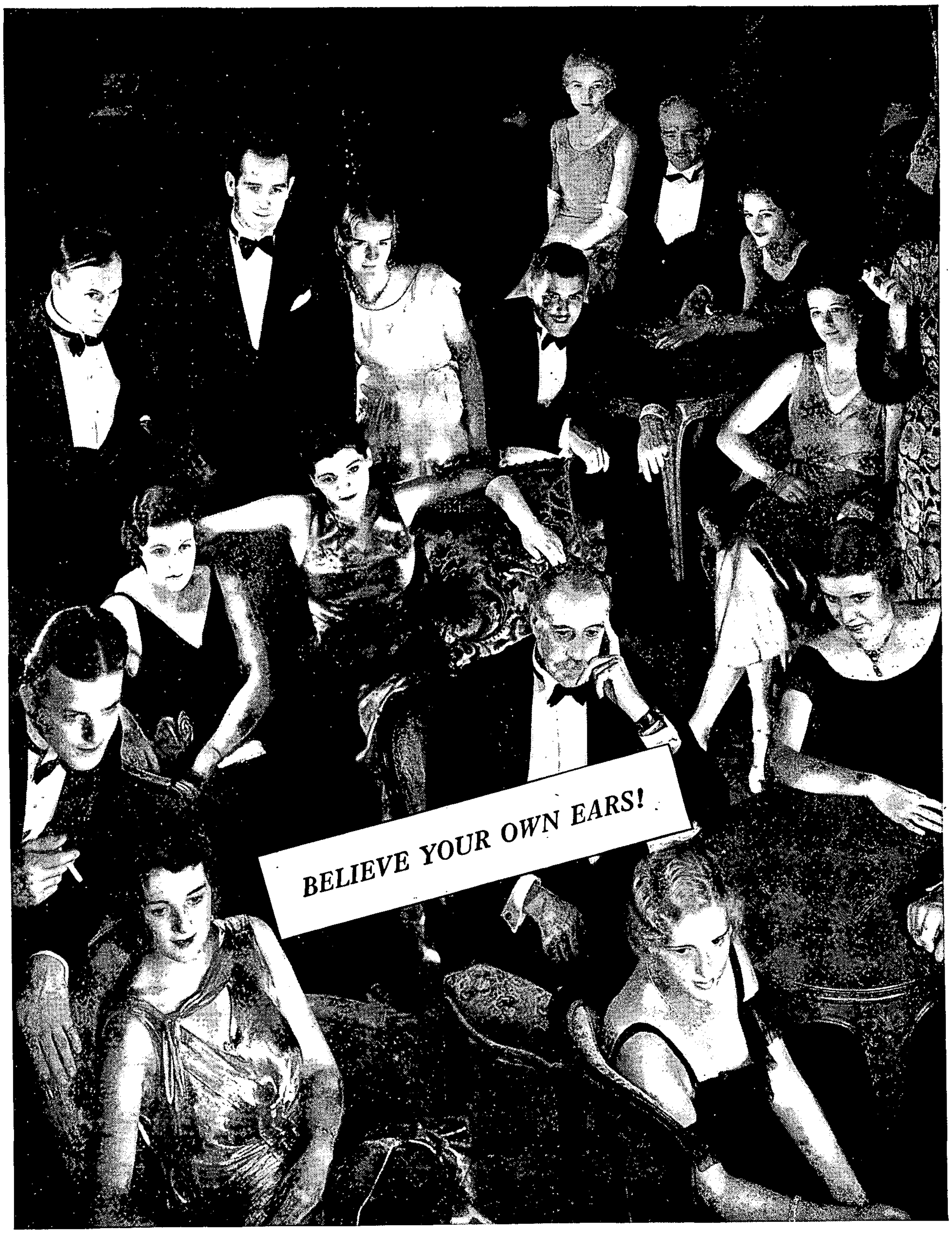
General Electric Radio sails through

Here's why this tone-test was absolutely fair

Each of the four radios competing was the large console model of its manufacturer, bought out of current stock. The G-E Radio had no advantage in tubes—other sets had an equal, or a greater, number. Each set was inspected by an outside, unbiased service man before the test, and pronounced in good working order.

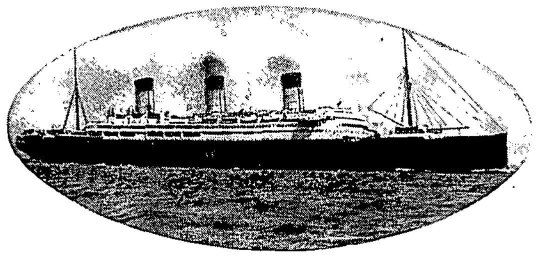
Ballots were tallied by Staff-Captain J. P. G. Bisset, R. D., R. N. R., and Mr. F. E. Owen, Purser. The votes were as follows:

General Electric	173
Radio "A"	42
Radio "B"	20
Radio "C"	13


BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

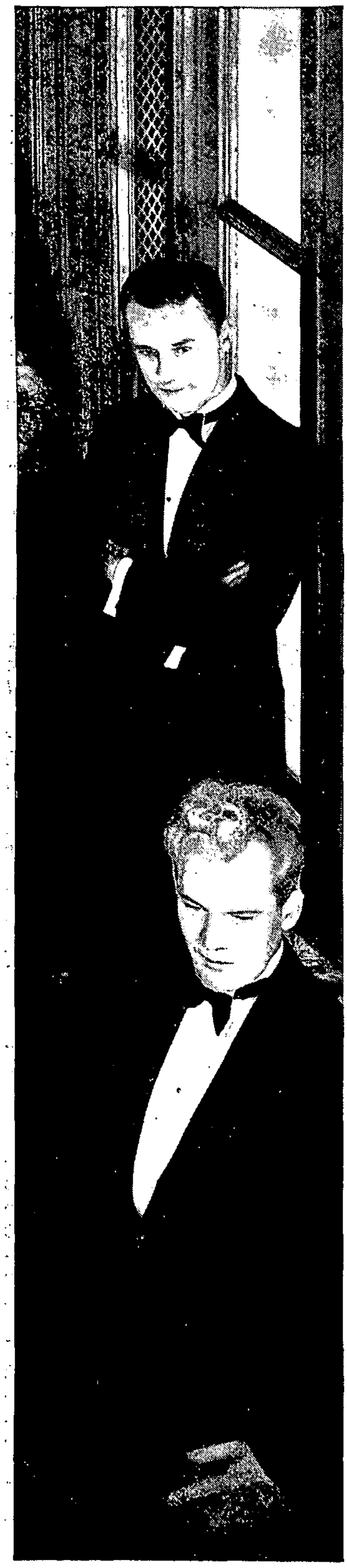
FULL RANGE PERFORMANCE



THE BERENGARIA, LARGEST AND SMARTEST OF CUNARD LINERS

to victory on R.M.S. Berengaria

Passengers hear four hidden radios and give G-E more than twice as many votes as all other sets combined



Somebody has said that comparisons are dangerous. On the palatial Berengaria, General Electric courted danger eagerly and confidently.

The passengers who gathered for this tone-test saw a screen—that and nothing more. Behind this screen were grouped four famous radios—unnamed to the audience except by numbers. One of these sets was a General Electric.

"Believe your own ears," the audience was told. "Listen to these hidden radios and mark your ballot with the number of the set whose tone you like best."

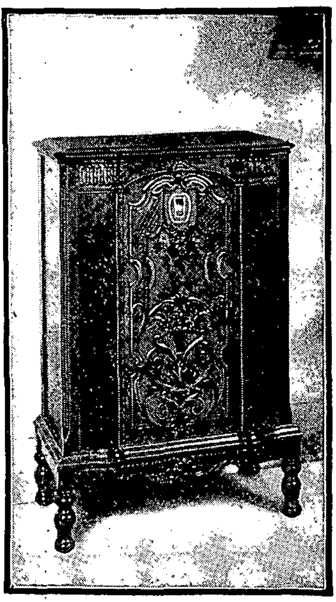
As each radio played, ears alone were judge, jury and court of appeals. The travelled, musically-sophisticated passengers listened, voted—*and gave General Electric 173 out of 248 votes*—over four times the number received by its nearest competitor!

Let your own ears tell you which radio to buy! Repetition has dulled the meaning of the claim "better tone", but comparison between playing radios is eloquent evidence.

Go to a G-E Radio dealer and hear the General Electric sets! In the first bars of music, in the first spoken sentence you hear from these great instruments, you will sense the difference—a greater fidelity to the original, with nothing lost, nothing added, nothing distorted. It is like seeing someone in the flesh after looking at his photograph. See how these brilliant receivers pull in many stations at precise points on the dial, with no fuzziness or overlapping!

Ask about the Certified Inspection Plan. See the many G-E models. General Electric's truer radio reception is within your radio budget, for prices range from $37.50 for the G-E Midget to $345 for the Automatic Radio-Phonograph Combination—and the figure on the price tag means *with tubes.*

SEND FOR IT! Don't fail to write Section R-2710, General Electric Co., Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn., for free copy of booklet "Believe Your Own Ears". An authoritative discussion of what radio reception is doing to our appreciation of music and what G-E has done for radio.



De Luxe Lowboy (*Left*)

Brilliant 10-tube superheterodyne. Two Pentode output tubes. Doubly-shielded chassis. Beautiful brown walnut cabinet of classical design. Price, *complete with tubes*, $164.50.

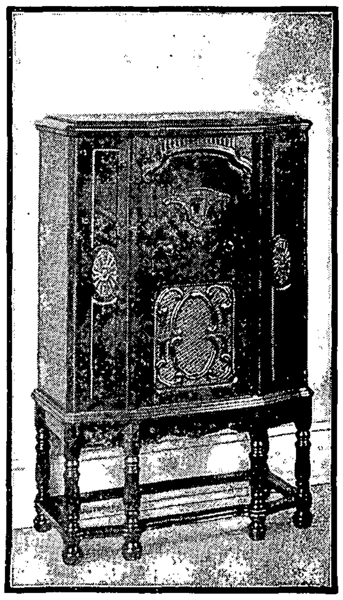
●

G-E Popular Console (*Right*)

A 9-tube superheterodyne with 2 Pentode output tubes. Automatic volume control. Superb brown walnut cabinet, with rich-grained butt walnut overlays. Price, *complete with tubes*, $124.75.

●

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.



RADIO

Good News!

MOLLÉ can be had in three sizes—the original giant 50c tube; in 75c jars containing twice as much as the 50c tube; and in the convenient *traveler's size,* 30c tube.

Read below, our unusual offer.

for Shaving without Brush or Lather
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MOLLÉ
MŌ-LAY
HEALING
SOOTHING
ANTISEPTIC
Shaving Cream
MADE SOLELY BY
THE MOLLÉ CO.
BEDFORD, O. U.S.A.
MADE IN U.S.A.
READ DIRECTIONS
MOLLÉ
MŌ-LAY
HEALING

(Actual size 50c tube)

The *best shave* in your life . . . . or ½ this giant tube FREE

ONCE you use MOLLÉ, you will shave with it all your life. We are so sure of this fact that we now present what we believe to be the most unusual offer ever made by a shaving cream manufacturer.

Buy a tube or a jar of MOLLÉ at any drug store. Use ONE-HALF the entire amount. If then you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving preparation you ever put on your face, return the balance to us and we will refund the entire purchase price.

How can *we* afford to make this nation-wide free offer if MOLLÉ is not THE BEST? How can *you* afford to overlook this convenient and inexpensive way of getting acquainted with a truly revolutionary product . . . a modern shaving cream now used daily by nearly two million men?

That "Delightful After-Feel"

MOLLÉ is giving men quicker, cleaner, and closer shaves. MOLLÉ softens the toughest beard thoroly and quickly. It holds the hairs erect, so that your razor cuts them squarely at the base. MOLLÉ forms a thin lubricant over the skin, allowing your razor to glide, and not jump. Razor-smart and burn are ended.

But best of all is the *after-feel.* Your face feels comfortable and refreshed to a degree that is positively indescribable. No balms, no lotions, are needed, since MOLLÉ is not a soap, but an emollient . . . a soothing, healing preparation in itself.

Give your face a treat . . . get a tube or jar of MOLLÉ today at any drug store. And remember, we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down."

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, BEDFORD, OHIO

SIMPLICITY ITSELF!

No lather to work up. No brush to bother with or clean up afterward. You merely wash your face with soap and water. Then while face is damp, gently rub MOLLÉ *with finger-tips over the beard. Then shave. No* AFTER-LOTIONS *needed. Simplicity itself!*

THROW AWAY YOUR BRUSH

MOLLÉ

PRONOUNCED MŌ-LAY

FOR QUICK EASY SHAVING

Gentleman Mike

Continued from page 18

I shrugged my shoulders. I didn't know. . . .

It was just 8:25, I well remember, when the telephone rang which connects our office direct with that of the city press. This phone was used for bulletins only. I saw Jimmie Durkin grab it.

A pause . . . then his voice:

"Izzy Bloom shot dead in Cicero! Gentleman Mike Enright wounded!" He concluded with typical Durkinesque irrelevance: " 'Curfew shall not ring to-night!' "

IN THE flurry which followed, reporters hurrying, photographers running out with their grips, I found myself rushing for a taxicab with Orville Dwyer and Eddie Johnson.

We went direct to the hospital. There lay Gentleman Mike on a table, with a surgeon preparing to probe for the bullet.

"Hello, Mr. Tolley!" His respect for me was always something enormous. "I got the—" Here an unprintable word. "I gave him the works and then some!" He grimaced with pain. "Seen your girl?"

"No! Where is she?"

"Down at your hospital, looking for you. I put her in a cab and sent her down. I was just in time. . . . He got me first."

The surgeon stood by. They were ready now to give him the anesthetic.

"Time to snooze!" the Gentleman grinned, and those words were the last he ever said. For he never came out of the ether. . . .

The funeral was the usual elaborate gangster affair, outdoing even that of Izzy Bloom.

I attended the ceremony with Janis. We sat up front, quite close to the huge bronze-and-silver casket. She wept while the music was being played, and I must admit I felt weepy, too.

"Get it out of your head that you're to blame," I told Janis, later. "It was bound to happen sooner or later—mostly sooner—he said so himself. And that's just the way he'd have wanted to die—while being polite to a lady."

"But it was so terribly unnecessary. Mr. Jelkie had just told Bloom he'd join that association. He was on his way with the money to meet us. Half an hour more, and I'd have been free."

She was sobbing again.

"*Now* what's the matter?"

"Tom, I'm scared."

"Scared! Scared of what?"

"I don't know. The world, I guess. I don't feel the same as I used to feel. I need— Oh, Tom, do you think if I should ask you nicely, you'd marry me just as quick as you can?"

"If you said *please,* I would."

"I'll even say please."

That was five years ago. There's a young Tolley now, and his name, of course, is Michael.

The Wine Ghost Walks

Continued from page 20

California was approximately 1,200,000 tons. Of this amount 600,000 tons went into raisins, 200,000 tons were consumed as table grapes, 100,000 were used to make wines and concentrates at wineries, and 333,000 tons of grapes rotted on the vines, by order of the Federal Farm Board.

"We could have made that into wine by the vacuum process and have turned a great waste into a beverage which people want and for which they would have paid many millions of dollars to the vineyards," declared Captain Garrett. "We could have given the American people a healthful drink that would take the place of the gin and whisky which is undermining the health and the morals of this country. Wine is the solution of the temperance problem.

"Toxics are formed by improper yeasts at work in improper elements. If you use the right yeasts in the proper elements, you don't develop the toxic poisons which Americans are imbibing today, and which are bad for physical tissues, mental development and moral fiber.

"I have studied for years the effects of toxics on people. I remember a visit I made years ago, one evening in New York, to a wine cellar in Little Italy, a beer garden, and then later on, a whisky joint. In the wine cellar, everyone was gay and friendly. The young fellow at the next table introduced me to his girl. Everybody was congenial. At the beer hall, they had a band and fine music, but everyone was sitting around with a long face, sleepy, stolid, soulful. At the whisky place, the crowd was rough, boisterous, full of fight—I was glad to get out of it.

"Bad drinks, bad traits. Good drinks, good traits. I have been trying to find a university with courage enough to put on an alcoholic test. I want one group to be given beer, another whisky, a third old wine, and finally, a fourth, our new wine, made by our new processes.

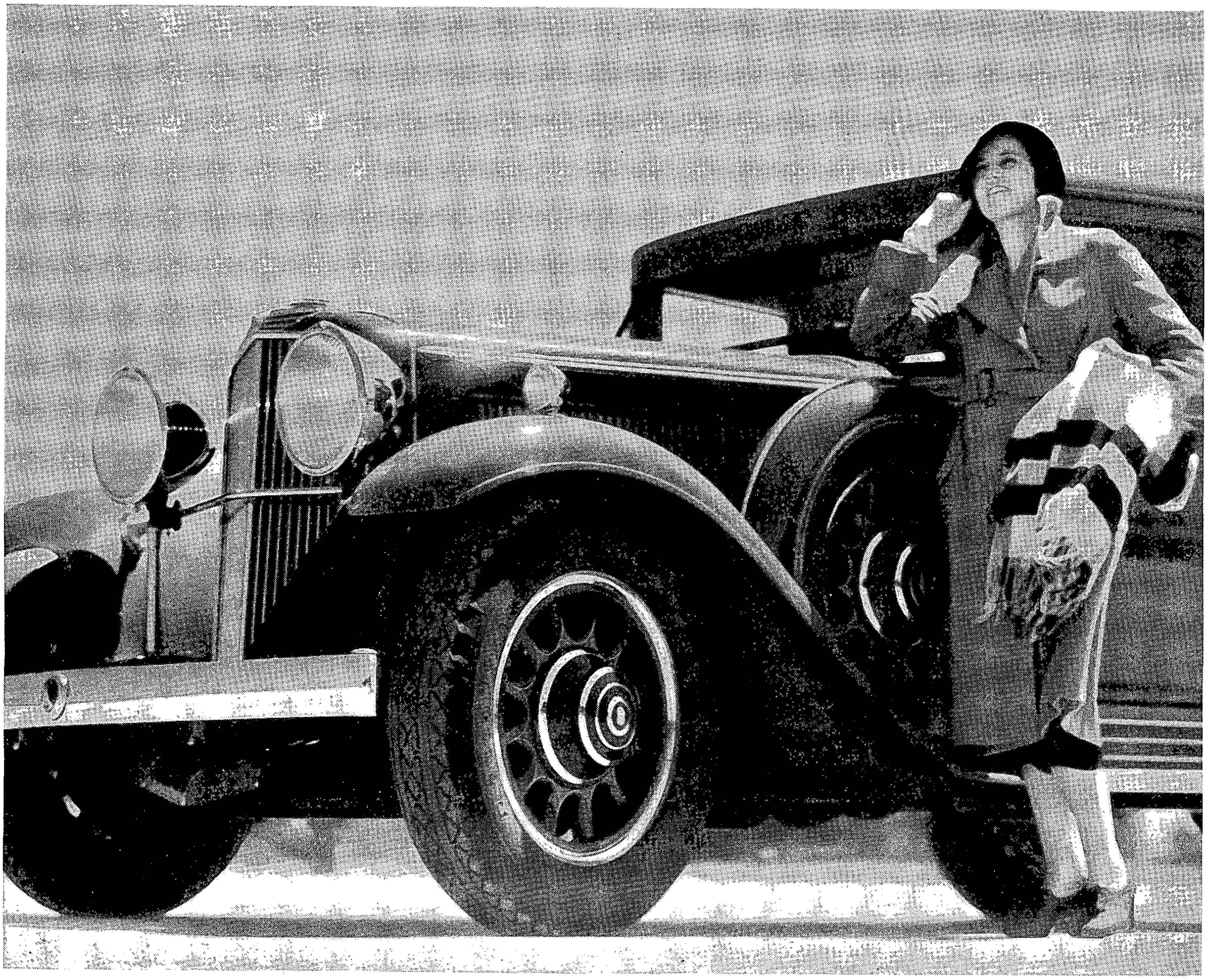
"I believe that a series of these tests would develop a sane way to deal with the prohibition problem. I'm an old man now. I haven't many years to live. But I hope to see the day when this industry may be removed from Shadowland, and when good healthful wines may be substituted for gin and whisky which is eroding this nation's health and moral fiber.

The Testimony of Ages

"For ages, the strongest, most progressive and most healthful nations have used wines in moderation. In the Middle Ages it was discovered that wine had in it some quality for counteracting the ravages of typhoid and other germs. It was a healthful drink, desired by all strong nations.

"When the Norsemen discovered America, they were so impressed at finding wild grapes growing near the shores that they called the new country Vinland. When the British under Sir Walter Raleigh sought to establish the first Virginia colonies, they wanted wines from the grapes which they could not grow in England. The Spaniards and the French planted vines, wherever they settled. Development of vineyards and of wine has grown apace with nations.

"I am religious enough to believe that the Maker intended wine to have its place in the fitness of things. Somehow I cannot believe there is wrong in the drink which Christ created as His first miracle and which He used at His Last Supper."



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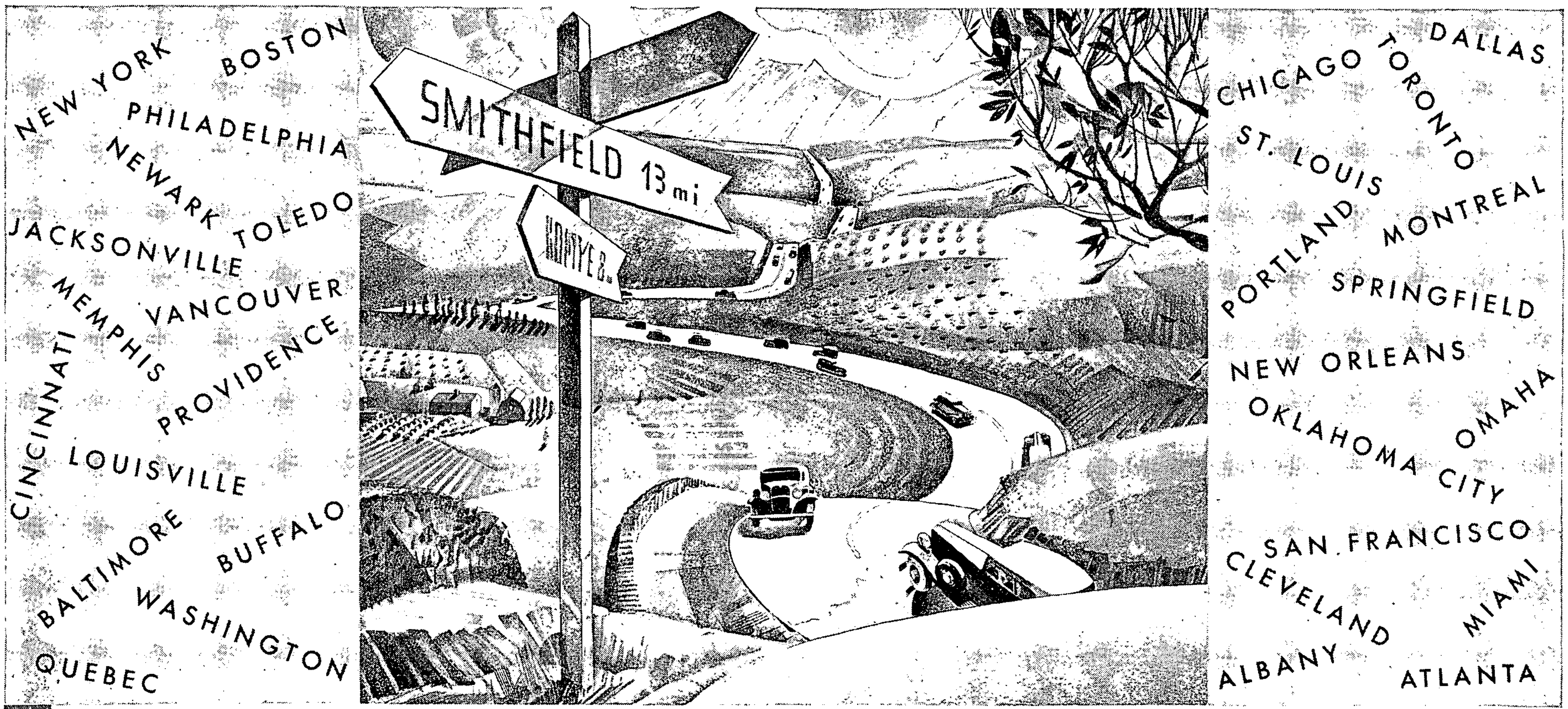
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MILEAGE—the acid test! Imagine 6,237 Thread-Rubber batteries with a total of over 200 million miles of actual service! Cars of all makes and sizes . . . all types of drivers . . . every conceivable condition of road and weather—with every section of the United States and Canada a proving ground. What evidence!

Think of individual totals of 100 . . . 150 . . . and 175 thousand miles per battery—a grand average of over 33,000 miles apiece—and consider that more than 70 per cent of these batteries had never been out of their cars. Uninterrupted service!

Finally, add the fact that every one of the batteries had to show at least 20,000 miles of service to be considered—and that, when speedometer readings were taken, every one of them was still going strong!

Thread-Rubber owners know the satisfaction of buying *dependable mileage* in a storage battery. Take this important point into consideration when you buy your next battery—and you'll buy a Willard. You can count on them to deliver the mileage!

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WILLARD BATTERIES DELIVER MAXIMUM SPEEDOMETER MILES FOR THE MONEY

Whether you drive five, ten, or twenty thousand miles a year, be sure that the next battery you buy will deliver *dependable* mileage. The safest way is to buy a Willard. Actual service records have *proved* their constant reliability and long mileage life.

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Caged Songbird

Continued from page 15

concluded that the honeymoon was over and she was ready to do a little looking around. She put them in their place very promptly. But she told her troubles to Martha, with whom she used to lunch when she went to town on occasional shopping trips. (Martha had a part-time job now; it paid little more than enough to hire a nurse for the baby, but it was training her for a full-time job.) And Paula found Martha curiously unsympathetic.

"Why don't you make up your mind what you want?" she demanded. "Eat or diet, whichever you like; but don't put the burden on Gil. And either pick up your music again and work at it, or make a thorough job of what you're doing and have some children. You know Gil wants them."

"But you've said you sometimes wish you hadn't had a baby!"

"I'd like to have six, if I'd married a man like Gil. But when I didn't have any more sense than to pick out a lazy rummy—"

IT SHOCKED Paula to learn that Martha meant to divorce Pete if he didn't brace up. Against the shock she needed sustenance; for a week she ate what she wanted. Then she gathered up her courage, got on the bathroom scale, and came rushing out to demand why Gil didn't make her stick to her diet. He told her to make herself stick to it, one word led to another, and she began to understand how you could think of divorcing your husband.

But she didn't think of it seriously till she met Rufus Harrington.

He was a client of Gil's, important enough to be asked out to Pelham for dinner. They had a maid now, but she couldn't cook as well as Paula; so that night Paula cooked the dinner. It was excruciating torment, since she wouldn't dare do more than nibble at it; so when Rufus Harrington first saw her, her lovely face was shadowed by dissatisfaction. It startled him; he liked Gil and hadn't dreamed his wife might be unhappy.

Paula liked Harrington. He was fifteen years older than Gil—austerely handsome, with an ease of manner that meant generations of good breeding. He had spent his life taking care of the fortune his father had left him and cultivating the more refined recreations. Among other things he was fond of music; so after dinner Paula sang for him.

"But you're a professional!" he cried. (This was while Gil was in the kitchen, fixing some highballs.) "You should be on the concert stage!"

"I almost was, once. But I married before my début."

"What a pity! . . . I mean," he said, "your husband's a wonderful chap. But I can't understand sacrificing such a career as you might have had—"

"Ah, well!" Her brows lifted. "When one falls in love—"

He remembered, now, that Gil and his wife had been college classmates; and evidently they'd taken a boy-and-girl romance too seriously. Paula's elusive dissatisfaction was accounted for—an artist, condemned to the kitchen! . . . She left the piano, lit a cigarette. And before Gil came back from the kitchen with the highballs she had promised that next time she came to town on a shopping trip she'd call Harrington up and let him take her to lunch.

Now they meant no harm—neither of them. Paula broke her diet the next day and forgot her dissatisfaction. As for Harrington, he was no despoiler of homes; in fact he'd always been rather shy of women. He'd never met a woman quite so beautiful as Paula; but at first he told himself that he was only showing ordinary courtesy to his lawyer's wife, and then—when his interest in music had begun to revive hers—that to encourage her to cultivate her talent would in the long run make for her happiness and her husband's too. Nothing might have come of it if Gil's law firm hadn't sent Gil to Seattle to look after the interests of some minority stockholders; and if prolonged litigation hadn't kept him away six months. He did his job so well that he was taken into partnership when he came back to New York; but while he was away things had happened.

Some of them he had learned from Paula's letters—that she had started singing lessons again, with another teacher, and that Martha had got her divorce; others he didn't learn till he came home, and kissed her—and she turned her lips away.

"Please don't, Gil. I'm afraid I'm through with that. . . . You see," she explained desperately, "I've fallen in love with somebody else." He looked just the same, but she knew he wasn't. "I really did love you, darling, when I married you; in a way I love you still. If only you hadn't gone away—"

"That couldn't be helped. Who's the man? . . . Harrington, eh? I see."

"Gil, I'm terribly sorry! You've been so sweet to me—"

"It's all right, Paula. Harrington's a good fellow. If—if you're absolutely sure he's what you want—" He saw that she was. "All right," he said quietly. "I suppose you'd like to go to Reno? And in the meantime—It's lucky I haven't unpacked; I can go right back to town and stay at the club. As for the house, we might as well sell it—"

You can't tell how these quiet, trustworthy fellows feel from the way they look. He didn't want to sell the house where he had lived with Paula; he wanted to take an ax and chop it down, hack it to splinters, then burn the splinters and cut his throat beside the bonfire. But people don't do things like that. . . . Besides, it wasn't her fault; and he ought to be grateful for the two years she had given him. . . .

BUT hope dies hard; the next day he called up the one person in New York who knew Paula better than he did. Martha Anderson had a full-time job now, with a salary big enough to support an apartment for herself and the baby and the nurse. She didn't seem surprised when Gil asked if he might drop in about six o'clock; she told him to come along, and had a cocktail ready for him. And when he told her what had happened—

"I saw it coming," she said. "Before Paula did, I imagine. But, Gil, you aren't going to—to just let her go, are you?"

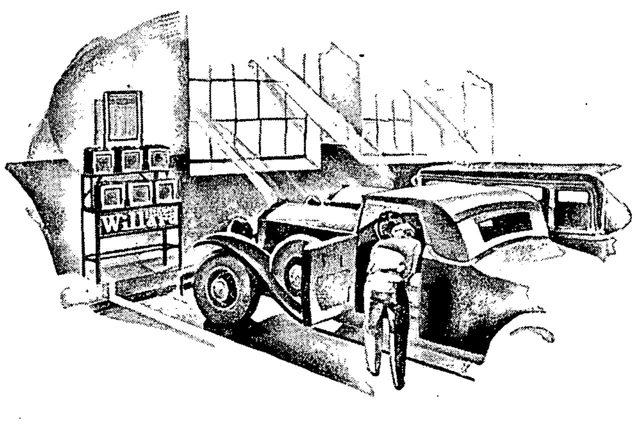
"I don't know what else I can do if she feels that way."

"You don't know! Haven't you got any technique? Paula needs managing. If you'd used the strong hand—"

"Maybe; but I'm not made that way. . . . You see," he explained, "I never dared to believe it would last. Considering who she was, and who I was, I always felt as if she were a wonderful painting that I had for a while on loan exhibition; but pretty soon it would have to go back where it be-

(*Continued on page 44*)

WILLARD SERVICE
WILL GIVE YOU MORE MILEAGE
FROM ANY MAKE OF BATTERY



Your nearest Willard dealer is a battery specialist . . . skilled in battery care. Let him give your battery proper attention regularly. Willard Service will prolong its life, *give you more battery mileage*, and keep it constantly dependable. And the Willard service he offers is given without charge—on all makes of batteries.

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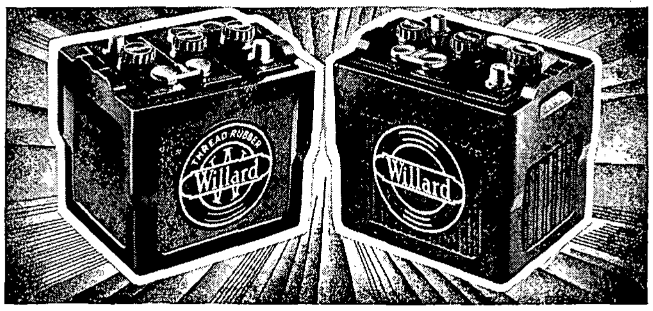

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SAFETY GLASS
PROTECTION FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

SCHOOL DAYS are happy days—but they can be turned into days of tragedy by ignoring Common Sense precautions. Every morning and every evening throughout the fall, winter and spring, your children will be carried to and from school in buses—in your family car—or in some form of transportation. Every day they will be subjected to the dangers of motor traffic—and the greatest of these dangers is broken, flying glass.

Safety Glass is the only protection against this danger. Thinking parents insist that their children ride only in vehicles equipped with Safety Glass. Insist that the school bus in which *your* children ride is equipped with Safety Glass—be sure *your own* car has it. You are entitled to this security. Libbey-Owens-Ford Safety Glass is a perfected product—manufactured by an exclusive process which provides unusual clarity of vision and long life. When Safety Glass is so easily obtainable it is only Common Sense to demand it.

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Manufacturers of Highest Quality Flat Drawn Window Glass, Polished Plate Glass and Safety Glass; also distributors of Figured and Wire Glass manufactured by the Blue Ridge Glass Corporation of Kingsport, Tenn.

The following are users of L·O·F Safety Glass: Packard, Graham, Studebaker, Franklin, Reo, Willys, Willys-Knight and Ford. It is also used in Dietrich and Le Baron Custom Bodies, Reo Speed Wagons, Paige Commercial Cars, Twin Coaches, Brill Trolley Buses, Cincinnati Trackless Trolley Coaches, Bender Bus Bodies, Hackney and Springfield School and Passenger Bus Bodies, White School Buses, York Hoover School Bus Bodies, Stinson Aircraft Gar Wood Boats and Matthews Cruisers.

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
SAFETY GLASS

(Continued from page 43)

longed. And Harrington's so much better suited to her than I was—"

"So you're determined to go right on being the way you're made, no matter what it costs you," Martha finished. "All right, Gil, if you're set on it; but it isn't the way to get what you want."

But he didn't see what else he could do. He kept thinking about it after Paula had gone to Reno, after he sold the house and took an apartment in town. Martha was right; Paula needed managing. She knew it herself, had asked him to do it. He wasn't made that way; but another man, a new man, a man with whom Paula was in love— So just before Paula's divorce was granted he called on Harrington, who obviously wondered if Gil had come to shoot him.

"G-glad to see you, Mayhew," he stammered.

"Glad to hear it," said Gil grimly. "I've come to say something about Paula. Yes, I know it's bad taste and all that, but it may help make her happy. You want her to be happy and so do I—more than I want anything else on earth. You've got to believe that!"

"Oh, I quite believe it." Gil's fierce intensity would have convinced any man; especially one who knew how calm he was, normally.

"IT MAY seem queer," Gil pursued, "for her first husband to tell her second husband how to be happy with her. But she and I made a mess of things; I—I didn't learn how to get on with her till it was too late. If I can help you to get on with her better, it's all I can hope for now. . . . Harrington, she needs managing. She's an artist, with a temperament. I didn't realize that in time; but you— You're so much better fitted for her, in every way, than I was—"

"Oh, not at all," Harrington murmured modestly. But he knew it was true, and Gil's generous admission of the fact commanded confidence. "Er—what sort of management do you think she requires, Mayhew?"

"Well—she's always talking about her diet. She needs to diet, but she hasn't got the— I mean, she isn't the type to do it herself; somebody's got to make her diet. A man she loves, a man who knows how to use a technique on her, could do it; and you'd both be happier. . . . And cigarettes do hurt her throat. It didn't matter when she'd given up her music, but now that she's going on with it—" He stopped, shivering. "Maybe you think I'm crazy," he said. "All this sounds foolish, and of course it's bad form and all that. But if only she can be happy, this time—"

"I quite understand. Your attitude's very generous, Mayhew."

But Harrington wondered, when Gil had gone, if he did understand. . . . And then he remembered a Mrs. Anderson, whom he had once met. She was apparently Paula's best friend in New York; and she knew Gil, too. Perhaps she could help him. . . .

Mrs. Anderson only laughed when Harrington told her his worries.

"If that isn't like Gil Mayhew! . . . I hope you believed him."

"Oh, I have the highest respect for him, Mrs. Anderson. But in such a situation I couldn't help wondering if perhaps he weren't using a—a very subtle technique." And Martha laughed again.

"He wouldn't use a technique even if he had one; it would be against his principles. Gil is absolutely mad about Paula. And he's absolutely right about her; she does need managing. Take his advice and I'm sure you'll both be happy."

It would be a pleasant break in the monotony, Martha reflected, if somebody should be happy—even if it were somebody who didn't deserve to be.

THE début of Mme. Paula Harrington was one of the most important events of the next winter's music season. At least so said the publicity that flooded the music magazines and the Sunday papers for weeks beforehand; the ablest and most costly public-relations counsel in New York had been hired by Mme. Harrington's husband to prepare the ballyhoo, and it was immensely successful. On most of the papers the head music critic decided that he had better cover this important recital himself; and of the three thousand seats in Carnegie Hall (Paula had scorned a début in a little place) as many as two hundred were sold for cash—a high percentage, for a début. The rest were given away to friends of the artist's husband, so the whole house was a claque.

Paula had a splendid stage presence—slim body and lovely arms, an exquisite face faintly shadowed by an elusive dissatisfaction. True, the voice that had seemed so big in the parlor was rather lost in the vastnesses of Carnegie Hall; but the house applauded thunderously, and at the end of the program a whole truckload of flowers was sent up to the stage, not more than ninety per cent of which had been purchased by Rufus Harrington. At least one large basket of roses that went up without a card was the tribute of a gentleman who had bought two seats on the aisle in the sixth row and had invited an old college classmate, a Mrs. Anderson, to go with him.

Gil sometimes wondered how he'd have got through these last months without Martha. He had barely known her in college—like Paula, she had been far above him—and while his marriage lasted he had seen her only as Paula's best friend. But when Paula went away he began hanging around Martha because she reminded him of Paula, and gradually he realized that she was an excellent person. He admired and liked her—liked her realism, her common sense, her absolute dependability.

SO WHEN he wanted to go dancing, or to take a woman to dinner or the theater, he took Martha. She wasn't beautiful, but she'd acquired a metropolitan smartness; in the new evening gown and cape she wore to Paula's début she was a woman any man would be proud to be seen with. . . . Afterward they stopped in at her apartment to talk over the evening.

"Well, she's got what she wanted," said Gil cheerfully. "Harrington helped, of course, but she always had the talent. With a smashing success like this she's risen out of our class." Martha stroked his hands.

"Poor Gil! It must have been torture for you."

"Oh, I didn't mind it much . . . thanks to you, Martha."

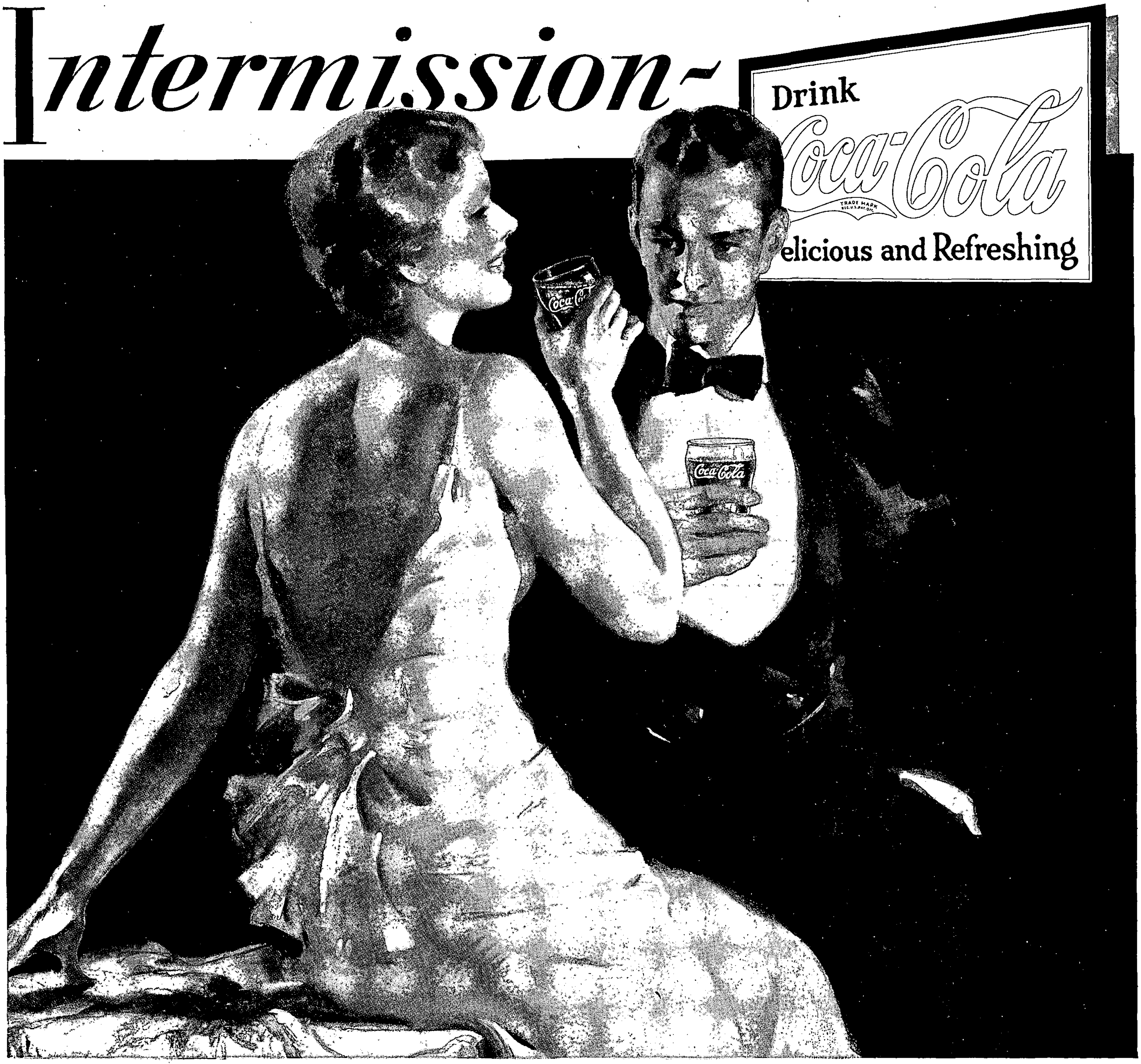
"I—I'm glad if I can help you," she said unsteadily. Then, because he liked her and was grateful to her—and perhaps because his hands were tingling in hers—he leaned over and kissed her; and suddenly she clung to him. "Gil dear, if you'd only let me try to make you a little bit happy—"

"My God!" he said. "You do make me happy, Martha. But— But—"

"Oh, I know you're still in love with her, but I don't care. We're both lonesome—a couple of loose ends. I'm not asking you to marry me, Gil; I get along fine, with my baby and my little apartment. I wouldn't give up my freedom for anything." She wondered if he guessed that she'd give her eyes

(Continued on page 46)

Intermission—



It's just a pause . . . you can make it *the pause that refreshes*

Scenes like the picture above are always before you around theatres and at dances. So will you welcome ice-cold Coca-Cola on the happiest occasions—to make intermissions *the pause that refreshes.* This great drink gives you a tingling, delicious taste. It quenches thirst. It leaves a wholesome, cool after-sense of refreshment.

And remember this about Coca-Cola: It contributes to the busy day in stores, offices and workshops the same life and sparkle. Only a minute is long enough to enjoy it to the full. The minute is never lost. It means a fresh start, and you do more work and better work. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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Grantland Rice — Famous
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How precisely Tek fits even the sharp curve behind your front teeth! Its *Better Bristles* trained against the danger spots where stain and tartar form. Tek carries no leisure bristles as old-fashioned brushes do. But each well-placed, springy tuft does efficient work at every stroke—cleaning teeth and vitalizing gums. See and feel Tek's *Better Shape* and *Better Bristles*—its double value at no extra cost. Sterilized, Cellophane-sealed and guaranteed. Tek is a product of

Johnson & Johnson
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Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

Caged Songbird

Continued from page 44

to marry him, and keep house for him and bring up his children; but he must understand that she wasn't asking that much. "If you'll just let me try to make you happy, my dear—"

"Martha, I wish we could. You're probably the best person I ever knew. But Paula— Well, there it is. That's the way I'm made."

"And you're bound to go right on being that way, aren't you?" She managed to smile. "All right, my dear, if you must. I—I hope you won't feel you have to stop seeing me, anyway. And please remember this, Gil—I might have used a technique on you, but I didn't feel as if it would be decent, with a man I care so much about. . . . No, never mind me. I'm not crying! Go on home, Gil. I—I guess we both have to be the way we're made."

WHEN he woke the next morning he realized that the one bright spot in his life was going to be taken out of it; he'd have to stop seeing Martha. If he kept on seeing her they'd drift into an affair; and because he liked her so much, because he knew irregularity wasn't her style—above all, because she was too good for a second best—the affair would end in a marriage . . . Well? Nobody could want a better wife than Martha. But it would be a still worse second best for her to tie herself up in marriage with a man who wanted another woman, however irrationally. Second best was good enough for some people, but he liked her too well to inflict it on her.

Gloomily, he got out of bed, and picked up the morning papers and read the music columns with increasing dismay. The critics hadn't been harsh with Paula; they hadn't seemed to think it was worth while. So that was the end of Paula's career. . . .

He supposed that only three people in New York would care much, and Mr. and Mrs. Harrington could console each other. But what could Gil Mayhew do if it was no longer safe to go to Martha for consolation? . . . What he did do, of course, was to go down to the office as usual; and when he got there he found he was going to have to hurry off to Fort Worth to look after the interests of another batch of minority stockholders. Once before minority stockholders had got him into trouble, but he was grateful to them, now.

He was away for three months; and when he came back, New York seemed a strange town. He didn't dare to call on Martha; he didn't want to see anybody else. It was partly loneliness, partly a real love for music that had grown on him while he was married to Paula, that led him on Friday night to the Philharmonic concert at Carnegie Hall. In the intermission he went out to smoke on the stairs, like everybody else—and there was Paula. Paula, by herself. She came to him, both hands outstretched.

"Oh, hello!" she said, smiling. "How lovely to see you!"

He could only gulp, and turn red and cling to her hands. At last—

"Where's Harrington?" he managed to ask. She laughed.

"He was in Reno when I last heard of him. But I don't suppose he's there any more, now that he's got his decree."

"His decree? Paula!" People were trooping past them, going back to their seats. "We don't want to hear the rest of this, do we?" he demanded. "Let's go out and—and have something to eat."

"No—I'm dieting. Of my own accord. Come up to my apartment, Gil—it's only two minutes' walk—and tell me what you've been doing."

Sheer amazement kept him dumb till he saw her apartment—a single tiny room, a shower and a kitchenette that were only remodeled closets.

"Why do you have to live in this hole?" he asked. "Didn't Harrington—"

"Oh, he'd have been quite generous about the alimony, but I didn't want any. I'd lived on other people's money all my life; I thought for a change I'd see if I couldn't live on my own. And I can!"

"You mean you've got a job?"

"I'm working for a concert agency. Martha would have got me a job, but I wanted to do it myself. I can't sing, but I've learned a good deal about musicians. I earn my thirty-five a week."

"Thirty-five a week?" he groaned. "Paula, what happened?"

"Well, we had a terrible quarrel the morning after my recital, when we read the reviews. They were absolutely right; I knew it. But Rufus said he'd see the business managers of the papers and have the critics fired—I believe he really thought he could—and I'd go right on with my career. And when I said I wouldn't we got into a row, and so—"

"But didn't you make up afterward? You and I used to."

"I was past the making-up point with Rufus, by that time. All we had in common was my career, and when I saw it was a failure, and thought of all I'd given up for it and found he expected me to go right on— Well, I decided I couldn't stand his intolerable cruelty any longer."

"Cruelty?" Gil wouldn't have supposed Harrington would hurt a fly. "You don't mean he beat you?"

"No, he never beat me; mental torture was what he loved. He began it on the honeymoon; every time I wanted a piece of pastry, or a pat of butter, or cream in my coffee, he stopped me; he said it would make me fat. And when I was tired and nervous and started to light a cigarette, he'd take it away from me and tell me it would ruin my voice—"

"I see. . . . Yes, I suppose that sort of thing would get on your nerves, now that I think of it. . . . But you're hard to please," he told her, grinning. "You used to get sore at me because I wouldn't make you diet."

"I know, dear, I was dreadful. But you treated me like a grown-up woman, if only I'd had sense enough to appreciate it. Rufus treated me like a naughty child. And when I think of what I did to you—how I wrecked our marriage for a man like that— Oh, you ought to hate me, Gil!"

"But I don't hate you." He looked at her, and she looked at him, and suddenly the air was full of electricity. "Paula!" he said shakily.

"My dear! I—I haven't the right to ask you for another chance—"

"Ask me? Good God, you don't have to ask me! I know it would only be a second best for you," he admitted. "I used to think second best wasn't good enough. But I'd rather be your second best than anybody else's first—"

"Who says you'd be second best for me?" she broke in fierily.

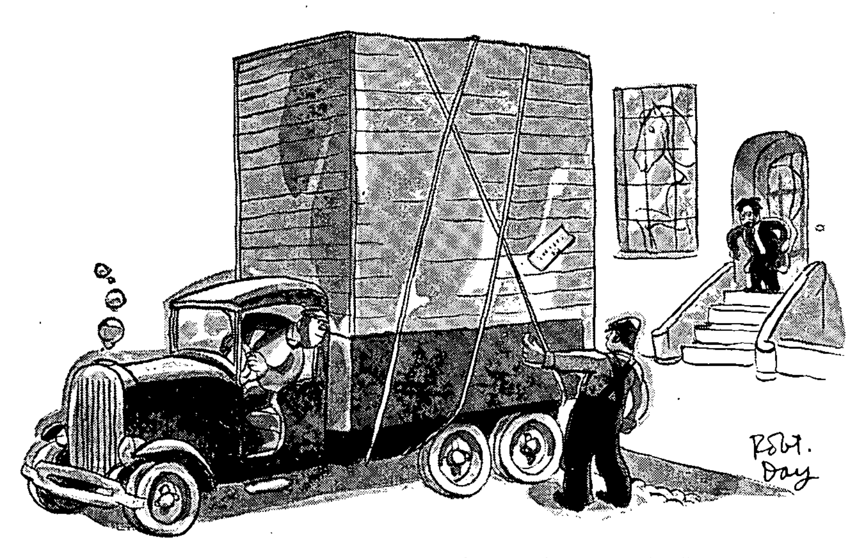
"Well, I know you always wanted—" Her soft laughter stopped him.

"Gil dear, I want everything. I want to be a great singer, and I want to keep house for you and bring up your children. I want to eat anything I like and still keep my figure; I want to smoke as much as I please and not hurt my voice. But you can't have everything. I'm a rotten singer, but I'm a first-rate cook; and I might be pretty good at bringing up children, if you'll give me another chance."

SO THEY bought another house in Pelham—a big house, but they've got it pretty well filled up now, with three servants and four children. Sometimes Paula sings for their friends after dinner—very well, as parlor voices go. Sometimes she diets, and looks subtle and elusive; and sometimes she casts discretion to the winds for a week or two. But she never asks her husband to make up her mind for her; she's proud that he treats her like a grown-up woman, with absolute candor and straightforwardness.

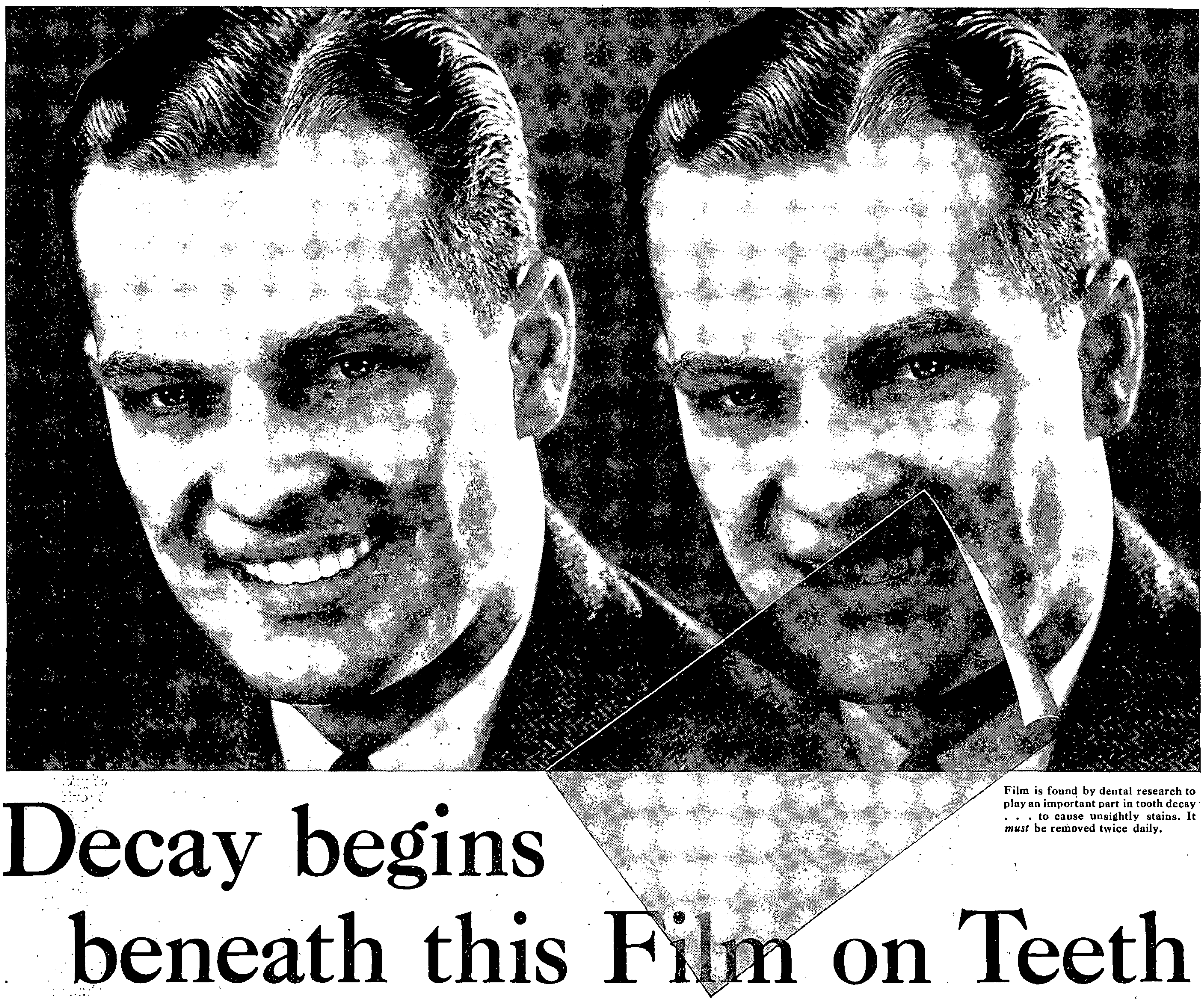
There's an old college classmate who comes out for an occasional week-end, bringing her little girl—a Mrs. Anderson, very smart and metropolitan-looking, who holds down a good job in town. Several men of some consequence would like to marry Mrs. Anderson, but she doesn't seem interested; which rather distresses Paula. Though of course, she tells Martha, it isn't every woman who'd have the luck to find a man like Gil, who respects his wife too much to use a technique on her.

To all of which Martha agrees, but she'll always wonder if Gil didn't know exactly the right technique to use on Paula's second husband.



The sculptor: "Good night! Another rejection"

Robert Day



Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly stains. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Decay begins beneath this Film on Teeth

COMBAT IT!—Remove film, eat the right foods, see your dentist—the 3 great rules. Science finds teeth must be protected from "within" and from "without."

LOOK on tooth and gum disorders as you would at common bodily diseases. That will make them easier to understand and master. Before decay or other troubles can triumph there must be two prime conditions. First: germs of infection must be present—active, vigorous—ready to attack. Second: natural resistance must be low and hence *invite* attack.

To build natural resistance against decay and gum disorders eat the right foods. Foods containing minerals and vitamins. (Refer to diet hints on this page.) Eat them to make teeth harder and to make gums firm and give them tone.

Remove film

But, regardless of your natural resistance, the sensible thing to do is to remove the germs associated with tooth troubles.

To remove these germs from teeth, remove film. For film is their breeding ground. It glues germs against the teeth so tightly ordinary brushing cannot remove them. The stains from food and smoking are absorbed by film. It fills every tiny crevice in enamel. Film is hard to reach and hard to remove. So to meet this need Pepsodent was developed. Today Pepsodent has become the *special film-removing* tooth paste at home and in 67 foreign countries.

Now, a new discovery

Pepsodent's unique action is due to a revolutionary polishing and cleansing agent. One that is SAFE and gentle. One twice as soft as that commonly used in other tooth pastes. Because of its great safety, Pepsodent is recommended widely for the delicate teeth of children.

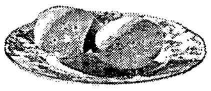
Yet with all its softness Pepsodent cleanses teeth and polishes enamel to a degree heretofore unknown. In fact, many who once despaired of ridding teeth of ugly stains now possess the lovely teeth they've envied.

See your dentist

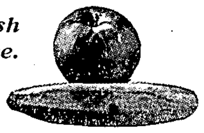
And besides the proper diet and removing film each day, one thing remains: See your dentist regularly. Let him direct your fight for sturdy teeth.

Further than this there's nothing left to do. It's science's own prescription.

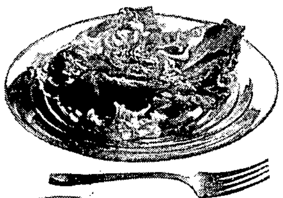
Include these in your diet:



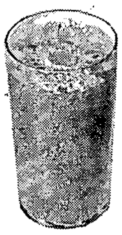
One or two eggs; depending on your age.



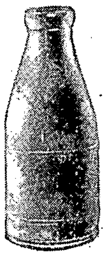
Raw fruit and fresh vegetables you like.



Head lettuce, cabbage or celery.



½ lemon mixed with orange juice to make 1 pint.



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Look at the pictures. See what happens in the ordinary battery as the plates bounce and rub and buckle. See how they are held in place—evenly spaced—"LOCKED TITE"—fully protected—in Vesta Consolidated Plate-Lock Batteries.

We repeat—This is the only battery with this OUTSTANDING PROTECTION. Guards against PLATE-BUCKLING, CHAFING and SHORT-CIRCUITING—the cause of most battery failures.

The prices of batteries with the Plate-Lock are now down among the prices of ordinary batteries. Ask any Vesta or Consolidated dealer how the Plate-Lock protects the battery.

Remember the PLATE-LOCK—ONLY VESTA CONSOLIDATED HAS IT. Replace your failing battery with a Vesta or Consolidated Plate-Lock Battery.

NEW LOW PRICES: Vesta Consolidated Plate-Lock Batteries (13 plate) $9.95.

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Prevents This

VESTA
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QUALITY SINCE 1897

So this is Russia!

Continued from page 9

to retract. He usually retracts—deftly of course. Hence so many evasive newspaper accounts of the Soviet rule, and so many half-truths.

One of the reasons I rejoiced at my Russian opportunity was that I would be in Moscow on May Day. And May Day in Red Square came a little closer to that familiar American product—the ballyhoo—than anything else I saw. That superb showman, Mr. Tex Rickard, couldn't have done better, and I happen to know something of his splendid genius. I thought of him that day.

An Impressive Setting

The very size of Red Square would have appealed to Mr. Rickard as a site for one of his battles of the century. It is three fifths of a mile long and four hundred and twenty-three feet wide. On one side is the shadowy Kremlin, above whose Passky gate the bells sing the Internationale twice a day and the Revolutionary Funeral March at three and nine. Across is the Kitai Gorod, once the residence of the merchants and now the offices of the great agricultural and commercial trusts. Yonder the Lenin mausoleum, a gorgeous memorial of modern architecture in red and black marble—a fitting jewel for so impressive a setting. And facing that the bizarre Pokrovsky or Vasili Cathedral. Up at the end of the vast pavement is the famous stone tribunal, once the Tsarist forum, market place and place of execution. What a setting for the big-time promoter!

We had some trouble getting passes to the Square. We would probably have failed had not the American newspaper correspondents helped us. Our young woman interpreter was not with us, it being necessary that she parade with her particular trade union. But with our pass in hand and camera under my arm we entered Red Square just before the gates closed at eight-thirty. And incidentally the gates closed at eight-thirty, not eight-thirty-one. They do things that way under the Soviets. Draw up a program and stick to it.

We heard the mighty soldier's oath, shouted in heaven-crashing cadences. And then the multitude repeated the International Oath—a hundred thousand voices screaming the measured words. And the Russian language is thunderous stuff. The first of the troops entered the great gate, to pass through the crowds as the children of Israel walked through the Red Sea. Magnificent troops, astonishingly disciplined, as precise in their military unison as electrically driven automatons—infantry, cavalry, artillery, the tanks and the finely equipped engineering corps. And over their heads, swooping so low that their rush lashed the huge red banners into a fury, came the airplanes in battle and pursuit and bombing formations.

One of the pilots in a smaller plane—about the size of a Moth—painted a brilliant Soviet red, executed a series of daring loops, back loops, side slips and nose dives over the heads of the throng for its edification. Perhaps, too, he was bent on impressing his comrades below with the modern wonders of their aircraft and the skill of the Soviet pilots.

Then we heard cheering as it should be done. Then we heard the human voice as every ambitious cheer leader must dream of at times. Before this the massed bands had played the Internationale and the throngs had sung it. There had been furor enough. But nothing like this. The airplanes—the eyes of Communism—had dynamited that mass of humanity just as surely as though bombs had been dropped. I shall probably never hear anything like it. It got you!

Thus for four hours of magnificent showmanship. I don't know who manages these Soviet demonstrations, but the man has pure genius. Four hours of it in the hot sun—and standing all the time! It had to be a good show.

That night, we went to a party given in our honor by one of the American correspondents. It's not such a simple matter to give parties or hold private receptions in Russia. First you must obtain permission from the terrible G. P. U. or Secret Police. And much depends upon your reputation with the G. P. U. whether you get it. If you try to hold your party anyway you are liable to raids and it's reasonably certain that a member of the G. P. U. will be there, raid or no raid, making mental notes of what is said and done. One can never be sure who is of the G. P. U. and who isn't. Your father, your mother, your wife, your son. Your dearest friend. Anybody. You don't know them and they don't know each other. And each takes the oath of allegiance which is irrevocable even if it means informing on father, mother or child.

There have been many systems of espionage; yet those who have studied the history of Secret Police and have, too, come into contact with the G. P. U. agree that there has never been one more effective, closer knit nor more cruel than this. A mere report that a worker is practicing sabotage will bring about his trial at which he is not present nor represented. If sufficient evidence is produced (and not much is required) his guilt is pronounced. He is sentenced to death without a hearing, with no chance of reprieve.

I don't know whether the G. P. U. was represented at the party that night, but I do know that suspicion grew. Sometime during the evening I gave it as my opinion that the great May Day parade (there was supposed to be two million workers in it) was largely compulsory—that the citizenry had no alternative, that one received orders to march and one marched.

A Record for the G. P. U.

David Sinclair, son of Upton Sinclair, at once made an issue of it. It wasn't a popular issue but it contributed to the general feeling. In the ensuing debate I found myself in with an American whose status in Russia is like so many things Russian—mysterious.

There were a number of American journalists and Russian novelists present. And several American sociologists and educators. It dawned upon me presently that a more undesirable discussion couldn't have been started because it gave the mysterious American a chance which, from his subsequent action, was precisely what he yearned for. He announced that he would poll the party, taking down each member's personal opinion on paper. Before he was through he had us all on record, much to the disgust of one of the American journalists who made his opinion so clear that I expected action, not words.

Since then I have learned from an attaché of one of the European legations in Moscow that my opinions were duly turned in to the G. P. U., and unfavorably commented upon by a Soviet official.

I think it was on the following morn-

(Continued on page 59)

One reason why this father won't lapse his life insurance

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OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

So this is Russia!

Continued from page 48

ing that I was the guest of an American metallurgical engineer, Mr. J. Stanley McClenahan of New York. A few miles out of Moscow and off the tourist trail he had redesigned an old smelter and considerably increased its capacity with German machinery. He explained that he had preferred American equipment but that American manufacturers could not extend the necessary credit.

Possibly Mr. McClenahan wouldn't have invited me had he known how it was going to affect me. Perhaps I should have guarded my emotions a bit more. As soon as I saw McClenahan's "junk pile" behind the smelter a queer, resentful depression filled me.

There in a bold broad hill lay the bells of Russia—some of them. They were the bells that I had hoped some day to hear. I had read of them and travelers had told me about their sonorous evening song. Perhaps they never would have sounded as sweet in my ears as in my imagination. It doesn't matter. Some were smashed, some were being smashed, others were still intact—beautiful things wonderfully molded and engraved.

From Bells to Bullets

To a great extent they had been cast from metal donated by the peasants—copper, bronze, gold, silver. They had been gorgeous works of art, decorated with bas-reliefs of the saints, the apostles, of Christ, of His parables. Here was a huge bass bell on the sides of which the story of the Annunciation had been told by a sculptor; and near it was another beautified with the story of Bethlehem.

"Probably they'd laugh at me," I said to McClenahan, "but this seems unnecessary. What a shame. How many tons have you in this hill?"

"I don't know," replied McClenahan, "but thus far we've smelted six hundred thousand tons of them for their bronze, gold, silver, copper and so on. The theory is plain enough: the bells were made for the churches out of the metals donated by the peasants. Now they've taken the bells from the churches and returned the metal to industry—to the workers."

"Any of the metal go into ammunition?"

"Oh yes, most of it," he said. "These metals given to the church were supposed to provide protection for the soul of the peasant. Converted into bullets and shells it now may protect the body of the peasant from the invader. Some of course goes to the peaceful arts."

McClenahan was merely the technical director of the smelter—the expert engineer. He had nothing to do with the workers whose leader was the president of their local workers' council. A most matter-of-fact man this president, to whom sentiment was mere weakness.

"You must realize," said he, "that the workers of this country are the rulers of the Soviet Republic. All that these bells symbolize is done—gone. The workers willed it that way. These things are of no use to us. We have abolished what these bells stood for—superstition."

And more along that line. He was still talking when I noticed what were bundles of icons of brass, gold, silver and platinum; candelabra of the same metals; holy vessels and altar pieces. They were all in machine-pressed blocks ready for the furnace. On top of this mound I saw what seemed to me to be a man asleep. The figure was clumsily covered with canvas or something of the sort and so sure was I that it was one of the workers taking a siesta out of hours that I asked the president of the workers' council about it.

For the first time he grinned. He winked at another Russian and, catlike, leaped up the hill of confiscated altar pieces. A shout from him made us step back. He raised his right foot and rolled the prostrate figure over with a thrust of his heel. It teetered on the edge and then came rolling down, crashing in a moment at our feet.

It was a great bronze figure of Christ, a magnificent sculpture. It was more than life size and apparently had been wrenched from its huge cross.

The president looked at me squarely, his face wider than ever with the grin he had for my frown. I was astounded. Perhaps my resentment was even stronger than that.

"That," I protested, "is awful. The whole thing's ghastly. Why is this beautiful work of art destroyed? Even if there is no respect for religion and its symbols, you should, I think, preserve the art."

"We workers," he said coolly, "will no longer tolerate this nonsense. We were the slaves of the church for centuries. That's all over. We've abandoned superstition. We're struggling out of the old ignorance. This hurts you? We can't help that. This is only a little part of our plan. This figure symbolizes what we have decided is not necessary to our life. We workers—"

"But I, too, was a worker," I said. "My father was a worker—his father, too."

"The day will come," he said, "when even you will understand."

Perhaps, perhaps; but I'm not convinced. I don't believe that after they have established themselves and proved their theory, organized religion can be kept suppressed. Humanity must release its emotions somewhere. When calm comes to Russia, they're going to find emotional outlet in some form of church. I left the smelter thinking of Voltaire's "If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him."

I saw no reason to agree with those who predict the collapse of Soviet Russia. I saw nothing but a tremendous striving to compel success. But neither did I see the sparkling eyes of happiness that the pro-Soviet writers insist upon. Just a doggedness, a mechanical plodding, a huge pressing force crushing forward. I saw nothing to indicate pity, kindness, thoughtfulness nor compassion. The whole scene was as colorless and as inexorable as a grinding machine.

A Rapidly Vanishing Class

In Leningrad I paused in front of a woman who was so utterly forlorn, so pathetic that one wondered why someone had not asked her what had happened. But nobody did. Obviously she wasn't a peasant. She was half starved, weeping frankly and without control. Her clothes had once been good.

"She?" said our interpreter. "Oh, she has merely lost her purse."

Not until a little later did I understand. The woman was a member of that rapidly vanishing class which once had money, which stubbornly refused to bow to the Commissars, which has loved old Russia too much in the past and which cannot get a passport to leave now. They now must live as best they can. They are dying fast. Now and then they lose their pride and appear openly as this woman was. All such "have lost their purse."

It was a matter of no concern whatever to our interpreter. Such relicts of the old régime were better dead, anyway. They contributed nothing, they were of no help. They had lived long on the labor of the peasant. Now it was their turn to starve. You wouldn't find such people as our interpreter accepting the gifts of the bourgeois. Not this side of death.

We learned that, too, in due time. Mrs. Tunney had taken in with her a box of silk stockings. She hadn't used them—hadn't opened the box. But just before we left we noticed that our interpreter wore cotton stockings and that the stockings were darned a little more than stockings should be. Would she accept the silk stockings? She would not. With a cold finality that left no room for urging, she told us that it would be impossible for her to accept anything except her wages, which were paid by the tourist agency. And we understood that she would freeze before accepting a garment or a meal from us bourgeois.

Russia's Only Hero

I hope we didn't offend her. We owe much to this independent young Communist. It was she who divined our preferences in what to see even before we had formulated them. She took us, for example, into the anti-religious museum in Leningrad—once the Cathedral of St. Simon. And there we saw the simple persistency of the atheist propaganda that is being absorbed hungrily by the Young Pioneers and even the older workers. There she interpreted for us the hoarse slogans of the anti-religion orators—"Religion is the enemy of science" and, as another sample, Stalin's: "It is important to destroy all forms of superstition and supplant them with scientific knowledge if the workers' government is to succeed."

And it was she who made it plain to us by interpretations and visual manifestations that the Soviet Republic is determined to stamp out all efforts toward individual achievement and ambition. Even athletic contests are so organized that there is only team achievement. There is but one hero in Russia—Lenin—and they reverence him as the Christian may a divine prophet.

As I remember it, there was but one man in all of Russia who paraded himself. He stood out because of the drab sameness that pervaded all people and all things. You were bound to be impressed by him, by his strut, his pomposity, his air of vast consequence. Naturally we asked. Success wasn't immediate. Some shrugged their shoulders. Of what importance was it who he was?

But presently we learned that he was the victim of a great success from which he had never quite recovered. He was the man who had embalmed Lenin! The magnificent mortician of Moscow. Behold the body of Lenin in his great tomb in Red Square. What art! And behold the man who had done it. What an artist!

Aside from him we saw nobody who, by appearance or manner, hinted of greatness. Even Stalin, the grim boss of Russia, is unpretentious, non-spectacular, without pomp and circumstance. But this mighty mortician of Moscow! Success had overwhelmed him. When one of the American engineers died in Russia, his friends sought the services of the great man. After assuring himself that the engineer was one of such importance and standing that he, the embalmer of Lenin, might undertake the work, he named his price—five thousand American dollars. Presently, with the help of a few important Russians, the price was whittled down to one thousand. But he let them understand that they were being greatly honored.

Only occasionally do you meet such reminders of home. Self-glorification, all individualism, is sternly repressed. If it isn't repressed it is suppressed. What the new régime has done is to instill a pride into millions of breasts that formerly held nothing but servility and despair. Where formerly the peasant, the worker, genuflected and doffed his cap obsequiously, he now looks any man in the eye and feels his equality. There are in Russia today 30,000,000 men and women under the age of twenty-seven who know nothing of politics except Communism and nothing of religion except atheism. That's building for the future.

All workers are forbidden to accept tips and presents although some are not as firm in the faith as our interpreter. At the Grand Hotel, which, by the way, should enjoy the renaming that has been the fate of so many cities and streets, the attendants were almost eager for tips although they preferred American cigarettes to money. They would accept money, even thank you for it; but not if you gave them the choice of American cigarettes. The American cigarette would win friendship where nothing else worked.

There are no excuses for failure where the famous Five-Year Plan is concerned. If a factory manager doesn't produce he is lucky if demotion is the worst that happens to him. If there is the slightest suspicion that he is intentionally shirking, or purposely turning out inferior goods, he is shot. A locomotive engineer wrecks his train, thereby delaying the delivery of machinery or materials. He is promptly tried before a most unsympathetic tribunal. Life may have been lost in the crash; but that is of minor importance. The materials did not arrive; a thousand workers stood idle; Russia lost so many precious minutes. Let one suspicion, however vague, arise that the engineer was lukewarm in his effort to deliver his cargo on time, and prison is the mildest punishment meted out to him. They take no chances.

Russia's Future—and Ours

Yet somewhere between what America is aiming at and the Russian goal is the road our children will take. I believe that the future lies between the ideals of the two, not the practices. Surely Christianity will not be destroyed by atheism which, after all, is not a new heresy, nor will our western civilization succumb to robots. It will take more than a couple of million Communists and their mechanized followers to crush individual development; curtail the inherent urge for spiritual growth and cosmic contact; change centuries-old standards of fundamental right and wrong or upset our conception of art.

All these things the fiery Communist hopes to accomplish. I do not believe that there ever will be a return of the inequalities that the Soviet government has exterminated. I see our governments of the future borrowing liberally from Communism—not from its culture or ideas on religion but from its political and economic philosophies.

I believe that after Russia is politically secure and sufficiently mechanized and industrialized to be economically independent, there will again come Tolstois, Chekhovs and Dostoevskis and other independent and courageous thinkers who will oppose the industrial semi-serfdom with the same violence and success that they fought Tsarist slavery. Then we shall see in Russia the reborn desire for individual growth which is as much a part of civilized man's inheritance as the fundamental urge of self-preservation.

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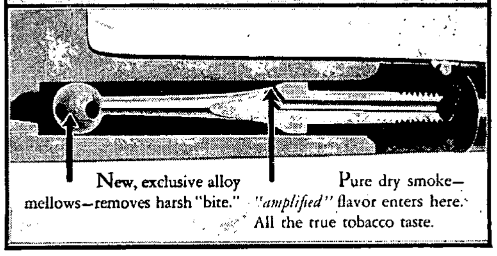
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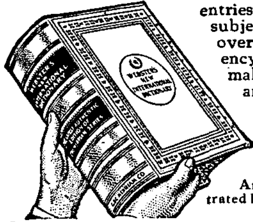

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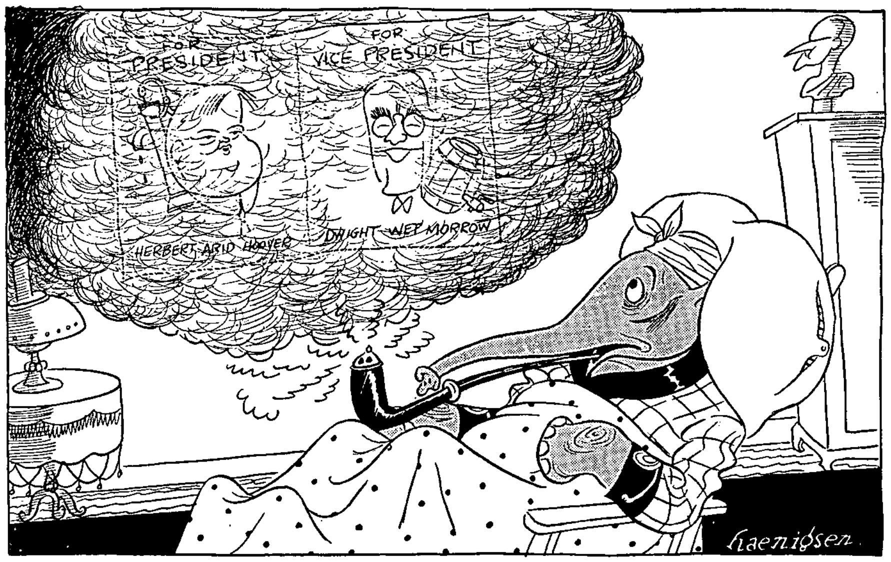

Blind Alley

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

NOW that Vice President Curtis has apparently decided that he will have a better chance to continue in public life by running for senator from Kansas than by running again for Vice President, Mr. Dwight W. Morrow "looms," as the headline writers say, as Mr. Hoover's running mate in 1932. Or perhaps it would be better to say that the Vice Presidential nomination "looms" before Mr. Morrow, for I cannot think of anything worse that could happen to Mr. Morrow than to be nominated for the Vice Presidency in 1932.

It is very natural that Mr. Hoover and his friends should turn greedy eyes upon Mr. Morrow. He is one of the two men in this country, the other being Mr. Owen D. Young, whom most thoughtful people consider wholly qualified to be President in this difficult hour in American history. If Mr. Hoover were finishing his second term now instead of his first, and if the Sage of Northampton persisted in his choice not to run again, Mr. Morrow would be nominated for President, wet though he is and though his party is dry.

He was the only Republican to be elected to the Senate last fall from an important and debatable state, and he was the only Republican who could have carried that state. He has greater political assets than any other Republican, always omitting Mr. Coolidge. He is strong in certain respects where Mr. Hoover is weak, not in every respect perhaps, for no one could be strong in every place where the President is weak. So, in the foolish belief that a popular Vice Presidential nomination can save an unpopular ticket, Republican politicians strongly desire to billet Mr. Morrow with Mr. Hoover in 1932.

It's Hard to Say "No"

If Mr. Morrow has normal political ambitions I should say that he would avoid the Vice Presidential nomination in 1932 as he would the plague. But I am not sure that he will, except for one consideration. In the first place, he is extraordinarily selfless in politics, quite indifferent to his own future in public life. And then, too, he apparently finds it hard to say "No" to his party and its leaders. This is one of his decided weaknesses. If someone should talk Mr. Morrow into the belief that he would add a little strength to the Republican ticket in 1932 he might take the Vice Presidential nomination, except for one consideration.

I heard a friend of his say that he had nothing to lose by running for Vice President, that if defeated for that office he would still remain a senator. He further said that if elected he would be in line for the Presidency in 1936, and that if defeated he would still be in line for the Presidency in 1936, and the friend admitted that he would very likely be defeated.

Anyway, the friend said, his career in the Senate had been disappointing, probably because with all his great abilities, he had not qualities that make for distinction in the Senate. The friend seemed to think that, somehow, the nomination for Vice President would add a cubit to Mr. Morrow's stature, would perhaps serve to remind the public that he was a great man.

Our Political Siberia

With this argument I am in total disagreement. The Vice President is the Strasbourg goose of Washington; he has nothing to do but eat. If he does anything more than eat, the President always regards him with jealousy, as Mr. Coolidge did Mr. Dawes. If Mr. Morrow has fallen somewhat in public estimation in the Senate he would fall still more in public estimation in the Vice Presidency. Men who look forward to careers of usefulness decline the Vice Presidency, as Senator Borah did in 1924.

But it is hardly worth while to discuss the office. No Republican, no matter how good he is, is likely to be elected Vice President in 1932. The party is almost certain to suffer the fate that always overtakes a party when a great financial panic occurs while it is in power. And I have never known a person to benefit politically by being on a ticket that was soundly trounced. I can't recall an instance when a candidate for Vice President, after being badly defeated, became his party's candidate for President four years later.

The most valuable political possession that Mr. Morrow has is character. The 1932 election is going to turn very largely upon the prohibition issue. Mr. Morrow is a wet. The Hoover ticket in 1932 will inevitably be dry. Where would he be, standing on a dry platform and making speeches for his dry colleague? Which would he be, a wet or a dry candidate, for President in 1936?

The prohibition issue has become too acute for any party to attempt such a straddle as to put the dry Mr. Hoover and the wet Mr. Morrow on the same ticket. And it is precisely because the Republican party wants to make this straddle that it is turning eager eyes upon Mr. Morrow.

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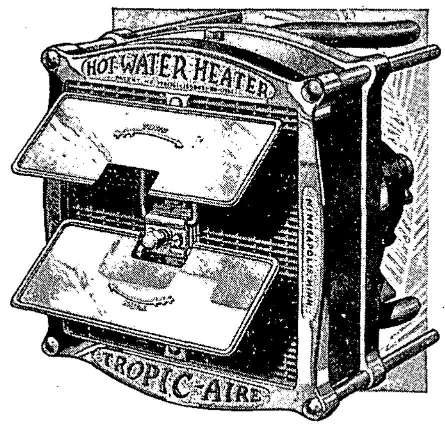

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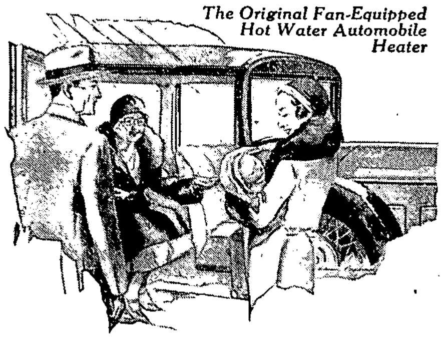

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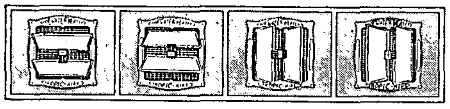

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The Man from Sing Sing

Continued from page 27

mission to come to you. How will this do to start with?" he went on, drawing the case from his pocket and displaying the watch.

She gave a little start, and an exclamation escaped her which was without a doubt one of pleasure. He fastened the platinum band around her wrist. The first delighted gleam, however, soon passed from her eyes. She became grave.

"Mr. Argels," she said, "I don't wish you to do anything of this sort. I told you so from the first. It is very generous of you, and of course every girl likes having presents, but I only want pay for what I earn. I don't wish to accept presents. I don't wish to be under any obligations to you or to anyone in the world. If you wouldn't mind very much—"

HE DREW away the fingers which were essaying the fastening.

"But I would mind very much," he protested. "Be sensible, please. I am a rich man. To give you that means no more to me than for you to buy an evening paper on your way home. If you would prefer that I didn't, I will offer you no more presents. But accept that, just as a little pledge to mark, may I say, another stage of our friendship."

He was quite conscious of the fact that he was losing his touch. Instead of being persuasive, his voice had been almost hoarse. He was unduly anxious. He had lost that feeling that the world was full of pretty girls ready to follow his beckoning finger. Nevertheless, had he but known it, his momentary awkwardness turned the scale. With it had disappeared an underlying oiliness of which he had never been conscious, but which was one of his least agreeable characteristics.

"Since you put it like that, Mr. Argels," she decided, "I will accept it, and I thank you very, very much. It is charming, of course," she added, looking at it. "I never dreamed of owning anything so nice, but you won't do it again, will you?"

"Not until you give me permission," he replied, with a slight return of confidence.

She refused a second cocktail emphatically, and they mounted the stairs and took their places at the corner table which he had reserved. The dinner was excellent, and, although she drank very sparingly, the wine was also of the best.

They danced for some time without pausing. Argels, exhilarated by the exercise, his nerves soothed by the wine and liqueurs which he had taken, felt better than he had for weeks. Some of the persuasiveness came back to his tone and manner.

"Violet," he pleaded, "I need you so much. No one else needs you as I do. You can save me if you want to. I went through a hard time in America, and commencing business on a large scale here all alone was rather an undertaking. It is more than I ought to have attempted. The doctor told me so this morning. I need sympathy terribly. A silly cry for a man, isn't it? I'm strong enough, as a rule. It's only now I'm weak. I want help. Give it to me, and you'll never regret it all your life."

She was distressed. The man was in earnest.

"But you have only known me for so short a time," she protested. "It is quite impossible that you can have any serious feeling for me."

"I can assure you that I have," he insisted. "I've told you what I want, and what you want in return you shall have. You think I'm dishonest. I'm a hard man in business, and I take advantage where I can. If that is being dishonest, I am."

FOR the first time during their acquaintance, she touched him voluntarily, patting the back of his shaking hand, and keeping him for a moment from groping for his glass.

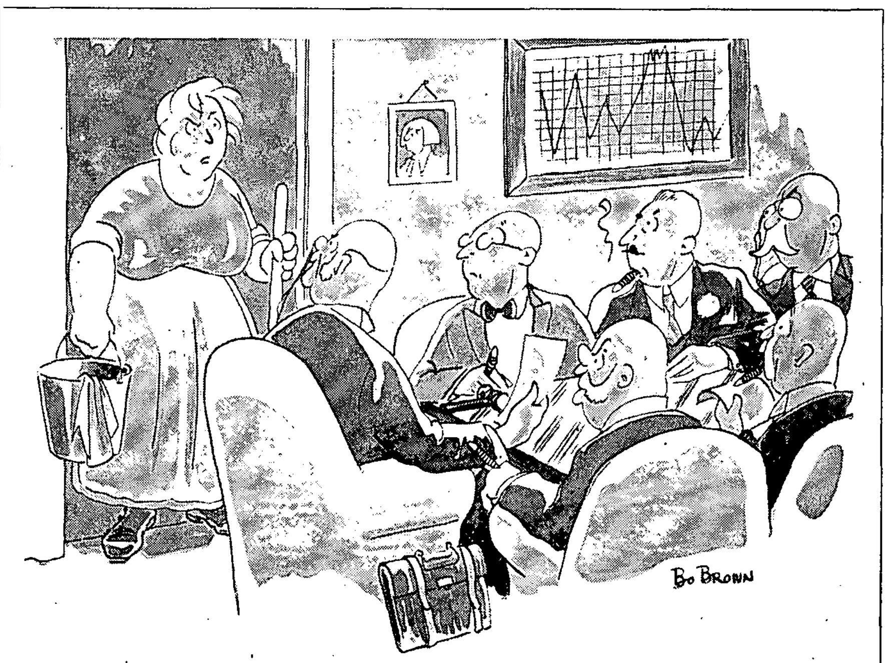
"It's terribly unlucky for you," she sighed, "that you happened to come across me. Don't think of me any more. Look out for someone who isn't quite so difficult, and don't let your nerves get the better of you. Put your heel on them. Be a man, and don't give way."

He laughed bitterly. This was the end, then, of his tinseled greatness—his mastery over men and fate. It had come to this! A little girl in a dancing club to warn him about his nerves! He called for another liqueur.

"Very well, then," he decided. "I fail! We'll carry on with the business, though. I'd ruin Pulwitter if I could just as readily as he'd ruin me."

"Why are you such enemies?" she

(Continued on page 54)



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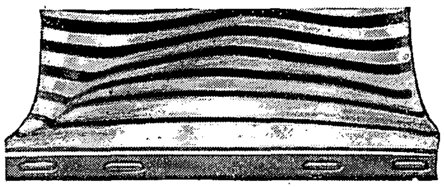

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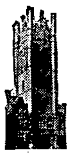

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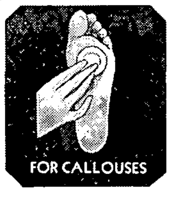
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(*Continued from page 53*)

asked curiously. "I would like to understand that. It has been on my mind for so long."

"It has all to do with the third man," he confided. "I let him down—the third man—to save myself and very likely Pulwitter too. The third man, Moran Chambers his name is, led us into an exploit which was legally dishonest. I don't think we, any of us, realized it at the time, but dishonest from the point of the law it certainly was, and we were trapped by the members of an opposing syndicate. Moran Chambers was the responsible partner, and he was indicted. I admit I gave evidence against him to save my own skin. I could have made things better, and I made them worse. Pulwitter and I escaped, and Moran Chambers went to prison. He's there now. He'll be there for nearly ten years, thank God!"

"WHEN this third man comes out," she inquired, "won't there be trouble?"

He struck the table with his fist. The glasses and plates rattled, people started and looked around. He covered over the gesture with a laugh. A moment later, however, the laugh was gone and a gleam of the old hunted look was in his face.

"He'll come for me, of course," he groaned, leaning across the table. "He smiled at me when they took him away. I haven't forgotten that smile. I never shall. It haunts me. Sometimes I'm afraid—afraid of a man locked up in a steel cell. And then," he went on, "fear grows. It crawls over my life. I lose my courage when I make a deal. I am worth half a million pounds, and I have a quarter of a million more to come. I speculated as though I were a multimillionaire in New York. We all did. We were clever, and we won out. It's easier here. I'm just as clever. I'm bound to make money."

"You have one quality which I admire," she confessed. "You know when and how to be honest. I don't like you any better for what you have told me, but I admire you for the way you have told it."

"It may ruin my chances with you forever," he said, "but you shall have the whole truth. What I feel for you has nothing to do with it. More than anything on God's earth I need distraction—a woman's arms, willingly given kisses, companionship, someone to sit at my side, to be waiting for me when I get back to the flat, to talk nonsense with me. You hear me? Now, listen. You like honesty. You shall have it. Outside of all that I love another woman."

Violet leaned forward. She was deeply interested.

"She's a wonderful woman," Argels went on. "The whole world loves her, but they can't spoil her. Andrew Pulwitter worships her. He'd go through fire and water to serve her; so would I. Once she was mine, for a few seconds. I didn't touch her. But I'd won. She was mine, I swear, and Pulwitter came in. That's why I loathe him.

"Well, there you are. I'm a selfish, luxury-loving, unprincipled blackguard, if you like to call me so, but that woman could do what she liked with me, and do you know why she won't? Do you know why she keeps me at arm's length and will have nothing to do with me? Because she loves the man I sent to prison. She'll never look at me. She's as hopeless as the stars. I may have ruined my chances with you, telling you about her, but I feel the better for it."

"You never had very much chance with me, Mr. Argels," she acknowledged, "but I like you better now than I ever liked you before. I admire a man who's capable of feeling like that about a woman."

The strained look was back in Argels' face. He called for his bill.

"I suppose we had better go," he suggested wearily. "I'd drink more wine if it would do me any good, but it wouldn't. It's a queer thing," he reflected, "that all my life I've been extraordinarily temperate. I never cared for wine or cocktails, and always avoided them if I could, but since this business—since the day I left the stand, really, and Moran Chambers smiled at me—I have had that itch in my blood all the time to do any wild action to escape from thought. The odd part of it is," he went on, "nothing has any effect upon me. I get a little temporary exhilaration, but I can drink and drink and get no farther."

He paid his bill, tipped the waiter generously, sent for the wine man and praised his champagne, took his hat and coat from the *vestiaire*, and passed out with Violet to where his car was waiting. He handed her in, then closed the door.

"I am sending you home," he confided. "I have told the chauffeur your address. I am taking a taxi."

"Let me take the taxi," she begged, rising to her feet.

He shook his head.

"That's all right," he muttered. "I've any amount of time. You lean back, and be comfortable for once. If I came—I'm not quite so sure of myself as I'd like to be. Perhaps I'm a little drunk after all. Good night!"

He waved the chauffeur away.

Argels listened to all that Kilbreth had to say, asked a few questions and relapsed into a mood of unusual thoughtfulness. He watched his visitor covertly. Kilbreth was an ex-army man, well-bred and with presence, a man with many followers and friends. Yet the scheme which he had proposed so glibly was nothing more or less than a swindle.

"Of course," Kilbreth continued, misunderstanding the other's silence, "the thing might not come off. There's always that risk. If it doesn't, well, one just chucks it. It costs nothing to try, and there's fifty thousand pounds to divide if it does. It may not seem to you very hopeful, but, believe me, Mr. Argels, just now people are money-crazy. They're ready to put their money into anything that sounds reasonable."

ARGELS knocked the ash from the cigar which he was smoking.

"There is one weak point about your scheme, Mr. Kilbreth," he ventured. "One has to take into account not only the probabilities but the possibilities, you understand. You will admit, I suppose, that if certain things were discovered, if a financial newspaper such as yours, for instance, were to take the matter up and start an agitation, then there would be only one person guilty in the eyes of the law, and that person would be—me."

Kilbreth smiled, and straightened the bunch of violets in his buttonhole.

"I won't argue that point," he said, "because the fact that I own the only newspaper likely to interest itself in the matter puts it off the map."

"It is a very interesting proposition," Argels admitted. "You must give me a few days to think it over. By the bye, you did approach Andrew Pulwitter with the scheme, didn't you?"

Kilbreth nodded.

"I tried him very hard," he confessed frankly. "Four interviews I had with him altogether, and then he turned it down. At one time there was only a question of a small percentage between us. Shrewd old dog, Andrew, and a grabber if ever there was one."

"Making a lot of money, I should think," Argels remarked.

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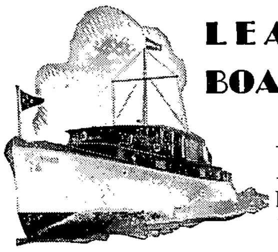

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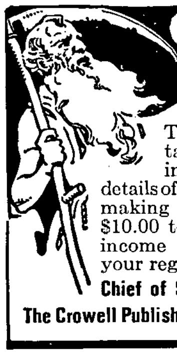

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Kilbreth looked dubious.

"He ought to be. I'm not so sure, though. You see, these are the days in which the optimists are having it all their own way. Pulwitter's a born pessimist. He'd sooner be amongst the bears than the bulls any day, and there are rumors that he's overdone it a bit."

Argels' eyes flashed. The very information he was after for his own peace of mind. He pushed a box of cigarettes across the table, and his visitor helped himself.

"I DON'T want you to betray any confidences," Argels observed in his most friendly manner, "but I am very interested in this bear transaction of Pulwitter's. You may rely upon it that nothing you say will go out of this room. I hear that he sold a large block of Christophers and Bennetts at the beginning of the boom and is still paying differences."

"Quite right," Kilbreth confirmed, "and they tell me the office isn't a fit place to visit on settlement days. Of course he'd better have left them alone, but he'll get his money back."

"You think so?" Argels asked eagerly.

Kilbreth nodded.

"I speculate a little, of course," he confided, "but I wouldn't touch either of those shares. They'll be the first to slip back when things ease up a little."

"Know anything about Eagles?"

Kilbreth picked up his hat.

"Not much. I bought a few on rather a strong tip last week. Pulwitter had a flutter in those too, I think. . . . You won't forget Thursday?"

Argels made a note in his diary.

"At eleven o'clock," he appointed.

Kilbreth was evidently one of those who had the *entrée* to the private office of Andrew Pulwitter's Australian nephew, Gordon Phayle; for a few minutes later, having mounted the dingy stairs, he was admitted to the latter's sanctum. Gordon looked up from his desk and nodded. The two men appeared to be well acquainted.

"Hullo, Charles!"

"Hullo, Gordon!"

Kilbreth helped himself to a cigarette. He glanced at his friend with a smile.

"Our friend has an elaborate place," he remarked.

Gordon Phayle made a wry face.

"The fellow always did himself well. Any luck?"

"He's taking till Thursday to think it over," Kilbreth confided. "If you ask me my opinion, I should say that it's no go."

"Bad luck!" Gordon sighed.

"Argels is no fool," Kilbreth went on. "He didn't mind the thing being crooked in the least. He shied at being in anyone's power."

"He remembered New York," the other observed grimly. "You don't think he suspected anything?"

"Not he! The thing isn't settled either. I was just giving you my impressions. I was able to put in some useful work about Christophers and Bennetts."

The door opened, and Andrew Pulwitter lounged in.

"No go!" his Australian nephew reported.

"I didna suppose it would be," Pulwitter acknowledged. "Reuben Argels is no fool."

"He pumped me about your 'bear' deal in Christophers and Bennetts. I think he's going to carry again," Kilbreth opined.

"If his holding is anything like what I'm given to suppose," Andrew Pulwitter remarked, "the carry-over will cost him a good many thousands."

"And Eagles? Had he anything to say about those?" Gordon Phayle inquired.

"He's holding on," Kilbreth declared. "I don't know how many, but Reuben Argels doesn't deal in small blocks."

Andrew pulled steadily at his pipe.

"There's one thing you lads would do well not to forget," he pronounced solemnly. "It isn't the easiest thing in the world to break a man who starts with, say, a clear quarter of a million and who has a bit more to come. If he'd listened to Kilbreth and embarked upon his scheme, or to my own hints as to the Bamford money, and put it in writing, we had him pickled. You can bleed a man to death who has the fear of jail before his eyes. But it's mighty hard to put him anywhere near the bankruptcy court on plain Stock Exchange losses and one, or even a couple, of indifferent flotations. I'm thinking you'll have to put your brains together to better purpose if you want to land Reuben Argels near the poorhouse."

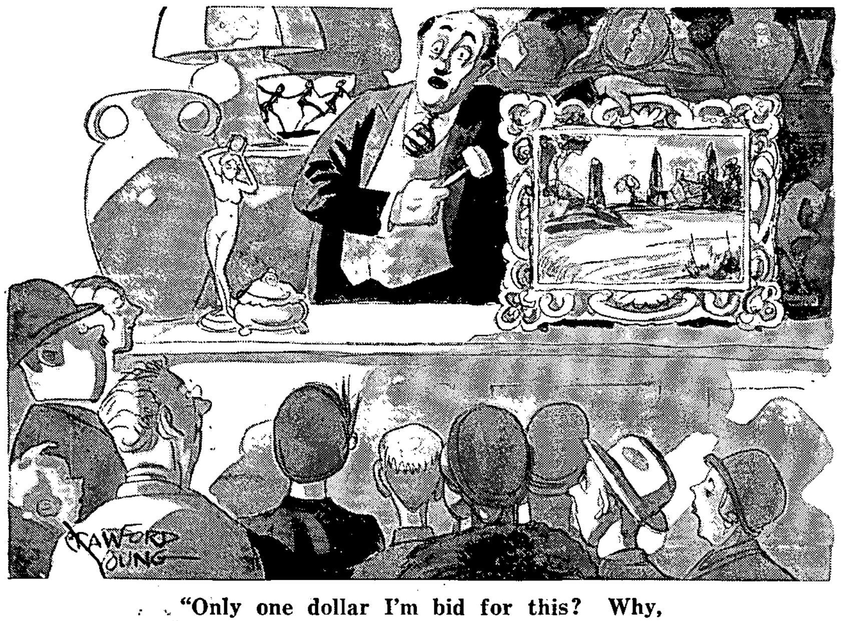
GORDON PHAYLE, who had been transacting some business through the telephone, rejoined the discussion.

"There are more ways of breaking a man than through his banking account," he reminded them. "Be off now, Kilbreth, there's a good fellow. I've just heard the New York report, and Andrew and I will have to send our man on 'Change. I bet Argels is busy already."

"What's the tone?" Kilbreth asked.

"Unchanged," Gordon Phayle re-

(*Continued on page 56*)



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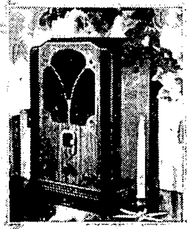

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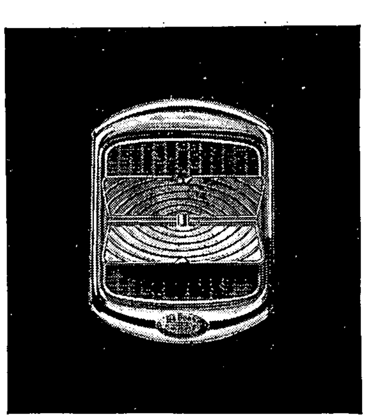

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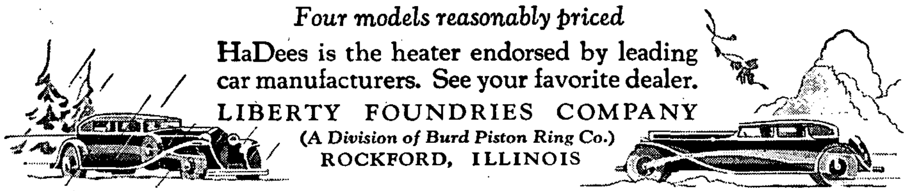

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(*Continued from page 55*)

ported. "Everything's opening steady. Small rises in most Internationals."

Gordon Phayle waited until the door had closed behind Kilbreth. Then he drew a thick morocco-bound volume toward him and unlocked it with a key attached to a chain in his pocket.

"Andrew," he confided, "I am going to give you the shock of your life."

"Maybe you are, lad, and maybe you're not," the Scotchman replied. "I was imagining there might have been something more in your conversation with New York than—"

"Quite right," Gordon Phayle interrupted. "There was! Friendship's all very well, but one can't give the market away. It's every man for himself in this game. Besides, the definite news isn't much. Kilbreth wouldn't have made anything of it. It simply fits in with what I've been thinking for the last month. The Federal Reserve Banks are meeting Monday, and Morse has been appointed chairman, with Hodges representing the Treasury. I know Morse's views. He thinks there's too much money gone out of industry into speculation. Hodges thinks the same. So, incidentally, do I. They'll raise the rates if necessary to twenty per cent, but they mean to break the market. They'll try to do it gradually, of course, and without producing a crisis, but it's the beginning of the end."

"I've always trusted you, Gordon," Andrew Pulwitter declared. "I'm thinking your argument was sound. It was certain to come."

"How many brokers have we that we can trust?" Gordon Phayle inquired. "There's Van Pleydell, of course."

"Seven others," Pulwitter told him.

"I propose," his amazing nephew continued, producing a list, "that we make an absolute clean-up. We're 'bears' of fifty thousand Eagles. We'll keep that on the books. As for every other transaction, wind it up. Sell every share we've got, and buy bonds steadily. Bonds will go up as shares go down."

"Fine!" the Scotchman approved enthusiastically. "We'll send for Van Pleydell."

Gordon Phayle touched the bell.

"One million, seven hundred and forty thousand pounds' worth at yesterday's prices," he announced. "I worked it out last night, thinking that this bank meeting might be called, and that Morse might get the chairmanship. We owe the banks two hundred thousand pounds and no one else a shilling. It's a good clean-up."

"I'm not wishing to turn your head, Moran," the Scotchman declared, with a cautious glance toward the door, "but Sing Sing did little to spoil your looks. . . . Come in, Mr. Guinness," he added, as the cashier made his appearance. "Mr. Guinness, you'll be so good as to take important instructions from Mr. Phayle. How's the tape?"

"Markets are bounding, sir," the cashier reported.

"Good news!" Andrew Pulwitter observed. "That's the time wise men sell."

"You're disposing of some stock, sir?" Guinness asked.

"One million seven hundred and forty thousand pounds' worth," Gordon Phayle replied.

REUBEN ARGELS, after a polite but firm note to Kilbreth, in which he regretted the impossibility of associating himself with any such scheme as he had suggested, set himself in a glow of virtuous resolution to the task of legitimate money-getting. He paid up his differences in Bennetts and Christophers with an exceedingly wry face, carried on with his Eagles, where the difference was small, and plunged into other, on the whole, judicious speculations. He was compelled to engage two extra clerks to deal with his increasing business. Money flowed his way and his confidence returned. Then one day Andrew Pulwitter rang him up.

"It's a fine prospectus you've issued in the matter of Huddleston and Wyatt," he remarked.

"Glad you approve of it," Argels replied. "Hope I didn't poach on your preserves."

"Surely not!" was the prompt answer. "Just tit for tat, that's all it was. I took your Rawson and Smith, and you helped yourself to my Huddleston and Wyatt. Well, well, we're hustlers, both of us. Lucky there are plenty more fish in the sea."

"IT WAS a fair fight," Argels pointed out. "Everyone knew that they were in the market for a flotation. I happened to have the money lying idle and I chipped in."

"You did that! You did that, lad," Andrew Pulwitter chuckled. "You were smarter than we were and you got the business all right. You'll have a lot of underwriting to do before you've finished, though. Have you seen that stock of timber valued at eighty or ninety thousand pounds?"

"It was taken in at cost price, less ten per cent," Argels confided. "The cost price was guaranteed by the accountants. Anything wrong with that?"

"Quite sound," Pulwitter acknowledged. "Very sound indeed. Ten per cent off fresh timber should be enough. What about those Norwegian barges?"

"Look here," Argels remonstrated, with a certain show of reason, "you tried hard enough to get the business yourself. Why try to crab it now that it didn't come your way?"

"It's a mean spirit," the other agreed. "You got me there, Argels. I'll own up. Send me another copy of the prospectus. Maybe I'll be making a small investment."

"You know very well you won't do anything of the sort," Argels replied angrily. "You can join in the underwriting if you like."

"I'm short of capital," the Scotchman confessed. "Too many irons in the fire! Just my luck with all this good stuff about! 'Tis a tantalizing time for a moderately well-off man with only a wee capital. There's money to be made, lad. Good money! You ought to touch a fortune."

"Go to the devil!" Argels enjoined, as he hung up his receiver. . . .

He had started the day so well. A slight weakness had been noticeable in the market, giving him renewed confidence in his great "bear" operations. The Huddleston and Wyatt business was shaping better, and a few more applications had been received. Now, to counteract it all, this dour old Scotchman had rung up with the sole idea, he was sure, of making him uncomfortable. His private telephone rang again. He took up the receiver reluctantly, although Gascoigne could be trusted not to trouble him with insignificant calls. The moment he heard the voice at the other end, the whole nervous fiber of the man changed. His eyes flashed with their old fire.

"Yes—yes," he answered. "It is really you! You are back from Germany at last?"

"I am not only back from Germany, but I pay you this morning a great honor, only I do not suppose, down in your tiger's lair there, you will think it one. I come to see you."

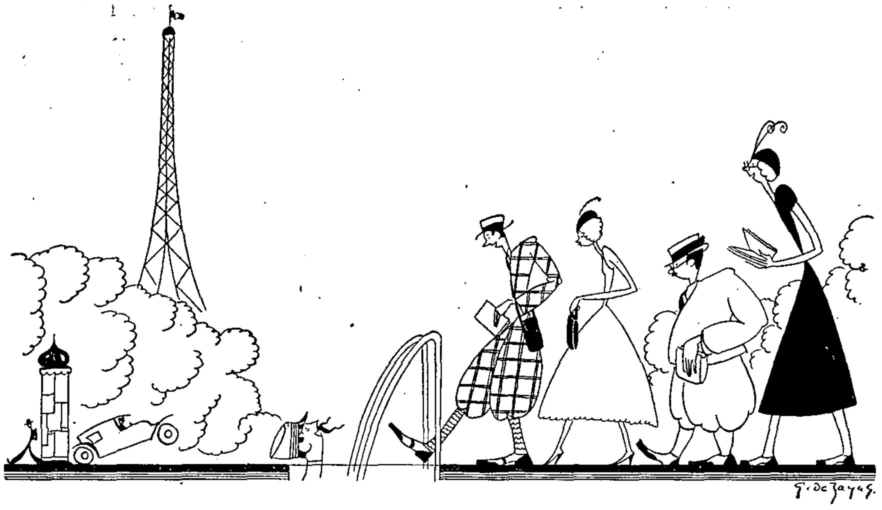
"What?" he demanded.

"I start in ten minutes. You are busy? I come later, yes? I prefer now."

"I, too," he assented. "You know the address."

"My car waits for me. I come now," Ambouyna decided.

(To be continued next week)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Paris is the only city in the world which glorifies its sewers. The network is 900 miles long, well patrolled, cleaned and ventilated, and maintains a sightseeing service for tourists, who travel through the widest parts of it in electric boats and tram cars.

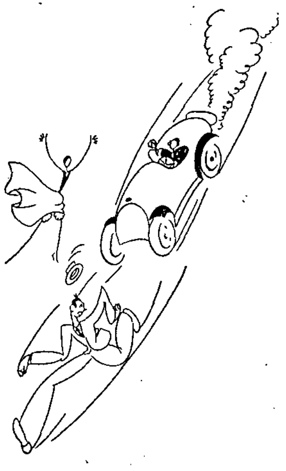
Italy now is assisting 8 private enterprises with a 50-year franchise and a subsidy to build 8 express highways between its principal cities, toll highways without crossroads or intervening cities and towns and over which one can exceed railroad time.

Of the 15,000 trademarks which are registered in China today, only 4,000 are owned by Chinese companies.

The fastest growing crime in the United States today is forgery. —*By E. G. Timme, Chicago.*

About 15 per cent of the births in this country at the present time are delivered by midwives and others who are not physicians, the percentage in some states running as high as 40 per cent.

Today more than 75 per cent of our motorcar tourists—our present-day "carriage trade" —shun city restaurants and hotels and eat at roadside lunchrooms and sleep in farmhouses and tourists' camps.



Abolishing the speed limit on motor cars in England has greatly decreased the number of accidents, as it has made pedestrians realize that they must "wake up" when crossing streets and highways.

Although Russia still retains the names of the 7 days of the week, its economic week consists of 5 days, 4 of labor and 1 of rest, with working schedules so staggered that all places of business are running 365 days of the year.—*By S. Morrow, San Francisco.*

The per-capita wealth of the United States today is $3,000, while that of Great Britain is $2,800, France $1,500, Germany $1,000, Japan and Italy $800 and Russia $300.

The average man today reaches the peak of his physical strength at 30 years of age.—*By Mrs. Frank Bubolz, New York City.*

Falkville, Alabama, now has a city ordinance—upheld by the State Court of Appeals—which prohibits dancing in hotels, restaurants or other public places in order to protect the morals of its citizens.

Only half of the people throughout the world wear leather shoes.—*By O. L. Williams, Maxwell, Calif.*

The U. S. Army, Navy and Marine Corps today contain 600 officers and 14,000 men of foreign birth, representing 40 countries.

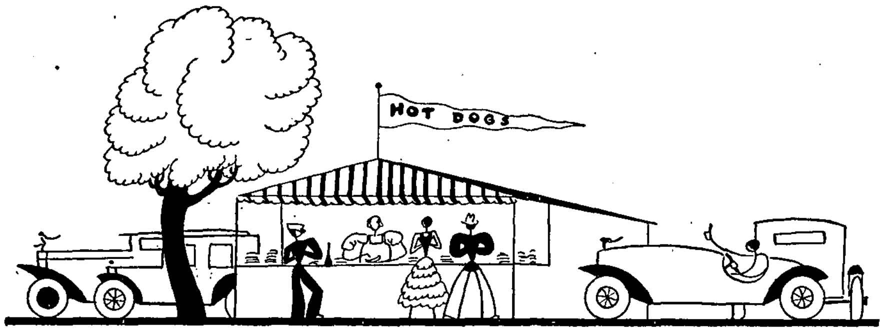
Gambling is today the chief relaxation of China. At least 85 per cent of the adult population indulges in it in one form or another.

In France, the sale of tobacco is a government monopoly.

Out of every 100 licensed airplane pilots in the United States today, 4 are women.

Despite the tremendous development of labor-saving factory machinery in the past 40 years, the average number of manufacturing wage earners has increased 101 per cent while our total population has grown only 95 per cent.—*By A. H. Dix, New York City.*

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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Here Today and Gone Tomorrow

HERBERT HOOVER, when Secretary of Commerce, made a report on the business conditions of 1923 and 1924 which makes good reading today. Among other things he said:

"The outstanding features of the fiscal year were: First, the advance in agricultural prices which had hitherto lagged behind industry since the slump of 1920. Second, the beginnings of sound policies in German reparations leading to a hopeful measure of economic recovery in Europe; and third, the complete recovery of our own industry and commerce (aside from agriculture), great stability of prices, high production, full employment, expanding foreign trade and prosperity throughout the business world."

The depression of 1920-1921 seemed serious enough while it lasted. Fortunately it did not last long. By 1922 business had begun to be good and yet even at that time experts were saying that world conditions were so bad that everybody's prosperity was threatened.

If we look back through the news of that depression we discover how surprisingly little the talk has changed. Germany then, too, was facing imminent bankruptcy. Russia was knocking at the gates of civilization and Europe was a menace to our peace of mind. Agriculture was biting the dust and industrial leaders saw little hope.

Yet, notwithstanding all these perils, menaces and what not, the next seven years were upon the whole a period of unparalleled prosperity.

In spite of this we now talk about our difficulties as though they were unprecedented and without solution. Yet not one difficulty faces us today which did not exist in 1921 and which had not been conquered or forgotten by 1924.

Let's for a change consider our affairs dispassionately, as a scientist might look at the activities of an army of ants or the operations of a hive of bees. Here is what we find:

The present depression is nothing new. We have had many similar experiences. At least twice between 1922 and 1929 we went through minor depressions. The big setback which began in 1920 lasted about twelve months. 1922 marked the resumption of active business.

Nobody has yet been able to predict accurately the exact time at which a depression will begin or end but the fact that prosperity and depression are recurring phenomena is not open to question.

If we can't forecast accurately the time schedule of the business cycle, we certainly can identify the conditions which precede a change.

Too high prices always lead to a depression. Too low prices always precede a period of prosperity. Prices now and for months past have been too low. That we are at the eve of a resumption of business prosperity is as certain therefore as anything in human affairs.

We have other kinds of trouble—epidemics of disease, for example. Influenza and infantile paralysis wreak their havoc. Where disease is concerned we apply the scientific method. Our approach to the epidemic problem is rational.

In contrast we prefer not to think about depressions, which are symptoms of economic maladjustment. If, however, we expended the same kind of scientific thought on isolating the causes of depressions and on quarantining ourselves against their spread as we now apply to problems of public health, we might quickly learn how to insure ourselves against these troubles.

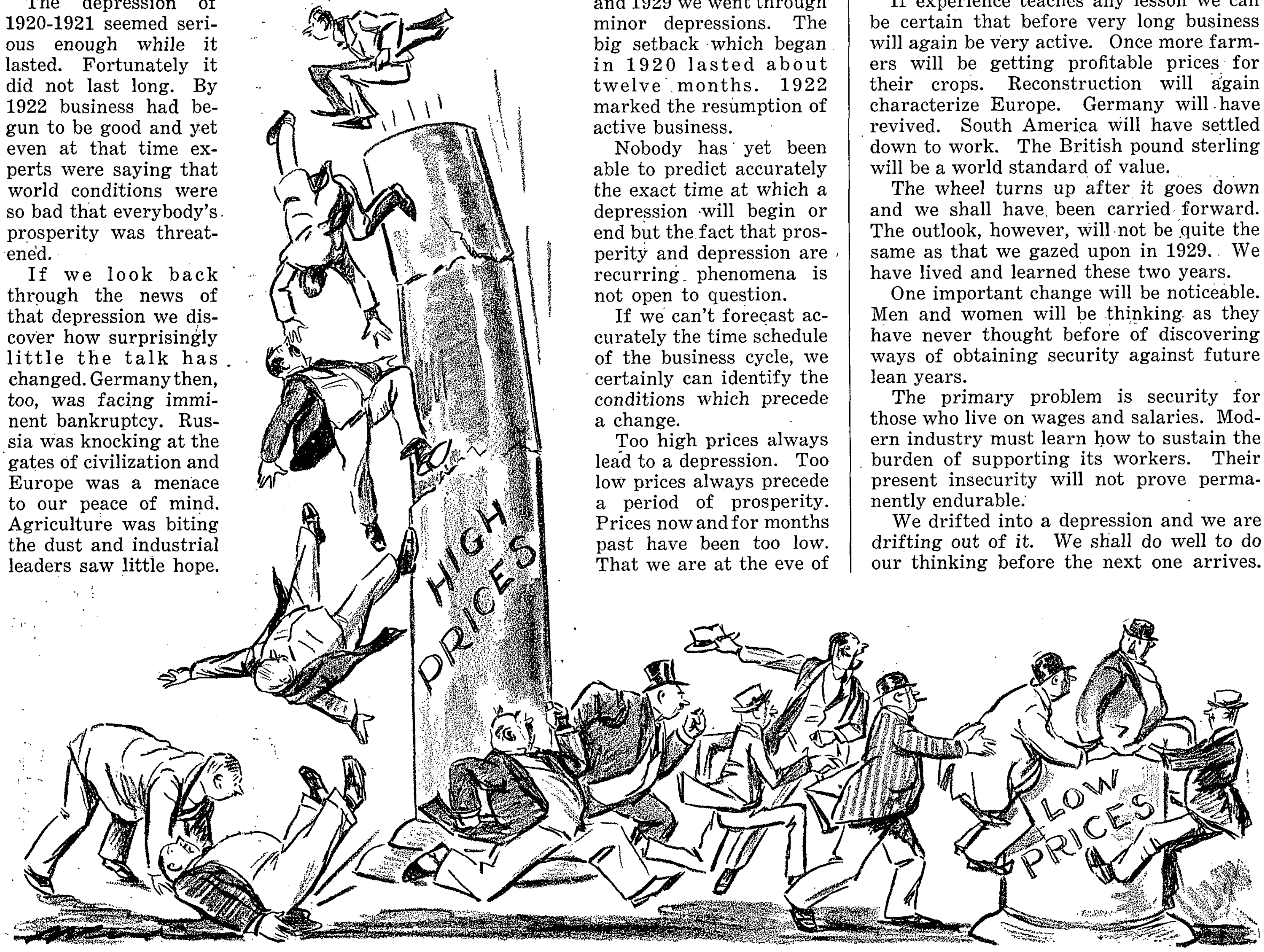
If experience teaches any lesson we can be certain that before very long business will again be very active. Once more farmers will be getting profitable prices for their crops. Reconstruction will again characterize Europe. Germany will have revived. South America will have settled down to work. The British pound sterling will be a world standard of value.

The wheel turns up after it goes down and we shall have been carried forward. The outlook, however, will not be quite the same as that we gazed upon in 1929. We have lived and learned these two years.

One important change will be noticeable. Men and women will be thinking as they have never thought before of discovering ways of obtaining security against future lean years.

The primary problem is security for those who live on wages and salaries. Modern industry must learn how to sustain the burden of supporting its workers. Their present insecurity will not prove permanently endurable.

We drifted into a depression and we are drifting out of it. We shall do well to do our thinking before the next one arrives.



BANANAS *take the spotlight* in FOUR NEW ROLES

DOCTORS NOW ORDER BANANAS FOR BABIES

ıy child knows that bananas are good. But w recent scientific experiments have proved at ripe bananas are *good for the child.* Doctors have found them so digestible they are fed even to children too young to have teeth! Mashed ripe banana pulp is frequently used as a baby's solid food. And now The American Medical Association gives bananas its Seal of Approval!

IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO POWDER HER NOSE · · · ·

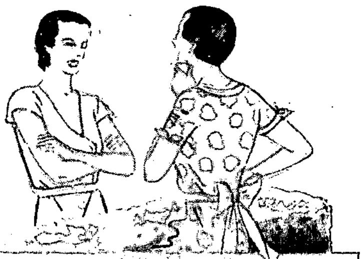
ːs. Montgomery Johnson makes a company dest! Mrs. Johnson, unperturbed by unexpected ests (her husband is showing off the new gas rner), turns an ordinary meal into a company ıner with the addition of a new dessert, made less than ten minutes. When interviewed, Mrs. ınson reported: "It's an old Johnson custom—h bananas in the house, much can be done!"

ANANA CHARLOTTE. She quartered bananas length- and arranged pieces upright in a sherbet glass, to look ladyfingers. The center was a fluff of whipped cream, illa flavored and sweetened just a trifle, topped with a cherry or chocolate shot. It's no state secret that this tempting dessert really looks like infinitely more work than it really is!

HUSBAND TURNS COOK TO PROVE HIS POINT

Mr. John William Brown, helpful husband, chooses Sunday night to prove that he knows a good dish. Having discovered baked bananas at his club, he cooks them for his family. "It's as easy," he says, "as rolling off a log."

BAKED BANANAS WITH BACON. Fry bacon—while bananas are baking in their skins just as you'd bake potatoes. Bake ten to fifteen minutes, in moderate oven (375° F.). Serve with one-third of skin removed and garnished with bacon, as shown above, at right.

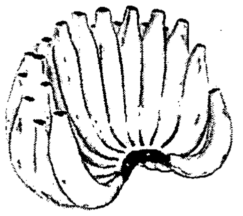


NEW PARTY DISH STARTS CONVERSATION

"My dear," says Mrs. Brown, "that salad we had for lunch at Mrs. Phillips' is something new!" "And it's so easy," replied Mrs. Cunningham.

BANANA BAR-LE-DUC. Banana is spread with cream cheese and dappled with bar-le-duc or other jelly.

MORE FOOD FOR YOUR MONEY



Bananas give you so much food value at so little cost! As well as building energy, the 100 calories in a banana go hand in hand with three vitamins (A, B and C) and a generous supply of those precious minerals. Bananas have never been expensive, but today they cost less than ever!

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The NEW BANANA

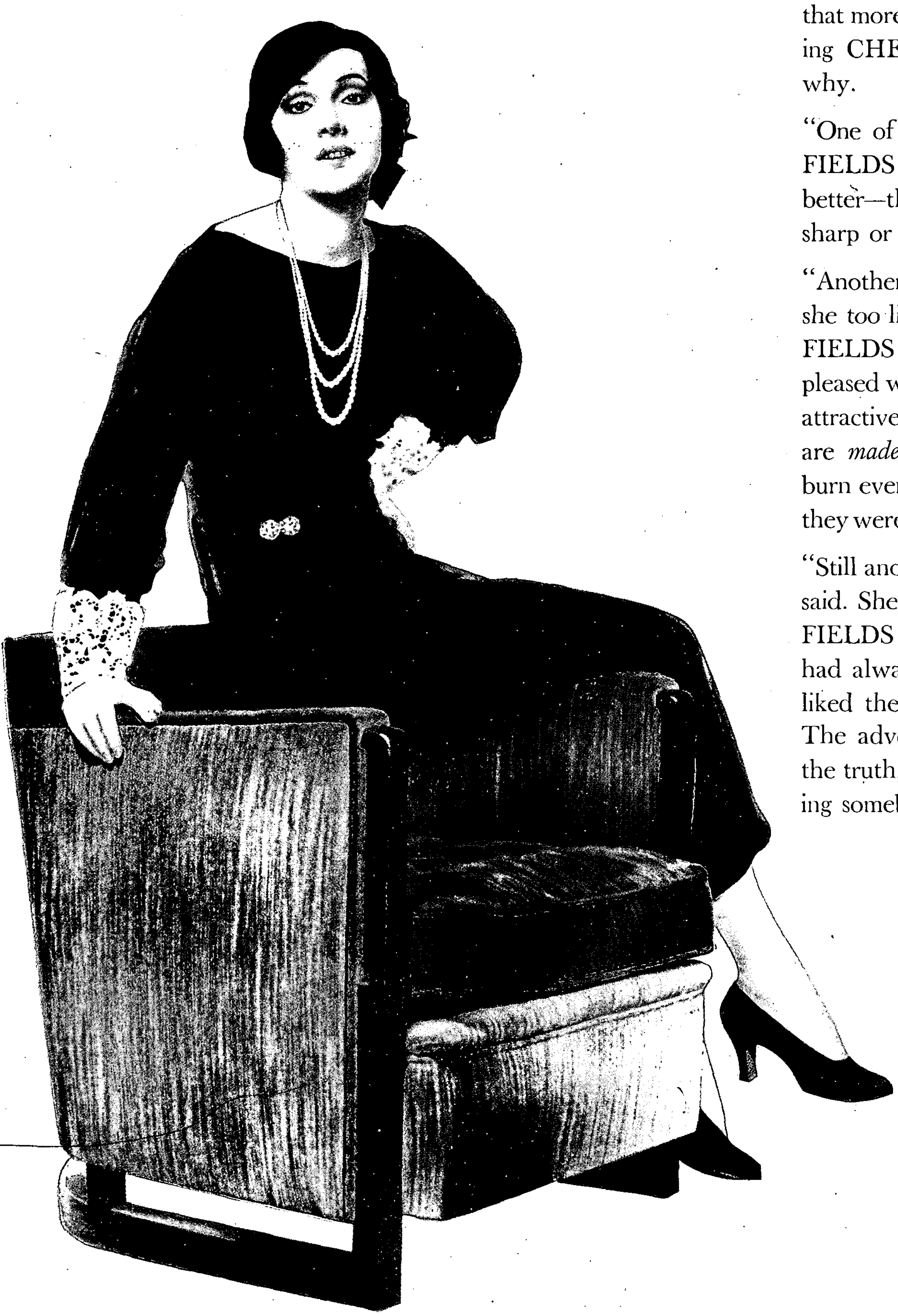
"It so happens I don't smoke . . .

BUT I've noticed recently that more of my girl friends are smoking CHESTERFIELD, and I asked why.

"One of them said that CHESTERFIELDS really are milder and taste better—that there is nothing strong or sharp or bitter about them.

"Another one spoke up and said that she too liked the taste of CHESTERFIELDS; but that she was especially pleased with the package—so neat and attractive. Chesterfields—she added—are *made* right—properly filled—and burn evenly; and she thought possibly they were using a better cigarette paper.

"Still another one agreed with all we'd said. She'd been smoking CHESTERFIELDS for a long, long time, and had always liked them; but she also liked the way they were advertised. The advertising seemed to her to be the truth, and it wasn't always knocking somebody or something!"



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